

IN COLOR: NEWLYWEDS LIZ TAYLOR AND MIKE WILDING AT HOME

# ★ PHOTOPLAY

July

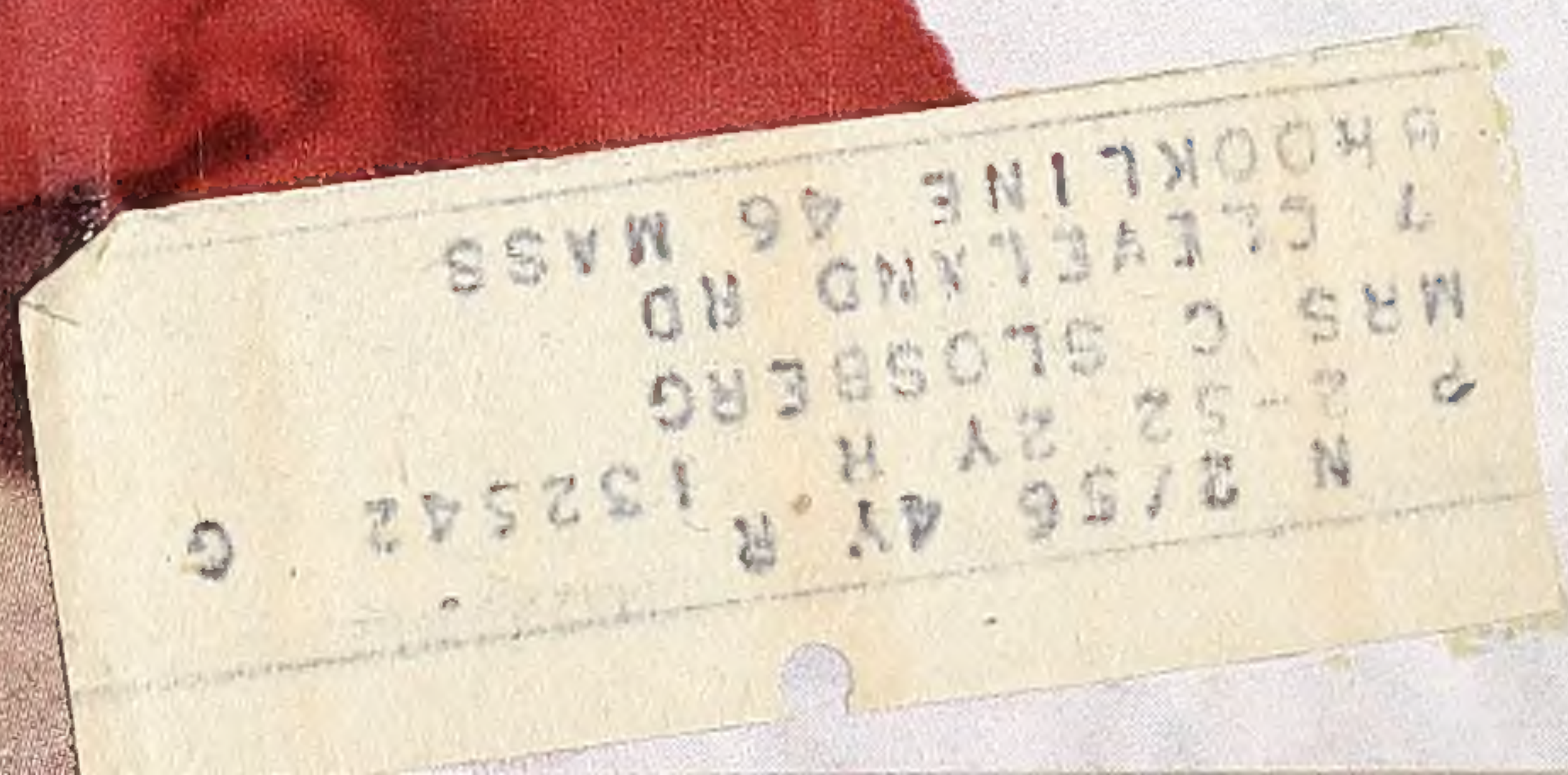


Mitzi Gaynor's  
Happy Life  
with Color Pin-up

Betty Hutton's  
Wonderful  
Love Story

Reduce With  
Hollywood's Four-  
Day Miracle Diet

Betty Grable



20¢



LET CAMAY TAKE YOUR SKIN

# "out of the shadows" and into the light of loveliness!



MRS. CHARLES RONALD STATON, this lovely bride, sings Camay's praises: "After I changed to regular care and Camay, I was amazed at the clearer, fresher look my skin had. It came about so quickly."

**As this Camay bride proved—a clearer, brighter complexion can be yours with your First Cake of Camay!**

**A** GIRL who has hopes of popularity and romance—of a marriage proposal and all the bliss that it brings—may hope in vain if her complexion wears a mask of dullness!

Never let your complexion be marred by shadows! Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women, can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone—and you'll marvel at the fresher, clearer complexion your very *first cake* of Camay will bring!

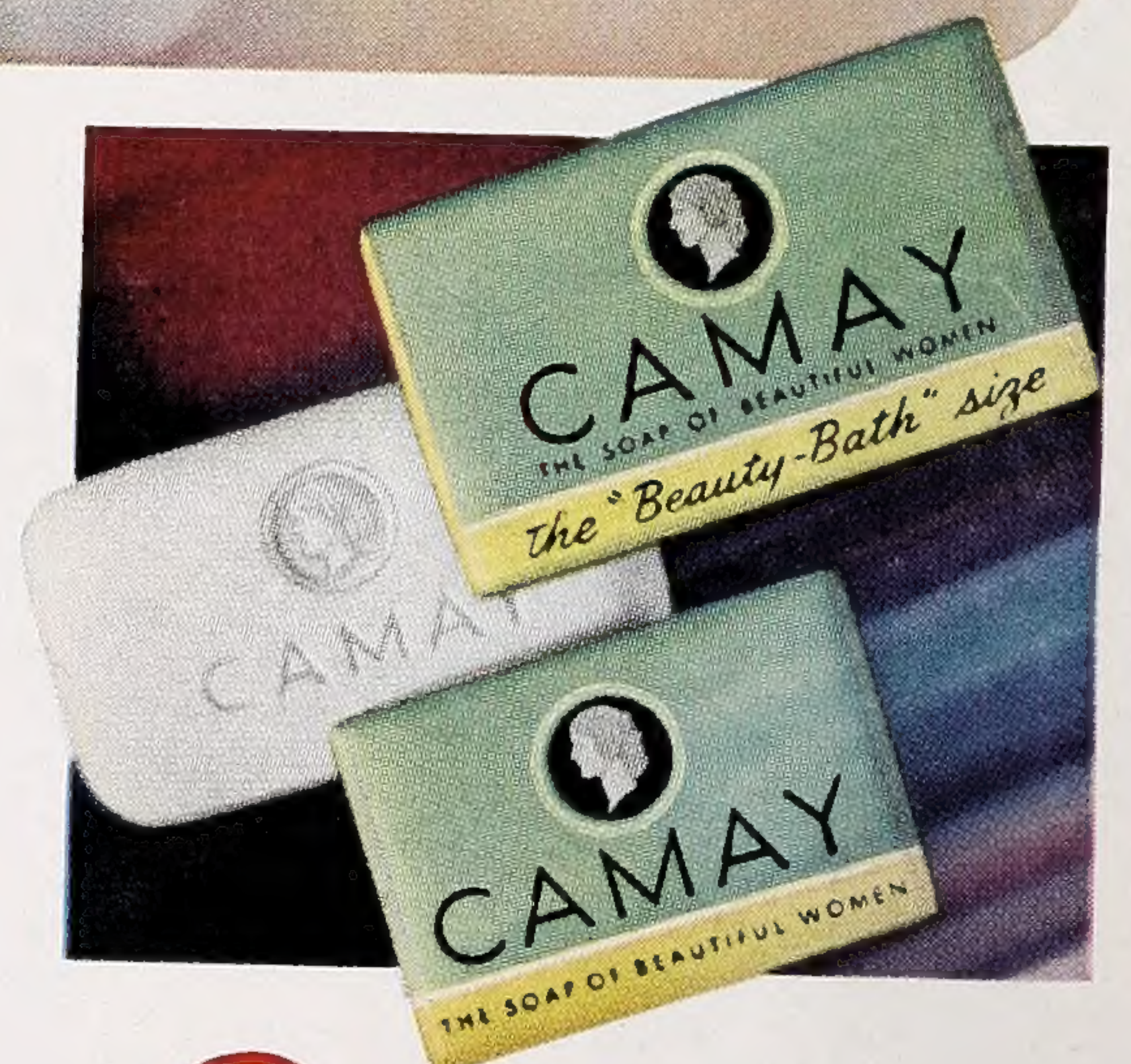
For complexion *or* bath, there's no

finer beauty soap than Camay. The mildness of Camay is so kind to your skin. And Camay's rich, creamy lather cleanses so gently. Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

**New beauty awaits all your skin!**



The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings all your skin that "beautifully cared-for" look! It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. For more lather, more luxury, use big Beauty-Bath size Camay.



# Camay

## the Soap of Beautiful Women



Rather be "Cut Out" . . . . . or "Cut In"?



## So much depends on You

SOMETIMES a very small thing spells the difference between neglect and popularity. Take Jennie's case. It's typical. It might be *you*. At almost every party the boys simply cut Jennie out . . . danced with her once, if at all, then snubbed and ignored her. And she, poor, bewildered child, never suspected what her trouble\* was. Once she found out and corrected it . . . My! . . . how the boys came flocking!

### Why Risk It?

Why let \*halitosis (bad breath) put you in a bad light when Listerine Antiseptic is such a wonderful, *extra-careful* precaution against it? Listerine Antiseptic

is the proven precaution that countless popular people rely on.

### Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath For Hours

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and bad breath is stopped. Instantly! Delightfully! And usually for hours on end. Never, never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best.

You see, Listerine instantly kills millions of the very mouth germs that cause the most common type of bad breath . . . the kind that begins when germs start tiny food particles to fermenting in the mouth and on the teeth.

### No Tooth Paste, No Chlorophyll Kills Odor Germs Like Listerine Antiseptic

*Although tooth paste is a good method of oral hygiene, no tooth paste . . . no chlorophyll . . . kills odor-producing germs with anything like Listerine's germicidal efficiency.*

So, when you want that *extra assurance* about your breath, trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the proven, germ-killing method that so many popular, fastidious people rely on. Make it a part of your passport to popularity. Use it night and morning and before every date. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Missouri.

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . stops bad breath for hours**

**KILLS BAD-BREATH GERMS BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE . . .  
BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL**



# Only COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

## HAS PROVED SO COMPLETELY IT STOPS BAD BREATH\*

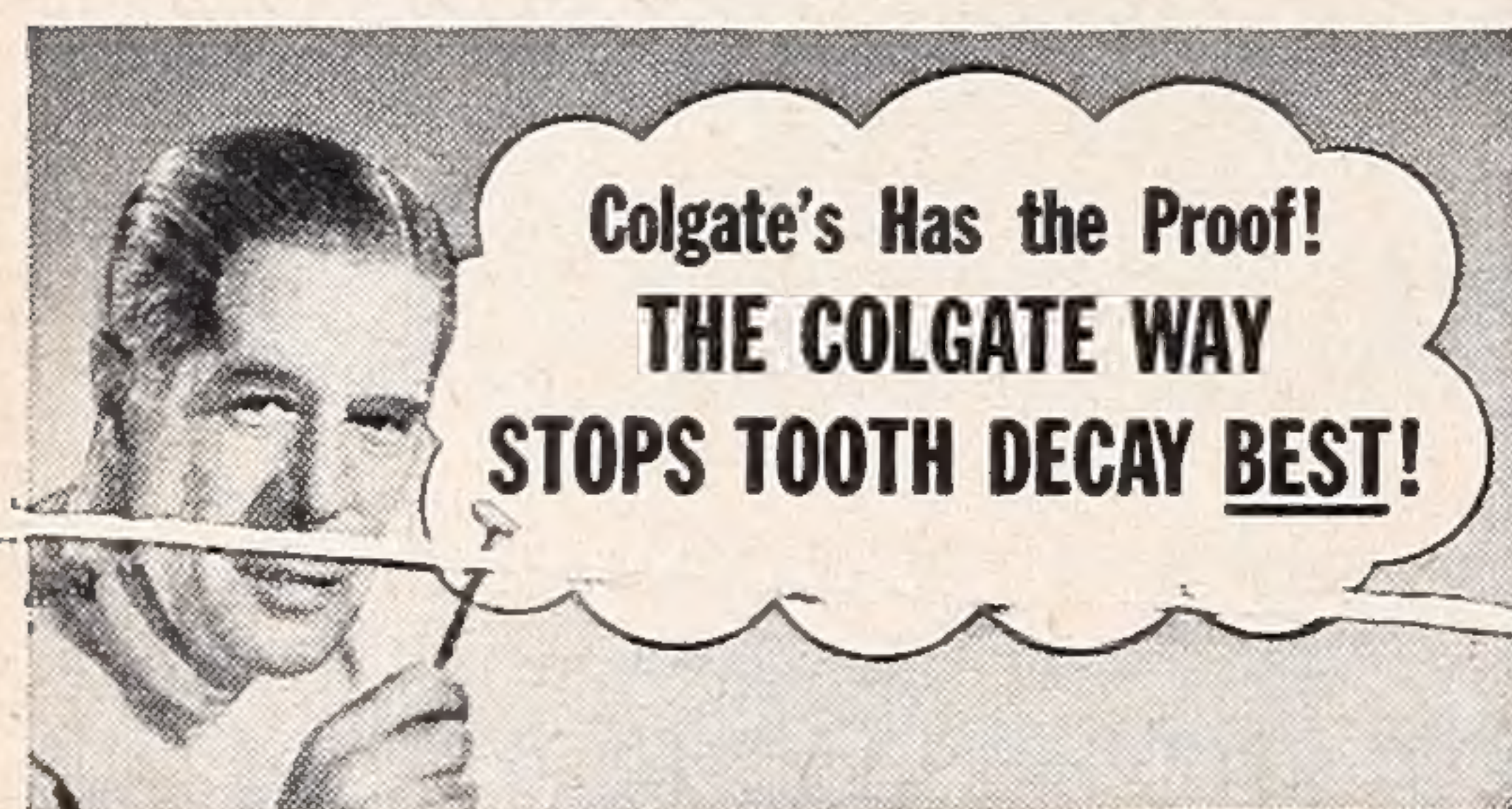
\*SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN  
7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS  
BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!



For "all day" protection, brush your teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream. Some toothpastes and powders claim to sweeten breath. But only Colgate's has such complete *proof* it stops bad breath.\*



Colgate's wonderful wake-up flavor is the favorite of men, women and children from coast to coast. Nationwide tests of leading toothpastes *prove* that Colgate's is preferred for flavor over all other brands tested!



Yes, science has proved that brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stops tooth decay *best*! The Colgate way is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!



No other Toothpaste or Powder  
OF ANY KIND WHATSOEVER  
Offers Such Conclusive Proof!

Get PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S Today!

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS FOR 40 YEARS

# PHOTOPLAY

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JULY, 1952

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Member of The True Story Women's Group



# MGM

## M-G-M's Movie-of-the-Month Calendar

A Joyous New Musical for **July** and it's "Lovely To Look At"



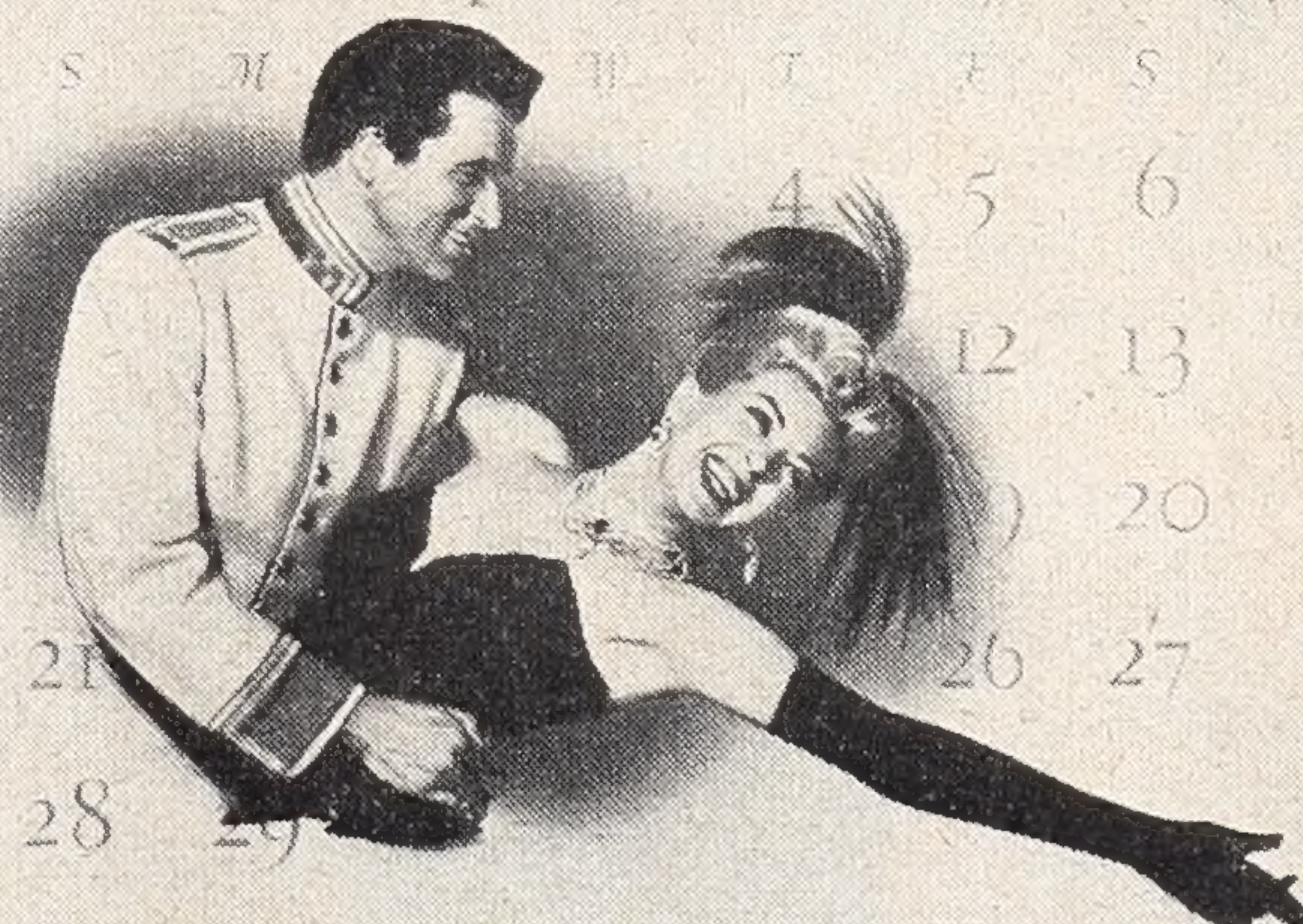
**"LOVELY TO LOOK AT"** is M-G-M's sumptuous summertime delight, an entertainment as eye-filling as its title suggests, gay and chic and romantic as Paris, lilting with the Kern-Harbach songs! A magnificent must-see musical starring KATHRYN GRAYSON, RED SKELTON, HOWARD KEEL, dancers MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION, ANN MILLER and America's most beautiful models. Breath-takingly filmed in glorious color by *Technicolor*.

### August



**"IVANHOE"** will be August's important picture, starring ROBERT TAYLOR, ELIZABETH TAYLOR, JOAN FONTAINE, GEORGE SANDERS, EMLYN WILLIAMS in Sir Walter Scott's exciting story of love and adventure. From M-G-M, the company that gave you "Quo Vadis", in all the splendor of color by *Technicolor*.

### September



**"THE MERRY WIDOW"** is lovely LANA TURNER—it could be none other!—and FERNANDO LAMAS is co-starred. A gala M-G-M event for September, with Franz Lehar's music and color by *Technicolor*.





## New finer MUM stops odor longer!

**NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW  
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS  
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA**

- **Protects better, longer.** New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn't give under-arm odor a chance to start!
- **Creamier** new Mum is safe for normal skin, contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.
- **The only** leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste. No shrinkage.
- **Delicately fragrant** new Mum is useable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.



**New MUM®**  
CREAM DEODORANT

*A Product of Bristol-Myers*

# READERS INC.

## Cheers and Jeers:

The story, "Her Heart Knows" (Jane Powell) in April PHOTOPLAY, stinks. If Geary is the dictatorial, egotistical person the story portrays him to be, he is just kidding himself if he thinks he can keep the spirited Janie with such tactics "till death do us part." I just can't imagine such submissiveness. However, I must admit he is generous by insisting on going fifty-fifty on the household expenses. What a man!

SUE BLUE  
Lawton, Okla.

Please let's have more on Lana Turner, Liz Taylor, Ava Gardner and Rita Hayworth. These gals have real glamour and they do something exciting once in a while. Anybody can sit home at night and rock a baby, as you read about some stars doing.

GEORGIA CLARK  
Clearwater, Fla.

Is Hollywood in the movie business or the burlesque business? In "Show Boat," "His Kind of Woman" and "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine," I was shocked at the clothes worn by Virginia Mayo, Lucille Norman, Virginia Gibson, Jane Russell and Ava Gardner. They were disgraceful. People go to the show to see a movie, not some half-dressed women. So let's put some tops on the dresses.

GAYLE BENDETTO  
Detroit, Michigan

In your May issue, Sheilah Graham's article, "More Dressing, Please," was pretty disgusting. Who is she that she can point out the worst-dressed women in Hollywood? It's certainly no one's business how any of those actresses dress when they're off the set. I don't mean to be nasty, but it's not fair. These actresses mentioned have given people all over our country hours of enjoyment. We should be grateful instead of griping.

CAROL HAINES  
Hopewell, Ohio

## Readers' Pets:

I just saw "The Greatest Show on Earth" and I thought it was wonderful. I don't see how Farley Granger and Tony Curtis get so much rating when Charlton Heston has twice the acting ability and looks that Granger or Curtis have together.

JEAN MOSS  
Miami, Fla.

I've just seen Pier Angeli in "Tomorrow Is Too Late" and all I can say is, "What an angel!" She is everything a man looks for in a girl, charming, modest, beautiful. Hollywood's so-called glamour girls may now take a back seat.

GEORGE ADAMS  
New York, N. Y.

## Casting:

What's the meaning of starring Vera-Ellen and Fred Astaire in "The Belle of New York"? Why wasn't a young, handsome actor like Gene Nelson or Gene Kelly given the role, not an old man like Fred Astaire?

JANE STEWART  
Olyphant, Pa.

Why doesn't someone team Doris Day and Gene Kelly in a top musical hit! I

know it would go over big—both are wonderful.

CPL. D. AYMES  
APO N.Y., N.Y.

## Question Box:

Could you please give me some information on the boy who played *Jimmy McDermid* in "Retreat, Hell"? Will you please tell me if he will be in any more pictures?

KAY WADE  
Houston, Tex.

(That was Rusty Tamblyn, born in Los Angeles, Calif. 12/30/34. He has brown hair and eyes, is 5'9", 135 lbs. He is a senior at N. Hollywood High School. His hobbies are tumbling, magic, juggling and dancing. Now under contract to M-G-M; his next pictures, "The Winning Team," "The Making of a Marine.")



Could you please tell me what happened to Turhan Bey? I enjoyed the pictures he played in and was wondering what caused him to disappear so suddenly.

EVELYN GOSPODAREK  
Manitowoc, Wis.

(Turhan has given up Hollywood for Europe. He is now a producer in Vienna.)

I would like very much to know why you have stopped putting pin-ups in PHOTOPLAY. I know a lot of girls who are collecting the pin-ups and would like very much if you would start putting them in PHOTOPLAY again.

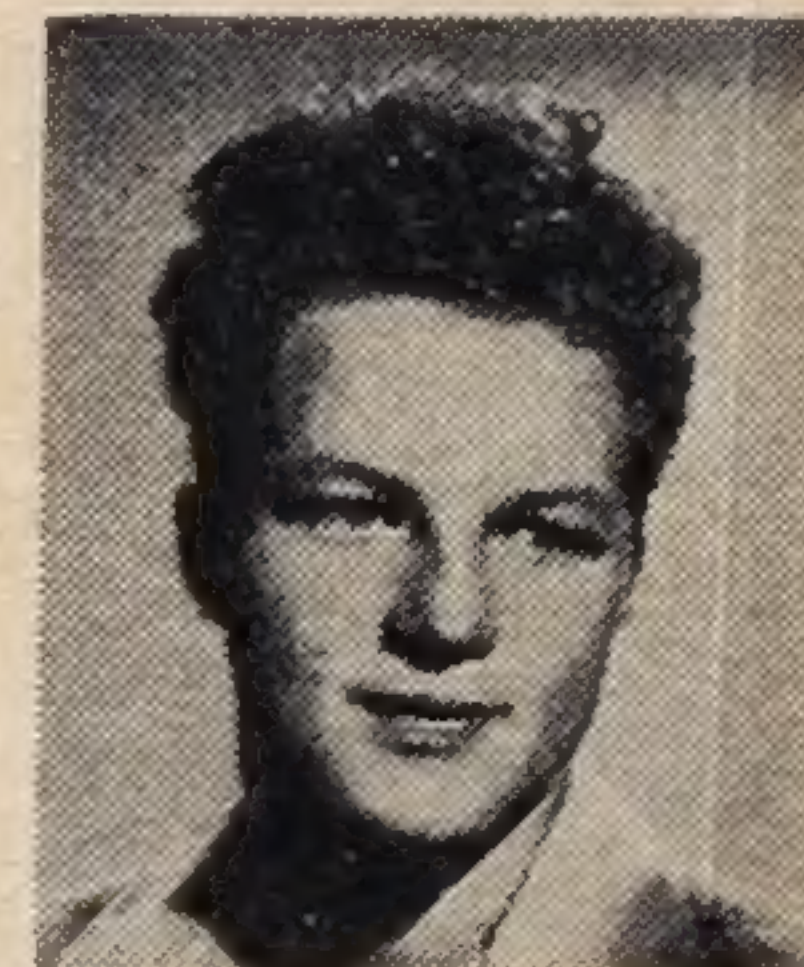
FRIEDA SALLEE  
Shoals, Ind.

(We'll do our best to have a pin-up every month—see page 58.)

I have just seen "Elephant Stampede." Would you please tell me whether or not Johnny Sheffield is married? If possible, please print a picture of him and his address.

DONNA MARIE MANCUSO  
Lackawanna, N. Y.

(He is still single. Write him c/o Monogram, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood, Calif. See page 20 for information about writing other stars. John Sheffield is 5'11½", 190 lbs. has brown hair, hazel eyes, was born in Pasadena, Calif. 4/11/32. His next picture, "African Treasure.")



Susan Hayward just made "With a Song in My Heart," the life story of Jane Froman. They said it was Miss Hayward's first musical. I have a sheet of music which shows her in a costume which would be used in a musical. The name of the picture was "Hit Parade of 1943."

PATRICIA GOULD  
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

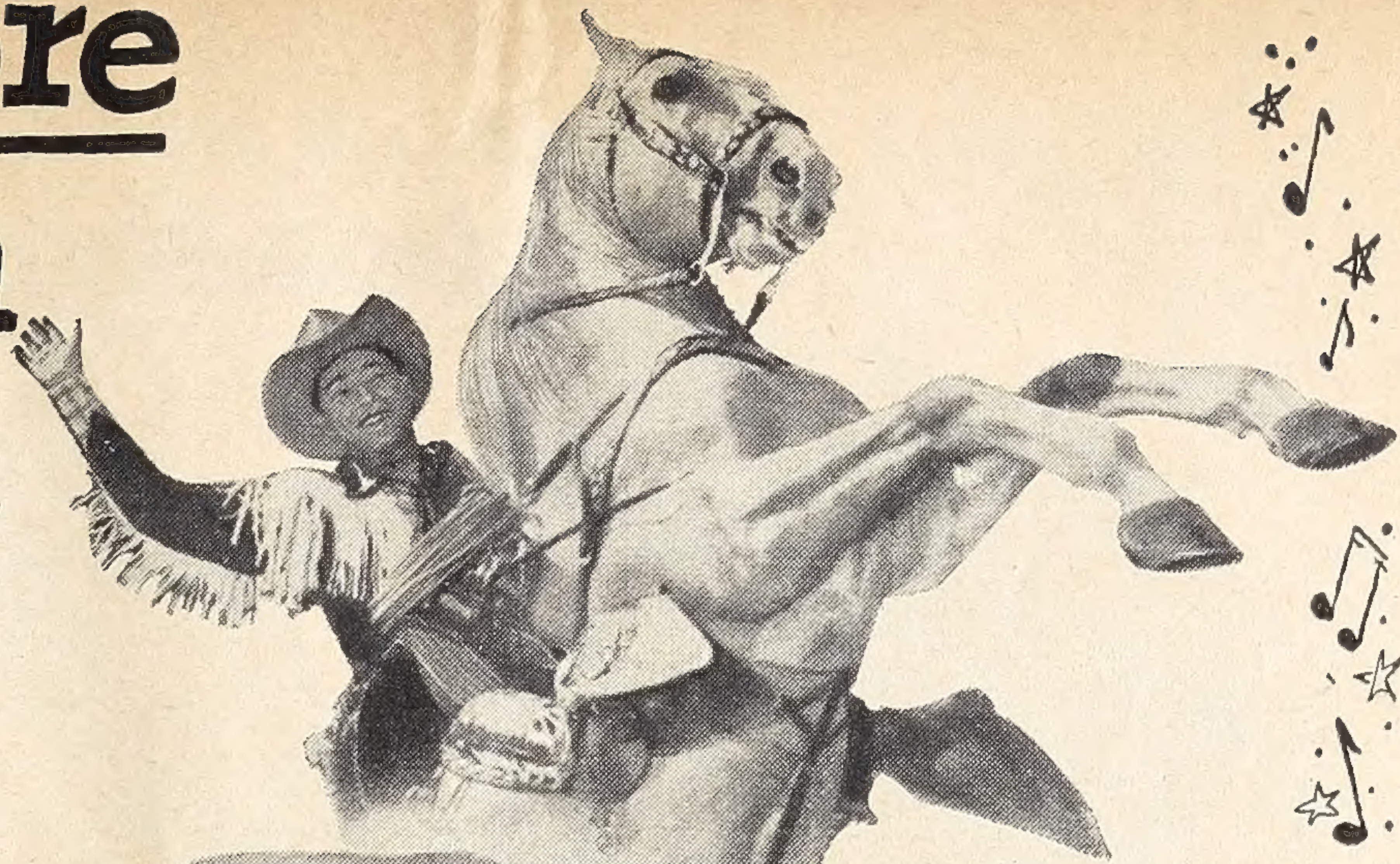
(You're right. Susan played the lead in this picture, but she had a straight dramatic role—that of a songwriter.)

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. However, our space is limited. We cannot therefore promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received.



# Yes, Even More Laughs Than

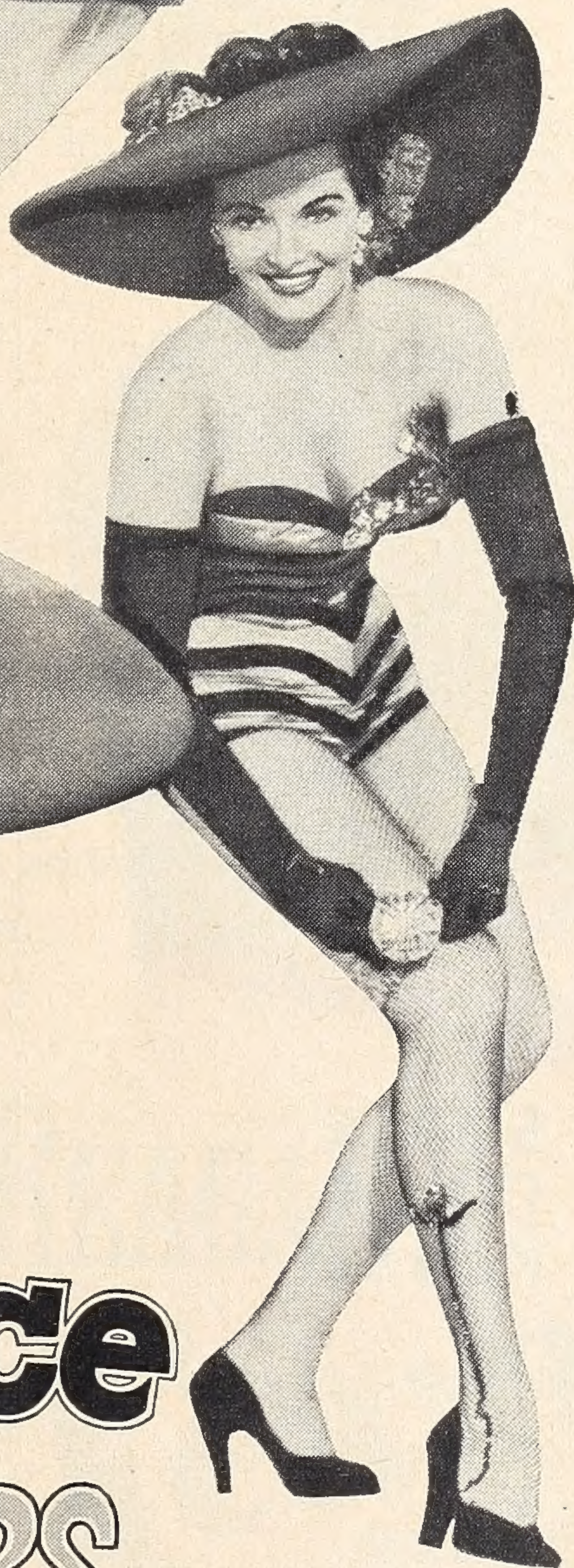
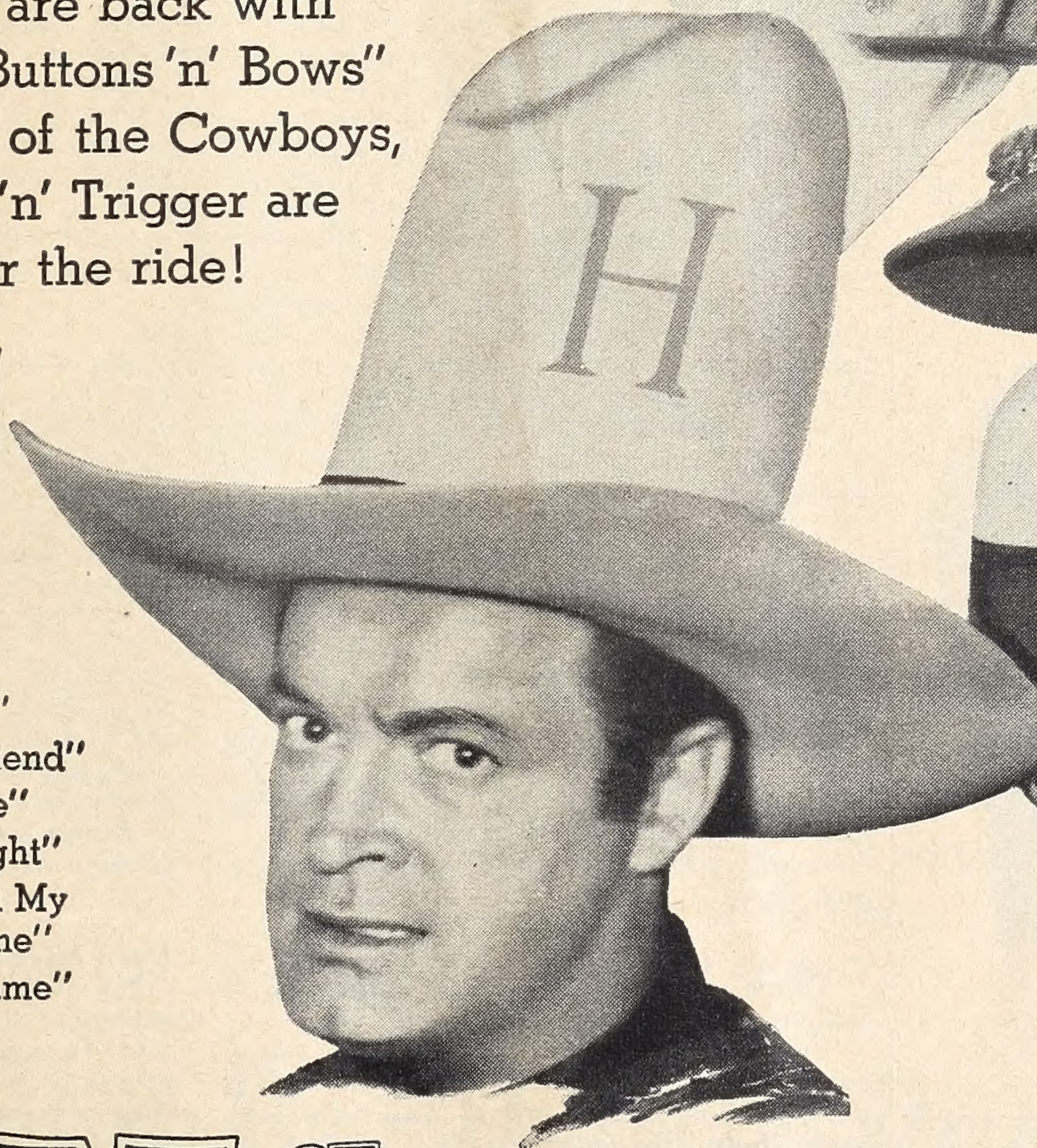
## "The Paleface"



Bob 'n' Jane are back with  
more o' that "Buttons 'n' Bows"  
fun—and King of the Cowboys,  
Roy Rogers 'n' Trigger are  
along for the ride!

EVERYBODY  
SINGS

"Am I in Love"  
"A Four-Legged Friend"  
"California Rose"  
"Wing-Ding Tonight"  
"There's a Cloud in My  
Valley of Sunshine"  
"What a Dirty Shame"



# SON OF Paleface

starring BOB

JANE

ROY

HOPE · RUSSELL · ROGERS

AND

TRIGGER

Color by  
TECHNICOLOR



Produced by ROBERT L. WELCH  
Directed by FRANK TASHLIN  
Written by Frank Tashlin, Robert L. Welch  
and Joseph Quillan  
A Paramount Picture







**Noreen**

**SUPER  
COLOR  
RINSE**

Noreen takes all of the guess  
and most of the work  
out of hair coloring.  
Its richly abundant, natural-looking,  
temporary colors are easy to rinse in,  
easy to shampoo out.  
Choose from 14 colorful shades  
for the most glamorous coiffure  
you've ever enjoyed.  
15¢, 30¢ and 60¢ sizes.  
Also applied in Beauty Salons.  
Available in Canada.

## what should I do?



Your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

Star of "Planter's Wife"

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am twenty-five and have been married four years. My husband and I, plus our little daughter not quite two, have a very happy family life. We are deeply devoted, but I do have one minor problem.

My husband is taking an extension course on which he works at night. It will require three years for him to complete this course, perhaps four. However, it is very much worth while for our future.

The difficulty is that he works between two and three hours every night, and during that time there is nothing I can do. The baby goes to bed at six-thirty, and I have my dishes done and my preparations for breakfast completed by seven. Then the question arises: what shall I do with my time?

I can't play the radio or the phonograph because my husband must concentrate. I can't learn to play a musical instrument (I should like to study piano, which I started once, but it would be unfair). I have limited eyesight, so I am unable to read for that long period, and my oculist has forbidden fancy work of any kind. No sewing, no embroidery, no crocheting, knitting, tatting, or even weaving.

Frankly, I'm at my wits' end. Have you any ideas?

(Mrs.) Maureen C.

*There are two possible solutions, I believe.*

*You can still obtain ear phones which can be plugged into a radio, making it possible for you alone to hear the program being broadcast. The old crystal sets, which one now sees in museums, were operated on that principle, I understand. Discuss this with your nearest radio dealer, who may be able to help you at once.*

*The second solution would involve your husband wearing a certain type of pliable wax earstop which can be purchased for twenty-five cents at almost any drugstore. These are excellent devices for shutting out all but the loudest of sounds.*

*Claudette Colbert*

Dear Miss Colbert:

I will soon be sixteen and I have a very serious problem. Sometimes I wonder if it isn't breaking my heart.

You see, I have an older sister of twenty. She is very pretty and ever so popular; what I mean is, she has half a dozen important boy friends. There is one in particular who comes to the house regularly. He plays the piano like a six-armed monster and simply sends everyone. He takes my sister dancing, usually bringing her flowers to match her dress.

Any number of times he has telephoned and I have answered the telephone. He always recognizes my voice, and he says, "Hi-lo, Beautiful. How is my little Jeanie today?" My name isn't Jeanie, but he says that on account of my light brown hair. I know he is in love with me and I am

in love with him. He has never asked me out, but then how could he? My folks won't permit dates until I am sixteen.

Do you think I should tell my sister about this secret romance? I am miserable, trying to go to dancing parties (in tow of parents) with boys my own age who are, believe me, one hundred per cent squidgy. I think I should be permitted to go to parties with my sister and this boy. I know it would make him happy.

Neota T.

*No, I wouldn't tell my sister, if I were you. You might hurt her feelings—her reaction might hurt yours.*

*After all, you'll soon be sixteen and then you'll be able to have dates with friends of your own.*

*Meanwhile, it wouldn't be wise for you to jump to the conclusion that this boy is in love with you simply because he is pleasant to you on the telephone. Undoubtedly he has nice manners and an inclination to be sweet to his girl friend's little sister. If you were to take his general sociability personally, he might be dismayed.*

*Better stick to boys your own age, even if they are—er—squidgy.*

*Claudette Colbert*

Dear Miss Colbert:

My two daughters are devotees of your column. They have asked me to submit our divergent views to you for an expression of opinion. Understand, please, that I have not agreed to abide by any suggestion you might make. I have acceded only to submission of my ideas.

My daughters are beautiful girls. One is nineteen and one is twenty-two. They have been sheltered and adored all their lives.

While they were little, their mother and I and the girls made up a supremely happy and devoted family. Now that they are older, I am puzzled by their restlessness, and their resentment of discipline.

We have a rule that the girls must be in this house at midnight on weekdays, and no later than one-thirty on Saturday nights. Sunday nights are family nights, so there is no difficulty about that.

The penalty for breaking the time rule is a spanking with a razor strap. One blow for every five minutes of tardiness. I tried to take away privileges and to engage in lectures, but I have found that nothing produces the desired promptness except a good old-fashioned whipping.

The girls think I am a tiresome old foggy, but anyone seeing the girls and getting to know them would agree that their mother and I have brought up a fine pair of citizens. I don't intend to relax my efforts at this time.

A devoted father.

*I don't doubt that your intentions are of the best and that you feel you are a devoted parent and entirely justified.*  
(Continued on page 31)





When all America  
called him Alex the Great



*they were really  
throwing kisses  
to her!*

You'll read of the everlasting  
glory of Grover Cleveland  
Alexander in all the records  
big-league baseball cherishes  
— but the name they forgot  
to include is that of the lovely,  
young lady — the inspiration  
for the cheers that  
shook the nation.



THEY SAID IT  
WOULDN'T LAST!

WARNER BROS.  
PRESENT

DORIS DAY · RONALD REAGAN

...in.. and as

# "The Winning Team"

SCREEN PLAY BY  
TED SHERDEMAN AND  
SEELEG LESTER &  
MERWIN GERARD

ALSO STARRING

## FRANK LOVEJOY

PRODUCED BY  
BRYAN FOY  
DIRECTED BY  
LEWIS SEILER

watch! watch! watch!

Soon! ALL THE GREAT JOY OF  
"Where's Charley?"  
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



Soon! ALL THE GOL-DARNED GREATNESS OF  
"The Story of Will Rogers"  
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



# America's Favorite Toiletries

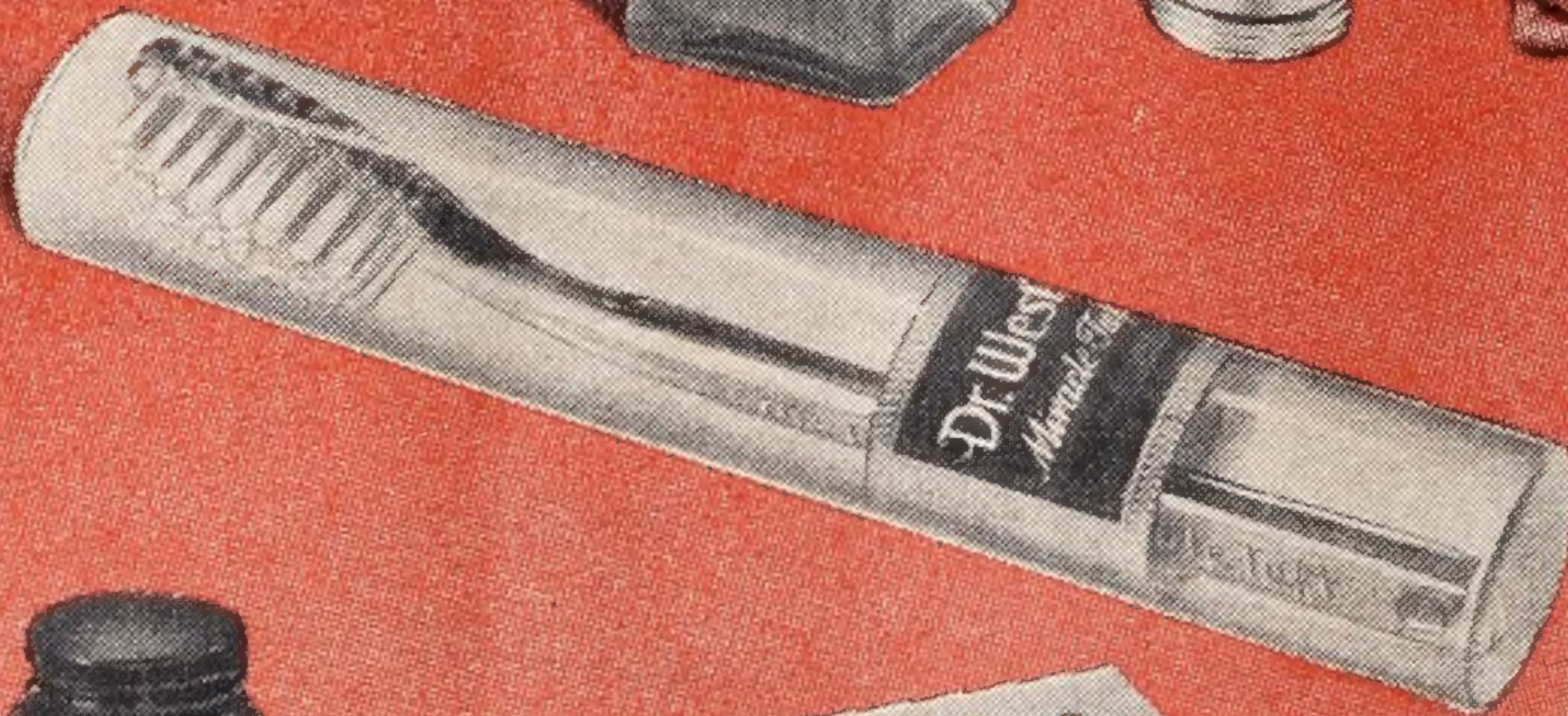


*America's  
Friendliest  
Stores...*

... offer you the most complete selection of famous brand toiletries available anywhere. Whether you want the small sizes for convenience or the large economy sizes for savings — you'll find your needs at money-saving prices.

## BUTLER BROTHERS

National Distributors of Merchandise  
Headquarters — Chicago, Ill.



**LISTERINE** antiseptic. For Halitosis, sore throat, and colds. Listerine cleanses, promotes healing, an efficient mouth antiseptic and deodorant 10¢, 29¢, 49¢, 79¢

**SHADOW WAVE** home permanent. Waves and neutralizes in one application. Complete kit including curlers. \$2.00, Refill, \$1.25

**SUTTON** stick deodorant, with new effective ingredient GW-14. Stops under-arm odor before it starts! 59¢

**JUVA-TEX** refillable automatic powder puff and plastic bag. White foam rubber puffs hold 10 days supply of powder 10¢

**SOFSKIN** hand creme . . . a beauty treatment for skin dried by sun and wind. Lanolin enriched . . . smooths, softens, beautifies 10¢ and 33¢

**HELEN NEUSHAEFER'S** creme nail polish with Plasteen. Requires no base-coat or finish. 10¢

**HELEN NEUSHAEFER'S** Everon lipstick in attractive metal case 39¢

**DR. WEST'S** toothbrush. Nylon bristles are non-soggy, long-lasting. Individually packaged in sanitary container 29¢

**DEFT** manicure implements. Highly polished nickel plating. Triple cut nail file with Vinylite plastic case, 15¢  
Eyebrow tweezers with "sure-grip" point. 15¢

**SUAVE** liquid hairdressing with miracle Curtisol. "Only Suave Makes Hair Obey . . . New Soft Way" 50¢

**DR. SCHOLL'S** Presto Corn Pads for hard corns. 15¢

**DR. SCHOLL'S** white moleskin — soft cushioning padding with adhesive back 15¢







BEN FRANKLIN STORES



BUTLER BROTHERS STORES



SCOTT STORES



**'VASELINE'** petroleum jelly. Brings prompt relief, quick healing to burns and scalds. 15¢ and 25¢

**'VASELINE'** hair tonic, for well groomed, good looking hair. Helps to overcome dry scalp. 10¢, 27¢, 47¢

**VETO** cream and spray deodorant. Stops odor instantly! Checks perspiration effectively! Cream, 10¢, 25¢, 39¢, 59¢. Spray, 39¢ and 59¢

**HALO** shampoo. Reveals the hidden beauty of your hair. Lathers abundantly, rinses completely! 10¢, 29¢, 57¢, 89¢

**CASHMERE BOUQUET** talcum powder. Enjoy soothing, cooling comfort after your bath and before dressing. 12¢, 29¢, 43¢

**LUSTRE-CREME** shampoo, for soft, lovely hair. Secret ingredients! Rich in Lanolin. Wonderful to use. Jar, 27¢, 53¢. Tube, 27¢, 53¢

**PALMOLIVE** Lather and **PALMOLIVE** Brushless shaving cream. Proved in actual tests to make beards easier to cut, to give smoother, more comfortable shaves. Lather, 15¢, 35¢, 53¢. Brushless, 15¢, 29¢, 47¢

**COLGATE** Lather and **COLGATE** Brushless shaving cream. Completely softens tough whiskers. Gives close, comfortable, long-lasting shaves. Lather, 15¢, 35¢, 53¢. Brushless, 15¢, 29¢, 47¢

**COLGATE** ribbon dental cream. Cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth. 12¢, 27¢, 47¢, 63¢

**COLGATE** Chlorophyll toothpaste. Destroys bad breath! Fights tooth decay! 43¢ and 69¢







Two enthusiastic members of the glittering audience of stars attending the Hollywood premiere of "Singin' in the Rain" were the dancing duo, Marge and Gower Champion, who star in "Lovely to Look At"

**G**uys and Their Dolls: Elizabeth Taylor signed a new contract with M-G-M, as we predicted months ago. And now they have Michael Wilding's name on the dotted line, too, so everybody's happy . . . Aldo Ray hasn't dated a single Hollywood glamour doll (they're furious too!) and for a very good reason. He isn't yet divorced from the girl he married several years ago in his own home town, Crockett, California . . . Oskar Werner, the handsome German star of "Decision Before Dawn" fame, arrived in Hollywood and disappointed local gals. They discovered he's one "Oskar" they can't win. He's married.

**Man of Distinction:** Cal always searches for Burt Lancaster items because they're unusual and different. This one, kiddies, is no exception! Burt, we hear, wanted to buy a popular make car. The agency who distributes

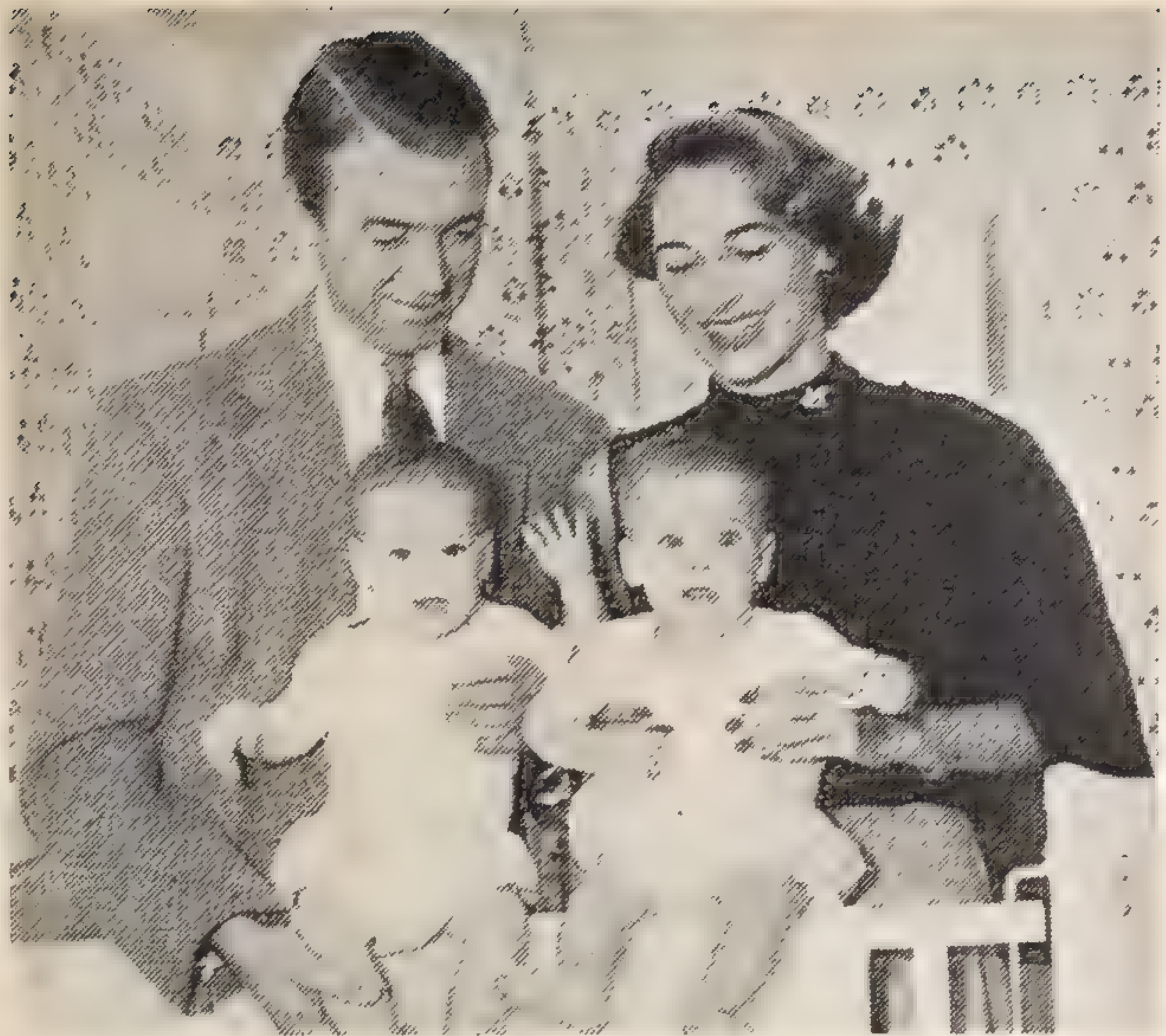
them offered him their higher priced car and agreed to *give* him a new one every year for five years. Because they were so anxious to have Burt seen driving it, they even offered Mrs. Lancaster a new station wagon every year for the next three years! So help us, our friend Burt, who believes we pay the most for the things we get for nothing, answered with a big fat—NO!

**Studio Scuttlebutt:** Her friends may adore Gloria Swanson, but it ain't healthy to mention her name out Republic Studio way where "Three for Bedroom C" was filmed. So the story goes, glorious Gloria was a real life "Norma Desmond" and her deportment reeked of silent-day histrionics . . . 'Tis whispered that Olivia de Havilland wasn't a bit pleased that Twentieth Century-Fox solicited her infallible acting talent after it was impossible to get

# Inside Stuff

Cal York's  
Gossip of Hollywood





Jimmy Stewart and his Gloria have three good reasons for beaming—their twin daughters Kelly (left) and Judy, and Jimmy's portrayal of "Carbine Williams"



On the set of his welcome new musical "Because You're Mine," Mario Lanza gets a visit from the family—his wife Betty, his parents Antonio and Maria Cocozza, and his daughters, three-year-old Coleen and year-old Elissa



His eye is on the song sparrow when Robert Taylor, as well as Alan Ladd, is among the many stars attending Hollywood columnist Mike Connolly's party for former movie actress Lillian Roth, now a night-club songstress



Cued up for rehearsal with dialogue coach Frances Dawson, actresses Donna Corcoran, Ruth Roman and Nadene Ashdown run through lines of "Young Man with Ideas"

Vivien Leigh for "My Cousin Rachel" . . . It's a double celebration for Jeffrey Hunter's Barbara Rush who starts a wonderful M-G-M contract after their baby is born.

**Fabulous Fellow:** Jimmy Stewart is fascinating Hollywood with stories about David Marshall Williams, who now refers to himself as "Carbine Williams" since Jimmy portrayed him in a picture of that title, based on his life story. Before he was granted a full pardon, "Carbine" served eight years of a thirty-year sentence for second-degree murder in a North Carolina penitentiary. Today, as a famous gun designer, he is fabulously wealthy. "The real 'Carbine,'" says Jimmy with a twinkle, "has red hair, long sideburns, wears a huge Stetson, an encrusted gold belt buckle and ruby cufflinks that would choke a horse. Once while walking down Fifth Avenue, he saw a diamond

ring in a window, walked in, peeled off forty-four \$1,000 bills. The clerk fainted!" After the picture the real "Carbine," who was a sort of technical adviser, gifted "Carbine Stewart" with a solid gold horseshoe money clip. "You-all have it engraved," he told Jim. "Just put on anything you think I'd say!"

**Famous First Words:** Fred Allen has a new parrot that sobs when it sings. "Scrape the feathers off," cracks *Mr. Vinegar Puss*, "and you've got another Johnny Ray" . . . The whole M-G-M lot was convulsed the day Carleton Carpenter finished six weeks of working with a lion in "Fearless Fagan." To the bigwigs in the front office, the string-bean star wistfully inquired: "If I'm real good in the picture—now can I act with people?"

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## INSIDE STUFF

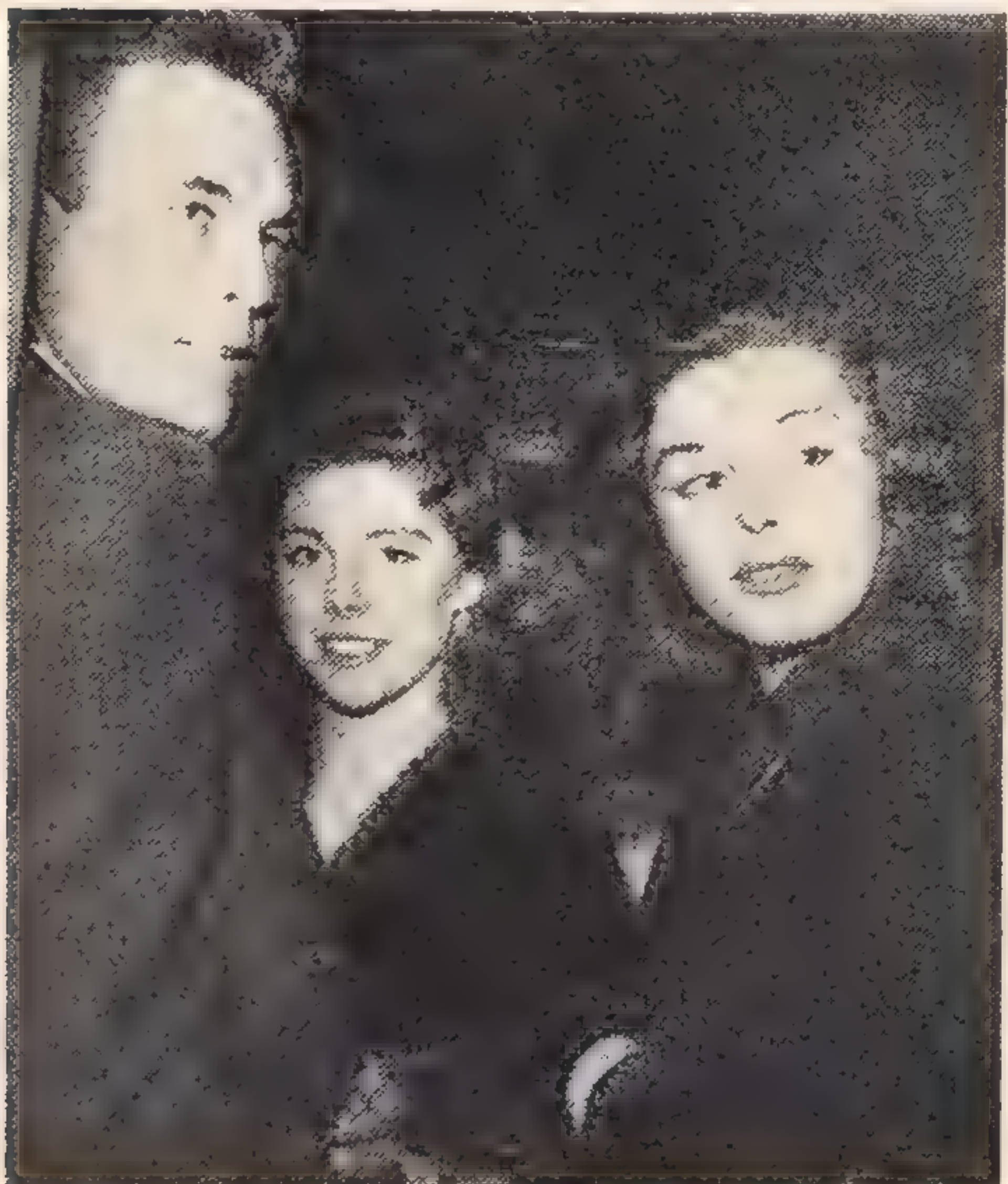
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**Hearts A-flame:** Lana Turner and Fernando Lamas disappointing salesmen in Ruser's jewelry store. They were looking for—cufflinks! . . . Robert Taylor with Diane Garrett at the Cocoanut Grove one night, at Judy Garland's opening with beautiful Ursula Thiess, the next . . . Jane Wyman at the Beverly Tropics with Travis Kleefer, acting more engaged than the engaged couple they used to be . . . Carleton Carpenter and Barbara Ruick holding hands in the Hollywood Bowl two weeks before the music season officially opened!

**Hearts A-cooling:** Scott Brady forgetting Dorothy Malone (at least for one evening) by showing the town and vice versa. to M-G-M's beautiful Elaine Stewart . . . Ann Blyth pooh-poohing those overzealous press agent reports that she's engaged to Maureen O'Hara's brother. They're friends, but not very close ones . . . Steve Cochran, that mighty warrior who doesn't discourage easily, still trying to get Marilyn Monroe to answer his frequent telephone calls!

**Peeks at Production:** Someone sent a broken-down violin to Van Johnson (he suspects Jack Benny!) when he grew long hair for "Plymouth Adventure" . . . No one recognizes David Wayne these days. The versatile actor is now a curly-headed brunette for his role of *Sol Hurok* in "Tonight We Sing" . . . They're shooting Technicolor scenes on "Hans Christian Andersen" one day, retaking 'em the next because producer Sam Goldwyn is a perfectionist. Incidentally, Farley Granger plays his smallest role to date in this one

(Continued on opposite page)



Scott Brady rates a dinner date with two beauties—Betsy von Furstenberg and True Story cover girl Elaine Stewart

# THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



I'M TIRED OF HEARING how glamorous yesteryear's movie heroines were. I'll stack Elizabeth Taylor, Ava Gardner, Lana Turner and Betty Grable against any glamour backfield of any year. And don't forget I've got Rita Hayworth and Marilyn Monroe warming the bench . . . In fact, I'd say you'd have to go all the way back to Billie Dove to find an actress as beautiful as Liz Taylor or Hedy Lamarr . . . I liked "Singin' in the Rain" much better than I did Oscar-winning "An American in Paris," but I did think Gene Kelly looked a little too old to be Debbie Reynolds' boy friend. Or maybe I should put it this way: Debbie Reynolds is a little too young to be Gene Kelly's girl friend . . . I am apologizing to Tony Curtis. At a party I almost mistook John Derek for him . . . First place every tourist wants to go is a movie set . . . I'd bet anything that Tony Dexter carries a pocket comb . . . Mary Martin sings a lyric more distinctly than any other pop singer.



Hedy Lamarr

I FIND THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN to be watching Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman. I know that Shelley can understand Vitt's peculiar English but I have my doubts about Vitt getting Shell's . . . Fat comedians think because they're fat they're funny. Nothing fazes Corinne Calvet. When the Harvard Lampoon voted her the worst actress, Corinne smiled and said, "At least I won an award!" . . . Success in Hollywood is like riding a bucking bronco because even when you're up, where are you? . . . Stewart Granger doesn't appreciate natural beauty when he can say to wife Jean Simmons: "Darling, why don't you put on some lipstick!" . . . I'm convinced that although a bosom may not make an actress, it does make a box-office attraction . . . The most intriguing statement I've read is that of Jane Nigh, who immediately after her marriage remarked: "I'm sorry I got a poodle cut. Long hair looks so good on a pillow."



Katie Hepburn

KATHARINE HEPBURN usually fights with people before they become her friends . . . I wonder who makes up those bebop musician gags . . . Aldo Ray is a comic Marlon Brando . . . I'm waiting to see an umpire admit he's wrong, even if I only see it in a movie . . . Constance Smith studied ju-jitsu just to master the "sleeper hold." "I'm an insomniac," said Connie, "and I want to try the hold on myself" . . . People appreciate a good movie more since TV . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor was without an answer for once when she was introduced to a veteran producer in a darkened projection room. The producer said, "Zsa-Zsa? Why, Miss Pitts, you're looking marvelous" . . . Dinah Shore's bed was designed and made by George Montgomery . . . In Hollywood, if a fellow is not an egotist, he's conceited about that.

I THINK HUMPHREY BOGART has mellowed since he won the Oscar, but I have confidence he'll regain his former style . . . Joan Crawford continues to be my idea of a movie queen. And Gable is still "The King," so don't get the idea that I go strictly for new faces . . . I'm banking on Keefe Brasselle to be a big hit with the bobby-soxers as Eddie Cantor in "The Cantor Picture" . . . What's with M-G-M and Cyd Charisse? They should realize by now that movie fans want to see her . . . Susan Hayward says she can forgive a man practically anything because she likes men. Susan isn't so lenient with women, including herself . . . I like Robert Taylor personally, but at parties he's so quiet. As if he's waiting for the script to arrive with the dialogue . . . Esther Williams can prove she has muscles where a gal should have muscles . . . Radio isn't passe when Bing Crosby and Judy Garland team for a program . . . I want you to know that the original story of "It Grows on Trees" was about a tree that grew one-dollar bills. But in the movie the same tree will grow five- and ten-dollar bills. That's Hollywood for you.



Keefe Brasselle



# HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

BY EDITH GWYNN



THERE'S NO DOUBT about it, the freshest (in more ways than one) and most popular shades this summer will be *any* shade of green, from that of a pale lettuce leaf, through the limes, through the vivid greens to the deepest of leaf-tones. Susan Hayward has a divine apple-green coat-dress of pique, deep V-necked, and self-buttoned from there to the hem. She combines it with a grapefruit yellow chiffon scarf, tucked into the neckline (or just carried if the day's too hot) and lots of gold jewelry. And if you don't think that color combination is heaven for a red-tressed gal, you ain't seen nothin'!

AT THE FANCY PREEM of "Singin' in the Rain," star Gene Kelly was absent, picture-making in Europe. However, the crowd in the bleachers wasn't lacking for stars to cheer. Present were Debbie Reynolds with Bob Wagner, Joan Crawford (in black marquisette) with writer Mel Dinelli, the Donald O'Connors (Don was so-o-o flustered when Joan asked him for his autograph!), Joan Fontaine (wearing yellow roses in her blonde hair) with Collier Young, the Dennis O'Keefes. Vera-Ellen with Rock Hudson, Claire Trevor, the Wendell Coreys, Carleton Carpenter with his crush, Barbara Ruick. And there was lovable Charlie Coburn, Bob Stack with Claudette Thornton, Marge and Gower Champion (Marge literally covered with flowers), Elaine Stewart (in black lace) with Richard Anderson—and Audrey Totter, wearing a Chinese-type dress, its narrow skirt slit up both sides.



Vera-Ellen, Rock Hudson

GLITTER IN ALL FORMS—and on everything—is going right on through the season. Jo Stafford, who's just finished her first starring picture, lunched at the Brown Derby in a snappy melon-colored cotton suit threaded with gold. The skirt was slim; its snug-fitting jacket featured a large square collar. On the collar was pinned a huge gold calla-lily, its center sparkling with little diamonds. "Glitter" can go on your tiny cocktail hats by way of simulated diamond stars, or other pairs of jewelled pins. Similar trinkets can be pinned to gloves (as Leslie Caron pins them, but not, of course, if she's wearing them any other place) or on lapels, or attached to plain belts in bunches.

VERA-ELLEN, who loves full skirts, has a darling outfit that is both daytime suit and nighttime dress. It's of white pique. Nipped-in jacket with long sleeves and stitched shawl collar covers a calf-length strapless dress of the same material, with a very flaring skirt—and plenty of starched petticoats beneath it. When the coat comes off, Vera's ready for a cocktail party or a dance-date—and a small bunch of bright red poppies at the waistline adds a nice touch of color to the otherwise unrelieved white.

THE KIDS CAME INTO THEIR OWN this month with two big shindigs especially for them. One was at the Blum candy and ice-cream emporium in Beverly Hills—strictly for the very much younger set. Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman brought two of their sons; the Pat O'Briens brought their Terry and Bridget. Dotty Lamour with her Ridge, Benay Venuta and her kids, Lex Barker with his two kids (by his first wife), the whole Eddie Bracken family, little Portland Mason with her nurse, Maureen O'Sullivan with four of her seven chillun—were some who found out exactly how much sweet stuff kids could absorb during that afternoon's first Smorgas-Blum, as it was called. Joan Bennett brought her daughter Stephanie to this party—and a few days later Walter Wanger took the child to Theodora Lynch's similar party at her hillside home, only this time it was a "treasure hunt." The Van Johnsons had their sprigs there, Mrs. Gregory Peck ditto, Sue and Alan Ladd came with their children, also the Don DeFores and the Jack Buetels with their children.

LUCILLE BALL was the first actress to wear the "Dahl Cap" that Arlene designed and put on the market. Lucy wore it in a scene on her TV show. It's a cute beanie of ruffled net to cover pin-curls—before you take out the pins, that is.

## INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from opposite page)

... As a burlesque queen in "Stars and Stripes Forever," Debra Paget makes her best "showing" since she's been in pictures ... Shelley Winters behaved like an angel when U-I loaned her for "Letter to the President." Husband Vittorio Gassman is under contract to M-G-M and our Shel would like nothing better than to work permanently for Leo the Lion.

**Junior Critics:** Cal caught up with Alma Day, who is Doris Day's sweet mother. In the lobby of Warner Brothers' Hollywood Theatre following the preview of "The Winning Team," Mama Day was ecstatic. "Wasn't Doris wonderful!" she sighed. "Of course I'm her mother and shouldn't say it. Oh, look who came with me to see the picture!" We looked, but Doris's son Terry, who was supposed to be at his grandmother's side—wasn't. He was over at the curb spitting out his bubble gum. "How did you like the picture?" Cal queried when operation bubble gum was completed. "It was keen," he exclaimed, then turning to Mama Day, eagerly added: "Nana, please can we come back again and see Abbott and Costello in 'Jack and the Beanstalk'?" Those double features will do it every time!

**For Your Information:** Ava Gardner, who was practically the only remaining star without a poodle cut, finally gave in because the man she loves—loves it that way ... Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker are an unpredictable pair, but the announcement of their separation came as no surprise to Hollywood, for their quarrels have been many ... why or

(Continued on next page)



Tap-happy: Ray Bolger, Doris Day on "April in Paris" set. Doris wears her Photoplay Gold Medal Dinner gown



## INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from preceding page)

at whose request we don't know, but Doris Day's husband in all copy is now referred to as "Martin" instead of "Marty" Melcher . . . Vittorio Gassman didn't teach Shelley Winters how to cook spaghetti in vain. She merely crowded thirty-five people into her small apartment, cooked and served a meal that would have made all Italy proud of her!

**Love and Hisses:** By this time everyone knows the going got a bit rough during the shooting of "Sudden Fear." According to printed reports, Joan Crawford's leading man Jack Palance and director David Miller didn't exactly form a mutual admiration society. One amusing highlight remains unrevealed until now. It seems that Palance, who had never done movie love scenes before, made love to Joan—for real! That is, he kissed Joan with the same intensity a guy might kiss his wife or his gal. With the gorgeous, glamorous Crawford on the receiving end, wouldn't you? The point is, the scene would never pass censorship with the Breen office, so they had to keep re-kissing and retaking until on film it looked good!

**Last Laughs:** Twenty years ago the kids back in Cedarville used to laugh at Eleanor Parker's skinny legs. Recently the boys in Korea selected her as "the girl whose legs we

(Continued on opposite page)

## What Hollywood's WHISPERING About

BY P. S. LOWE

DALE ROBERTSON's taking vocal lessons from John Charles Thomas . . . The rumor that all Bob Topping wants before he gives Lana the settlement she asks is a \$250,000 emerald necklace that once belonged to his mother . . . Bob Arthur's never-ending torch for Wanda Hendrix. Bob, who was really brokenhearted when Wanda married Audie Murphy, never stopped caring. Although he dates dolls like Joan Evans, Helene Stanley and Susan Zanuck when Wanda's away, she's the girl he'd like to make Mrs. A.

Jeanne Crain's relinquishing her role in "Old Sailors Never Die" to Pat Neal. Although Jeanne badly wanted to do the picture, her doctor told her to take it easy for a while after the birth of her little girl . . . The efforts of the Reverend John Smith of the All Saints Episcopal Church in Beverly Hills to effect a reconciliation between Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett.



Bob Arthur and Wanda Hendrix

Farley Granger in very tight tights doing intricate ballet routines for "Hans Christian Andersen" . . . The continuing streak of unhappy first marriages among former child stars. Peggy Ann Garner's the latest to follow the unhappy road taken by Durbin, Garland, Temple, Taylor, all of whom married while they were still in their teens. Child-star marriages surviving are Jane Powell's, Jane Withers', Bonita Granville's.

The fact that while some of the former pin-up queens are refusing to pose for cheesecake art these days, Anne Baxter, the epitome of sweet dignity, is now going in heavily for the Bikini business. Bill and Brenda Holden's joy at finally straightening out their schedule so they could take a longed-for four months' trip to Europe together . . . Corinne Calvet's having to sing a number for "What Price Glory" seventy times before the studio passed it for the picture.



A premiere means a party for set designer Jacques Mapes, Shirley Booth, Marilyn Erskine and Ross Hunter, former actor turned producer. Shirley, Broadway star making debut in "Come Back, Little Sheba," is crazy about Hollywood and all its stars



Gene Kelly takes co-star Pier Angeli on a guided tour of Munich, Germany, where they recently finished "The Devil Makes Three"



# Impertinent INTERVIEW

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

Hollywood Reporter Columnist



Virginia Mayo, Mike O'Shea

ALIMONY is never a pleasant subject if you're on the paying end. And if you're a wife who is asked to pay your husband's ex-wife's alimony, it's even more unpleasant. Nevertheless, I squared my shoulders and took up the matter with Virginia Mayo.

Los Angeles Superior Court had just ordered Virginia to present her accounts to Mrs. Grace O'Shea's attorney. He wanted to know why Virginia couldn't pay the \$27,129 back alimony which her husband, Mike O'Shea, had testified he couldn't afford to pay. Grace's attorney invoked the California community property law and named Virginia as co-defendant.

"Why should I pay it?" Virginia asked. "I don't feel that I owe it. She and her lawyer evidently think I'm loaded with money, but they're wrong.

"Anyway, the divorce settlement was tremendous. She won three properties—an eight-room town house, a three-acre

beach house, and a one-hundred-acre farm in Connecticut. She also received a cash settlement, in addition to \$700 a month alimony. And Mike was not a wealthy man at the time of the divorce.

"You know how it is in Hollywood. One year you make a lot of money and the next you can't get a job. That's what happened to Mike. He got behind in his payments. Meanwhile, I understand Grace has sold the property. And now she wants me to pay her what Mike owes. She can try. I don't think she'll succeed.

"We do agree on one thing. It's due her from Mike. But how can she expect me to pay?

"And here's another question that has entered my mind:

"Which one of us is Edward Francis Michael O'Shea (that's his full name, bless his heart!) bound by law to support—his first wife or me? And—omigosh, what a horrible thought!—supposing he couldn't afford *me*?"

## INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from opposite page)

like most to look at" . . . Once upon a time a Hollywood agent told Jane Powell she was too sweet to be a success in pictures. Casting directors today refer to certain roles as "a Jane Powell type" . . . Dale Robertson once lost a contract at a certain studio, because he refused to lose his Oklahoma accent. Recently the same studio offered a fantastic sum to borrow Dale because, "his accent is perfect for the part" . . . Although his father was a tailor, Tony Curtis could never afford a tailor-made suit until he became a Hollywood star. Now a local firm makes his suits gratis, because Tony boy is such a good advertisement!

**Solid Citizen:** Alan Ladd never ceases to amaze Cal. His contract is fabulous at Warners, he has the re-decorated Bette Davis dressing-room suite with his secretaries occupying the second floor, the entire lot is devoted to him. We watched Alan do his first scene in "The Iron Mistress" and, so help us, you'd never dream he'd faced the camera for eleven years at Paramount. "This morning Alan told me his stomach was filled with butterflies," a wardrobe man whispered. Later we asked him how it felt being back on the lot where he once worked as a grip. "It's better to drive in than *punch* in," he said gratefully. Isn't it nice when it happens to a guy who deserves it?

(Continued on next page)



Sid Luft, Judy Garland have reason to be happy. Judy rocked Hollywood when she appeared at Los Angeles Philharmonic with her New York two-a-day show



Before the act: Polly Bergen's career as a singer at Ciro's starts off with a boost from her friends. Song writer Jimmy McHugh was host at party. Above, Jane Powell, Jerome Courtland, Darryl Hickman, Polly, Geary Steffen





Ethel Barrymore, among many Hollywood celebrities who cheered Judy Garland at opening night performance at Los Angeles Philharmonic, rates special notice from Danny Kaye



Mala Powers, having legs made up for scene in "City Beneath Sea," had to stop work in middle of picture. Illness, contracted on Korea entertainment jaunt, sent her to hospital for five blood transfusions



Irene Dunne isn't being paid off by director Arthur Lubin. In "It Grows on Trees," Irene plays the role of woman who wakes up one morning to find her trees are sprouting money!

## INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from preceding page)

**Hollywood Rainbow:** Judy Garland came "home" and Cal, like the thousands who witnessed the triumphant first night in the Los Angeles Philharmonic Auditorium, wept unashamed. Outside and inside, the scene was awe-inspiring. Tickets reportedly sold for one hundred dollars a pair, and Hollywood stars fought to buy them. Fans lined the street ten deep. The nostalgia Judy pours into her songs would turn a stone to tears. She kidded about her weight, she kicked off the shoes that were "killing her feet," she dug vaudeville right out of its twenty-year-old grave and turned it into a glorious reincarnation. The following night Cal sat next to Judy at the Beachcombers. She was dining with the Van Johnsons and a party of friends. Suddenly she looked at her watch, hurriedly rose to her feet as she exclaimed: "I'm having such a good time I almost forgot I've got a show to do!"

**Mr. Big:** Cal's got *news* for producers! These days when stars are sent out to plug their pictures, the hottest actor with live audiences is Howard Duff. Recently he went out with a group to make personal appearances. Everyone received a cordial welcome until *Senor Spade* walked out on the stage. Then there was almost a riot! This happened in theatres all over the country and the ironic part is, Howard doesn't even belong to a major studio. Nothing bothers him these days, however. Little Bridget Duff, weighing in at four pounds, was born prematurely. Howard and Ida Lupino are much more thrilled with her than the best contract in Hollywood.

**Star Struck:** Cal practically disrupted the studio the day he took Shirley Booth to Twentieth Century-Fox for lunch. To Leif Erikson and Casey Adams, Anne Baxter revealed she was fired from her first play, which was when her friendship with Shirley began. It was Cary Grant who amazed us. This super-sophisticate was practically speechless. "How can you pay someone a compliment," he said to Shirley, "when you admire her as much as I admire you?" She grinned as she answered, "I'm sure I don't know. That's why at this late date I can't tell you how much you and Ethel Barrymore thrilled *me* in 'None but the Lonely Heart'." Cal *never* ceases to be thrilled over the simplicity of Shirley Booth.

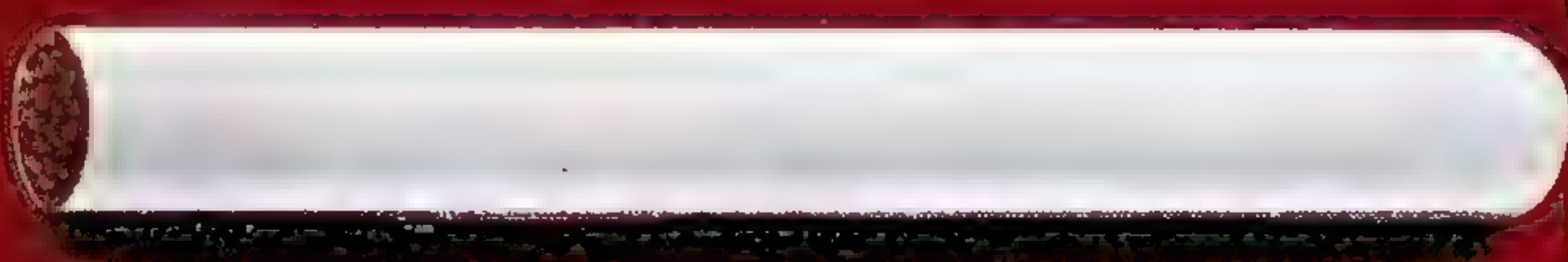
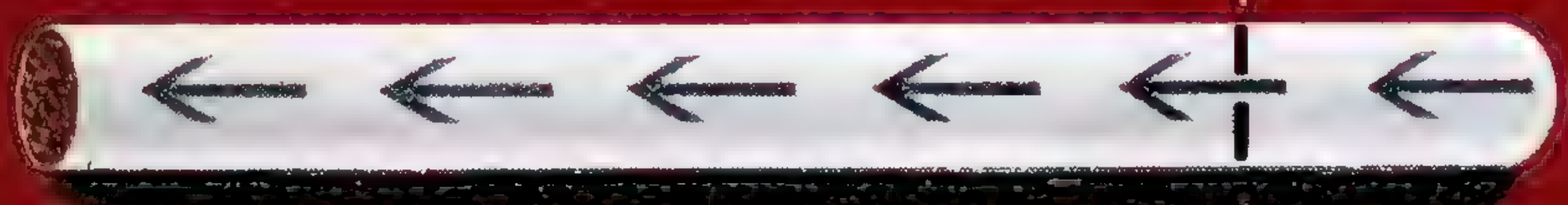
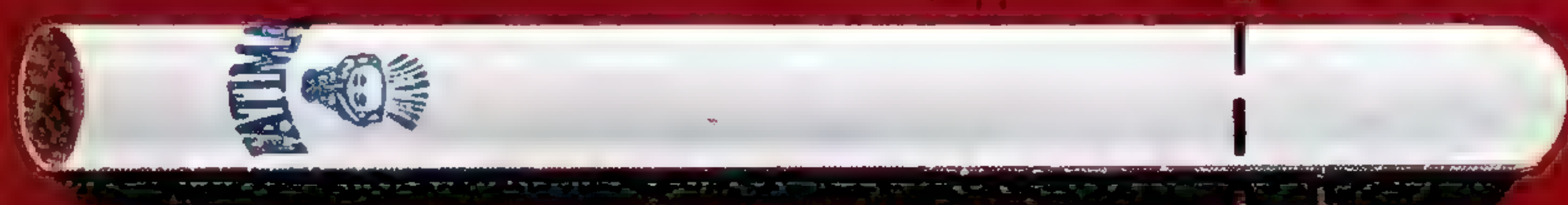
**Happy Hips Dept.:** Hollywood has gone Hawaiian! The John Waynes returned from a second honeymoon on the isle, bearing Moo-Moos and whatnots for friends. John

(Continued on page 21)



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## LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station.)

A KOREAN war headline, "HOPE TO END STALEMATE," opened the eyes of a movie chorus girl, who said: "Gosh, I didn't know Bob was a diplomat, too!"

Describing a George Raft-Gail Russell love scene for a new film, a screenwriter wrote: "They hold the embrace until the film ignites and we fade out."

Joan Caulfield, on a personal appearance tour, was asked by an eastern reporter to describe the mink band she wore for a hat. "Oh," said Joan, "it's just some left-over fur attached to a bicycle clip."

Sign in a Hollywood dress shop: "These Dresses Sold for Ridiculous Figures."

Edith Head designed a black lace, low-cut gown for Marilyn Maxwell, then warned her: "Never sit down in it, honey. If you do there'll be too much Marilyn showing. It's an eye-level dress."

Frank DeVol's definition of a woman driver: "A person who drives the same way a man does—but gets blamed for it."

Talking about a new movie starlet, Red Skelton said: "She graduated from high school last year, and was voted the 'Girl Most Likely To . . .'"

Judy Canova was telling about her ability as an actress as a child and said: "When I was six I could recite 'Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Peppers' without even getting my tang tongued up."

Lah-de-dah actress pouting about her date: "Not only has he broken my heart and wrecked my life, but he's messed up my entire evening."

Sign on a little Hollywood bar: "Women with Cloth Coats Welcome."

Sign on a newly planted lawn in Bel-Air: "Danger—Beware of ill-tempered housewife."

Talking about a newly married couple, Danny Thomas said: "You can tell their honeymoon is over—he's taken her off the pedestal and put her on a budget."

A home-wrecking starlet inspired Henny Youngman's comment: "Obviously, she moves in the best triangles."

Joe E. Lewis: "I don't drink anything stronger than pop—and Pop will drink anything."

A Hollywood producer suggested to his secretary that she accompany him to Palm Springs for a week-end trip.

"Listen," she snapped, "I may be your typewriter, but I'm not portable."

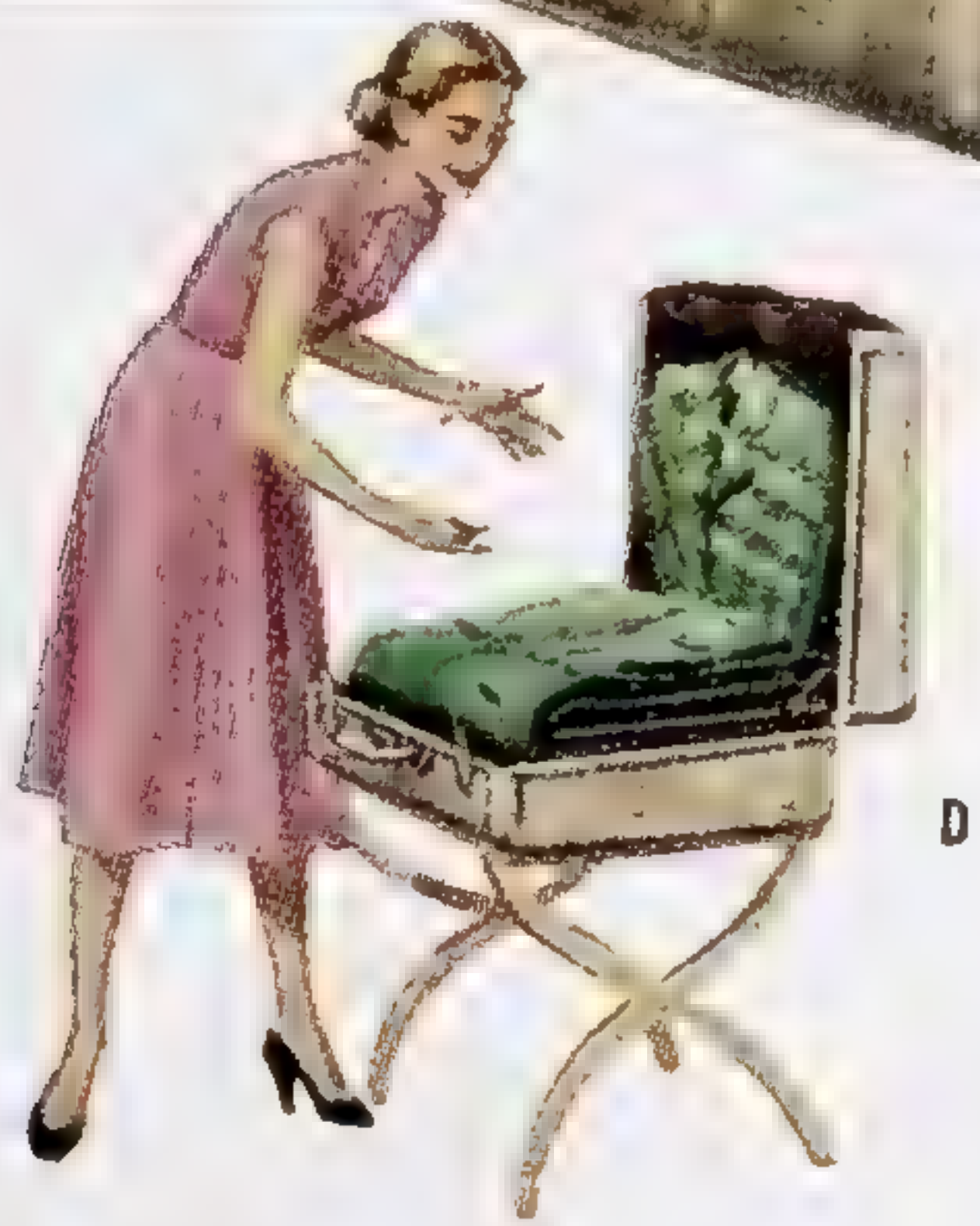
Overheard in the powder room at Ciro's: "She's using an old flame to burn up her new boy friend."



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KATHRYN GRAYSON, co-starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's  
"LOVELY TO LOOK AT"—Color by Technicolor.



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# The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest ... with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

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**You, too, like Kathryn Grayson,** will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse ... dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights.

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The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$2.

**Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair**

## TO REACH THE STARS

**PHOTOPLAY** receives thousands of letters asking for photographs and addresses of movie stars. Home addresses cannot be revealed and Photoplay cannot fill requests for photographs. However, following are the addresses of the major motion picture studios and a list of the stars they have under contract. If your favorites are not listed in any contract list, write to them in care of the studio at which they made their last picture. For autographed pictures send twenty-five cents to the star to cover cost of mailing. Clip out this list and save it for future reference.

**Columbia Pictures**, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood: Gene Autry, Smiley Burnette, Broderick Crawford, Joan Davis, John Derek, Glenn Ford, Barbara Hale, Rita Hayworth, Judy Holliday, Anthony Dexter, Jody Lawrance, Jack Mahoney, Beverly Michaels, Terry Moore, Pat O'Brien, Aldo Ray, Donna Reed, Carl Benton Reid, Mickey Rooney, Dolores Sidener, Charles Starrett, Johnny Stewart, Pat Williams.

**Goldwyn Studios**, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Los Angeles: Dana Andrews, Joan Evans, Farley Granger.

**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer**, 10202 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City: Dawn Addams, June Allyson, Richard Anderson, Pier Angeli, Fred Astaire, Lionel Barrymore, Keefe Brasselle, Kay Brown, Louis Calhern, William Campbell, Leslie Caron, Carleton Carpenter, Gower Champion, Marge Champion, Cyd Charisse, Patrick Conway, Donna Corcoran, Jonathan Cott, James Craig, Vic Damone, Nancy Davis, Michael Dugan, Billy Eckstine, Marilyn Erskine, Nanette Fabray, Sally Forrest, Clark Gable, Ava Gardner, Greer Garson, Stewart Granger, Kathryn Grayson, Jean Hagen, Robert Horton, Van Johnson, Howard Keel, Gene Kelly, Deborah Kerr, Fernando Lamas, Mario Lanza, Peter Lawford, Janet Leigh, Monica Lewis, Marjorie Main, Ralph Meeker, Ann Miller, Dean Miller, Ricardo Montalban, George Murphy, Reginald Owen, Walter Pidgeon, Jane Powell, William Powell, Paula Raymond, Debbie Reynolds, Jeff Richards, Barbara Ruick, Janice Rule, Red Skelton, Elaine Stewart, James Stewart, Lewis Stone, Barry Sullivan, Elizabeth Taylor, Robert Taylor, Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner, Vera-Ellen, James Whitmore, Esther Williams, Keenan Wynn, Gig Young.

**Monogram Pictures**, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood: Johnny Mack Brown, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Florence Marly, Jane Nigh, Whip Wilson.

**Paramount Pictures**, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood: Anna Maria Alberghetti, Judith Ames, Peter D. Baldwin, Gene Barry, William Bendix, Rosemary Clooney, Pierre Cressoy, Bing Crosby, William Demarest, Laura Elliot, Rhonda Fleming, Joan Fontaine, Nancy Gates, Paulette Goddard, Nancy Hale, Virginia Hall, Peter Hanson, Patricia Ann Harding, Van Heflin, Audry Hepburn, William Holden, Bob Hope, Betty Hutton, Carolyn Jones, Alan Ladd, Irene Martin, Tom Morton, Ray Milland, Michael Moore, Susan Morrow, Mary Murphy, Eleanor Parker, Ann Robinson, Jan Sterling, Don Taylor, Joan Taylor, Alan Young. Under personal contract to Hal Wallis: Corinne Calvet, Wendell Corey, Vincent Edwards, Charlton Heston, Burt Lancaster, Jerry Lewis, Marion Marshall, Dean Martin, Eddie Mayehoff, Elizabeth Scott.

**RKO Studios**, 780 Gower St., Hollywood: Keith Andes, Carla Balenda, Jack Buetel, Janice Carter, the Charivels, Barbara Barrow, Brad Dexter, Joan Dixon, George Dolenz, Faith Domergue, Betsy Drake, Mel Ferrer, Steve Flagg, Jane Greer, Dee Hartford, Tim Holt, Richard Martin, Charles McGraw, Colleen Miller, Robert Mitchum, Carole Morton, Mala Powers, Jane Russell, Robert Ryan, Margaret Sheridan, William Talman, Mary Jo Tarola, Ursula Thiess, Kenneth Tobey.

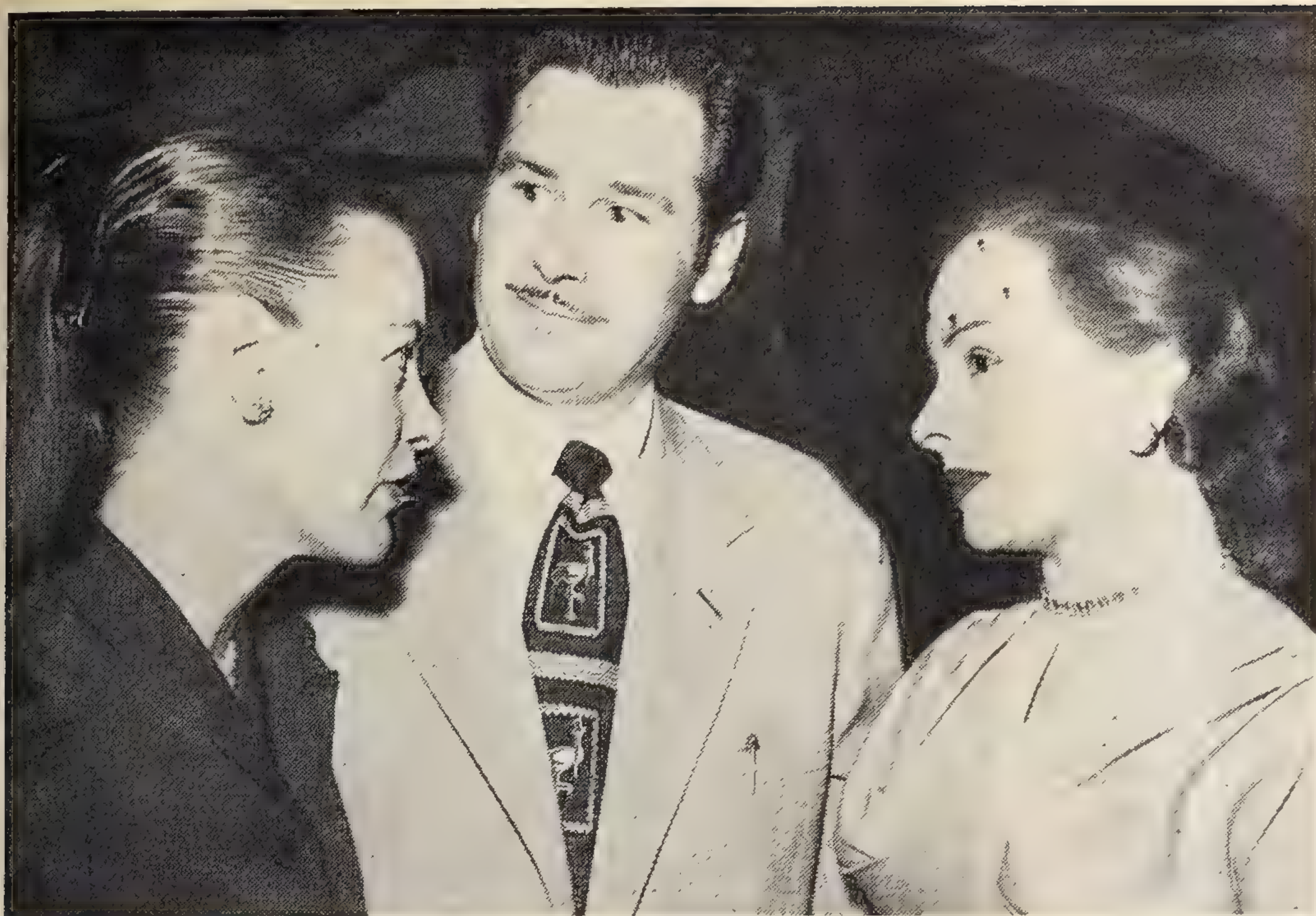
**Republic Pictures**, 4024 N. Radford Ave., N. Hollywood: Rex Allen, Roy Barcroft, Esperanza Baur, Rod Cameron, Judy Canova, William Ching, Penny Edwards, Mary Ellen Kay, Allan "Rocky" Lane, Muriel Lawrence, Adele Mara, Vaughn Monroe, Vera Ralston, Estelita Rodriguez, Forrest Tucker, John Wayne, Grant Withers.

**Twentieth Century-Fox**, 10201 West Pico Blvd., Beverly Hills: Richard Allen, Merry Anders, Dana Andrews (with Goldwyn), Ray Andrews, Charlotte Austin, Richard Basehart, Lauren Bacall, Barbara Bates, Anne Baxter, Richard Boone, Cornell Borchers, Scott Brady, Marlon Brando, Jill Clifford, Valentina Cortesa, Joseph Cotten, Jeanne Crain, Dan Dailey, Dennis Day, Danielle Darrieux, Bette Davis, Joanne Dru, Gloria DeHaven, Henry Fonda, Anne Francis, Milti Gaynor, Betty Grable, Bob Graham, Cary Grant, Billy Gray, Susan Hayward, June Haver, Craig Hill, Jeffrey Hunter, Richard Hylton, Louis Jourdan, Patricia Knox, William Lundigan, Myrna Loy, Joyce MacKenzie, George Mathews, Victor Mature, Hugh Marlowe, James Mason, Gary Merrill, Zero Mostel, Marilyn Monroe, Ava Norring, Pat Neal, Debra Paget, Walter (Jack) Palance, Gregory Peck, Jean Peters, Tyrone Power, Micheline Prellie, George Raft, Michael Rennie, Thelma Ritter, Dale Robertson, George Sanders, Constance Smith, Helene Stanley, Warren Stevens, James Stewart, Randy Stuart, Gene Tierney, Robert Wagner, David Wayne, Clifton Webb, Orson Welles, Oskar Werner, Helen Westcott, Richard Widmark, Cornel Wilde.

**Universal-International**, Universal City: Abbott and Costello, Julia Adams, Susan Ball, Ann Blyth, Scott Brady, Judith Braun, Susan Cabot, Jeff Chandler, Anthony Curtis, Yvonne de Carlo, Peggy Dow, Charles Drake, Yvette Dugay, Richard Garland, Cindy Garner, Joyce Holden, Rock Hudson, Alice Kelly, Jack Kelly, Piper Laurie, Palmer Lee, Harvey Lembeck, Richard Long, Marjorie Main, Stephen McNally, Audie Murphy, Lori Nelson, Alex Nicol, Hugh O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Gigi Perreau, William Reynolds, Claudette Thornton, Dennis Weaver, Shelley Winters.

**Warner Brothers**, 4000 W. Olive Ave., Burbank: Abbott and Costello, Eva Bartok, Humphrey Bogart, Ray Bolger, Eddie Bracken, Marlon Brando, David Brian, James Cagney, Eddie Cantor, Philip Carey, Steve Cochran, Gary Cooper, Horace Cooper, Nick Cravat, Joan Crawford, Ginger Crowley, Mark Dana, Claude Dauphin, Doris Day, Kirk Douglas, Betsy Drake, Margaret Field, Errol Flynn, Mary Germaine, Virginia Gibson, Cary Grant, Kim Hunter, Phyllis Kirk, Alan Ladd, Burt Lancaster, Vivian Leigh, Frank Lovejoy, Gordon MacRae, Karl Malden, Raymond Massey, Virginia Mayo, Allyn McLerie, Vera Miles, Ray Milland, Eve Miller, Dennis Morgan, Gene Nelson, George O'Hanlon, Paul Picerni, Ronald Reagan, Will Rogers Jr., Gilbert Roland, Ruth Roman, Randolph Scott, Robert Shackleton, Gloria Swanson, Rusty Tamblyn, Phyllis Thaxter, Danny Thomas, John Wayne, Dick Wesson, Susan Whitney, Cornel Wilde, Georgie Winslow, Jane Wyman, Patrice Wymore.





Baby talk: At recent party, Ella Raines, Paul Brinkman, Jeanne Crain compare notes on their little girls. Jeanne, mother of three boys, is in a glow over having a daughter!

plays a return engagement on the Beach at Waikiki, when he makes "Jim McClain" with Nancy Olson who honeymooned there herself . . . Ann Blyth, who took time out from a needed vacation in Honolulu to appear with Bob Hope for the hospitalized Vets, post-cards Dick Clayton she's learning to dance the Hula sitting down (doesn't everyone?) . . . Now that Jane Wyman's broken her engagement to Travis Klee-feld (they're still good friends), she's canceled her trip to Europe and is heading for the land of fish and poi . . . On the other hand, says Eve Arden: "I've got my own little grass shack right off Hollywood Boulevard."

**Famished Female:** Those weight-watching glamour gals could kill Susan Hayward in cold blood—figuratively speaking, that is. The riding high, wide and handsome redhead returned from a New York whirl recently. In one evening she had dinner at the Stork Club, an extra hot strawberries-over-ice-cream dessert at Twenty One and at midnight, chop suey at El Morocco! Susie girl didn't gain a single ounce. "The USO Camp Shows gave a lunch at the Waldorf for Jane Froman," the "Jane Froman" of the screen told us. "No one told me I had to talk and when they called on me to get up and say something I shook like a falling leaf." Not too many years ago Susan Hayward used to go to the Waldorf—but only to use the phone in the lobby! Isn't Hollywood wonderful?

**Animal Crackers:** Anyone got a female raccoon that's interested in matrimony?

Marlon Brando thinks it's high time that "Russell," his pet raccoon, settles down and raises a family . . . It can happen here. Now "Francis" will receive a daily henna rinse when the famous mule debuts in Technicolor . . . Hollywood dinner invitations for young John Barrymore automatically include his pet South American kinkajou . . . On his birthday recently, Hugh O'Brian received a white guinea pig from Ann Sheridan. What Cal wants to know is—with only *one*, how can Hughie boy learn his multiplication tables!

**Ugly Pills:** Half the hams in Hollywood would give their best hair piece to look like John Derek. Paradoxically, he continues to retain his antipathy toward the slightest reference to his fabulous face. According to his intimates, John is working toward one goal. He's practically counting the days until such time as he can become a director and never have to be photographed again. In the meantime, the same intimates feel a bit of applied humor might be the answer to John's personal predicament. The sincere, serious-thinking fellow worries so much over his responsibilities.

**News, All Kinds:** Good news for Jane Russell, who's ironed out all the red tape and finally gets to adopt the little boy she brought back from England last November . . . Bad news for Danny Kaye, who was too late trying to reach the bedside of his late father who worshipped David Kaminsky (Danny's right name) . . . Glad news for the Rory Calhouns,

(Continued on page 102)

NEW!  
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Can't Melt!  
Can't Smear!



Swim-proof lips at last!

liquid liptone

Liquid Liptone, the miracle lipstick, can't smear anything or anyone. Makes lips beautiful and keeps them beautiful.

Now you can make up your lips before you go out—and no matter what you do—or whether it be in sunlight or in moonlight—they'll stay divinely red until long after you are home again. Sounds impossible, doesn't it? *But it is so true.* Obviously, this miracle couldn't be performed by lipstick made of grease, and it isn't. *A liquid does it . . .*

A heavenly liquid that instantly imparts glamorous color in the most romantic shades! Lips feel delightfully softer, smoother—no dryness or chap. Better stores feature the new Liquid Liptone. Get yours today. Price \$1\* complete with patent brush.

For lovely natural cheek color get new moist Cheektone \$1\*.

\*Plus 20% Fed. tax



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<input type="checkbox"/>	Cyclamen—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Orchid—A cool fuchsia pink.
<input type="checkbox"/>	English Tint—Inviting coral-pink.
<input type="checkbox"/>	CHEEK TONE—"Magic" natural color for cheeks.

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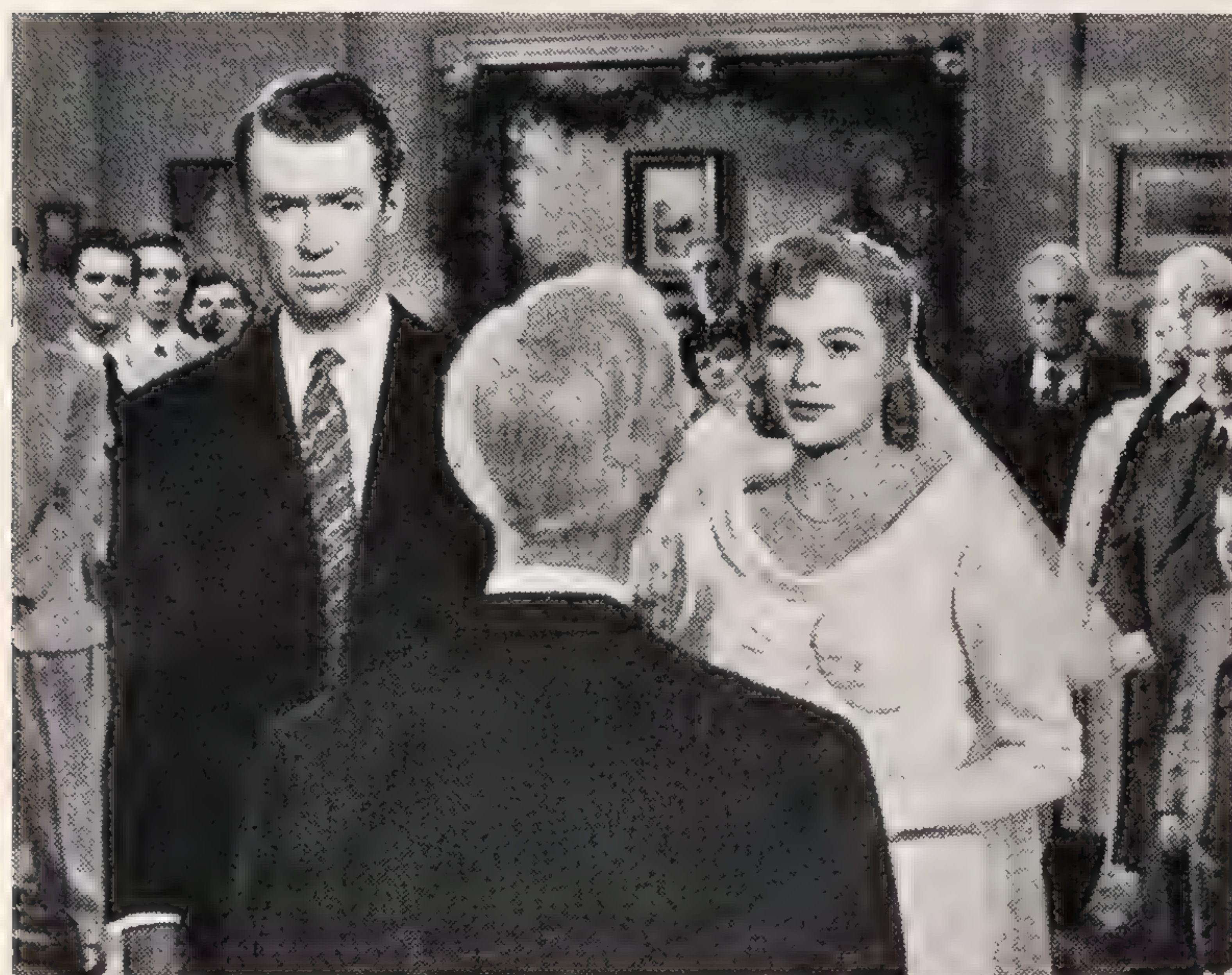


**Best Performances of the Month**  
 James Stewart in "Carbine Williams"  
 Ronald Reagan in "The Winning Team"  
 Laurence Olivier in "Carrie"

**Best Pictures of the Month**  
 The Winning Team  
 Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie  
 Skirts Ahoy!

LET PHOTOPLAY BE YOUR GUIDE

# shadow



*James Stewart, Jean Hagen re-enact biographical drama of a convicted murderer who, while in jail, invented the carbine gun*

## CARBINE WILLIAMS

(M-G-M)

● THIS BIOGRAPHICAL IMPRINT of one man's life, spent mostly in prison, is told with honesty and conviction. James Stewart portrays Marsh Williams, whose years of confinement led to the invention of the U. S. Army carbine rifle. The story is unfolded by Wendell Corey, prison official, to Stewart's young son. The years served by Stewart for second-degree murder develop into a conflict between the man's convictions and the horrible prison conditions of the time. At times the overdrawn detail slows the action but, on the whole, this is a story the truth of which is apparent. Jean Hagen plays Stewart's wife and Bobby Hyatt his son.

**Your Reviewer Says:** ✓✓ (F) *A dramatic life story told with honesty.*

**Program Notes:** On hand throughout the writing of the script and the actual filming was David Marshall Williams himself, insisting always that only the truth be told . . . James Stewart returned to his "home" studio, M-G-M, for the first time in two years . . . Jean Hagen stepped from her role of giddy silent star in "Singin' in the Rain" to this sympathetic role (see page 34) . . . M-G-M acknowledges the co-operation of the North Carolina prison authorities for their aid. Conditions existing in that prison have, at the present time, improved over the system depicted in this film . . . Young Bobby Hyatt is becoming a veteran at "son" roles, having recently appeared as Fredric March's son in "It's a Big Country."



*Doris Day inspires Ronald Reagan's triumphs in nostalgic tale of baseball hero, Alexander the Big Leaguer. With Gordon Jones*

## THE WINNING TEAM

(WARNERS)

● BASEBALL AND THE STORY of one of its greatest heroes, Grover Cleveland Alexander. A fine, gripping story, it is warm and human and as much to be enjoyed by non-baseball fans as by the most ardent rooters. Ronald Reagan is excellent as the Nebraska lad who rose to fame as a big-league pitcher, fell to the bottom and came back with a wallop. Doris Day is the devoted wife whose presence at the field lent her husband moral and spiritual assistance. Frank Lovejoy plays the famous Rogers Hornsby of baseball history and a friend of Alexander's. Some eight big-league players are seen in action, lending authenticity to a story that packs a powerfully suspenseful climax in a picture you'll not soon forget.

**Your Reviewer Says:** ✓✓<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> (F) *A three-base hit!*

**Program Notes:** Doris Day is pleased that Warners have promoted her to dramatic roles. Her warbling in this one consists of one song shared by the cast . . . A complete replica of a Nebraska farm, including barn, shed, etc., was erected on the studio lot . . . Movie and baseball stars exchanged autographs during the shooting, each group admiring the other . . . There was considerable kidding when the "big league" boys grew beards for "The House of David" sequences . . . An odd coincidence was revealed when Reagan disclosed he had once lived in Galesburg, Illinois, scene of his discovery in the film. Reagan even pitched on a sandlot in that town—as in the story . . . Mrs. Alexander, the hero's widow, was a source of invaluable data to the studio, visiting the set many times.



✓ Fair  
 ✓✓ Good  
 ✓✓✓ Outstanding  
 F—For the whole family  
 A—For adults

For Complete Casts of  
 Current Pictures See Page 30  
 For Brief Reviews of  
 Current Pictures See Page 95

# stage

BY  
 SARA HAMILTON



Laurence Olivier sacrifices his home and career for Jennifer Jones in a haunting picturization of the Theodore Dreiser novel

## CARRIE

(PARAMOUNT)

● AN IMPOSING CAST—Laurence Olivier, Jennifer Jones, Miriam Hopkins—in a depressing drama of sacrificial love and unrelenting hatred—until Olivier, who gives up his wife, family and honor for love of Jennifer, hits tragic bottom. The characters are beautifully drawn, but story signposts, pointing each step ahead, are much too obvious and the end is uncomfortably oppressive. Eddie Albert, as Jennifer's first lover, spreads the only ray of cheer in all the gloom. Basil Ruysdael, Ray Teal, Barry Kelly and Sara Berner contribute to the emotional upheaval.

**Your Reviewer Says:** ✓✓ (A) Heartbreak delivered by an expert cast of stars.

**Program Notes:** The problem of how to address Sir Laurence Olivier was solved the day after his arrival in Hollywood. He became "Larry" to almost everyone in the cast . . . "Carrie," adapted from Theodore Dreiser's novel, is Olivier's first Hollywood picture in ten years. It was filmed at the same time Larry's wife (Vivien Leigh) was making "Streetcar Named Desire." In the elimination of his English accent, Larry's greatest problem, he was aided by his good friend Spencer Tracy . . . The decor of the early 1900's was authentically carried out in minute detail . . . Designer Edith Head concentrated on every type of garment of that era, from housedress to stage costume. As a result, the clothes of both Jennifer Jones and Miriam Hopkins are correctly "in period" . . . Olivier's performance is already being mentioned as of Academy Award calibre.



Laughter, music and sentiment blend in a story of a small town barber—starring David Wayne, Jean Peters, Hugh Marlowe

## WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE

(20TH CENTURY-FOX, TECHNICOLOR)

● SENTIMENTAL AMERICANA! This musical, heart-warming and tender, has some fine performances and striking musical numbers. David Wayne brings his young bride, Jean Peters, to a small Missouri town; as the town barber he joins the village band, prospers with the town. The story traces fifty years of his life, through the birth and growing up of his son, Tommy Morton, and the heart-break which comes when his wife finds herself attracted to Hugh Marlowe. Overlong and at times overly tearful, the picture nevertheless has merit, particularly in the loving care with which small-town America is portrayed. Excellent actor David Wayne gives a fine performance, nicely shading the details as he ages fifty years. Jean Peters and Helene Stanley are prominent, too, as is Hugh Marlowe. And Alan Hale Jr. and Bill Walker help to carry the tale along.

**Your Reviewer Says:** ✓✓½ (F) Could be your family story and your home town.

**Program Notes:** The early village sequences were filmed in the hamlet of Castleton, near Hutchinson, Kansas . . . Wayne protested that after a few more weeks of dawn risings on that rugged Kansas plain, he wouldn't need a make-up man to age him. . . Sam Silver, veteran Twentieth Century-Fox barber, taught Wayne how to use a straight razor for his barber chores . . . Dan Dailey's offer to be trombone teacher was accepted by Wayne for his home-town band sequences . . . Hugh Marlowe and his wife K. T. Stevens became parents for a second time (a baby girl) while the picture was being filmed.



# Helene Curtis

## shampoo plus egg



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The only shampoo made with fresh, whole egg—Nature's own hair-conditioner, known to generations of beauty-wise women! Use like ordinary shampoos... but what an exciting difference in the brilliance, manageability, smoother texture it gives your hair! Try it. See how lovely your hair can really be.

4 oz. 59c • 8 oz. \$1

Available at beauty salons, cosmetic and drug counters.

BE SURE OF  
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DO AS BEAUTY  
EXPERTS DO!  
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MADE BY



# Helene Curtis

THE FOREMOST  
NAME IN HAIR BEAUTY

### ✓✓ (F) The Narrow Margin (RKO)

**A** GOODIE! A movie that moves, with a story that clicks! Minus all fanfare and big names, "The Narrow Margin" nevertheless hits the bull's-eye as a story of suspense and intrigue. Most of the action takes place on a crack train traveling from Chicago to Los Angeles. Aboard is police officer Charles McGraw escorting gangster's widow Marie Windsor to a grand jury trial in California. Believing that Miss Windsor has her husband's payoff list involving important people, three hired hoodlums also board the train. Their mission is to secure the list and dispose of the widow. The constant maneuvering between the law and hoodlums is excitingly conceived with quite a surprise switch as the train nears its destination. Passengers Jacqueline White and her young son Gordon Gebert play an important part in plot development. Paul Maxey, Peter Virgo and David Clark keep it hot. McGraw is good. Watch out for him.

Your Reviewer Says: A real edge-of-the seat thriller.

**Program Notes:** *A duplicate of a real Santa Fe special was erected on the set for the action shots... Little Gordon Gebert had himself a time going from coach to coach. The drawing room proved a wonderful hideout each day as lesson time approached... After the birth of her baby, Jacqueline White, married to a non-professional, retired for a year. "Jackie" has been cast in two more pictures for immediate production.*

### ✓½ (F) The Brigand (Columbia, Technicolor)

**M**YTHICAL kingdoms with dashing young kings provide a sexy showcase for Anthony Dexter's clashing, dashing appeal—if you're a Dexter fan. Tony, younger in appearance and more at ease than in "Valentino," plays a dual role of frivolous king and his commoner cousin. When the king is wounded, owing to a dastardly plot by Anthony Quinn, his cousin, identical in looks, is persuaded to take his place. The results are good and bad—bad for the king, yummy for the cousin. Gale Robbins plays Flora, the king's favorite dancing partner. And Jody Lawrance the Princess Teresa. Terpsichorean Dexter clicks heels and prances about like a professional stepper.

Your Reviewer Says: Old-fashioned whoop-de-do.

**Program Notes:** *Producer Edward Small hints that Dexter's next may be "The Sheik" because of thousands of letters that have poured in demanding that Tony remake this Valentino epic. Tony's debut as Valentino created a stir among the younger fans who never saw Rudolpho, the Great, on the screen. Tony keeps up his fencing, riding and dancing lessons in order to be ready for what might come. He keeps his sideburns in trim, too... Jody Lawrance has played five successive leading-woman roles in less than a year... Gale Robbins practiced her dances with Dexter for weeks before the camera turned.*

### ✓✓ (F) She's Working Her Way Through College (Warners, Technicolor)

**M**ELODY, color and dancing have been added to the stage play, "The Male Animal," and as a musical it comes out corn pone. There are highlights—Gene Nelson's wonderful acrobatic dancing, Virginia Mayo's looks and Ronald Reagan's professorish drunk scene. But, on the whole, it's just another college picture with little of it believable. For instance, Virginia is an ex-burlesque queen working her way through college. Tie that with a G-string, if you can. Gene Nelson is the college lad who woos her. And Patrice Wymore is the jealous co-ed who exposes her. Don DeFore is the ex-football hero with the concrete head who lost his college sweetheart, Phyllis Thaxter, to professor Ronald Reagan. The dashing Blackburn twins step around in the inevitable college play but what they're doing in school is never explained.

Your Reviewer Says: This one can stay after school and study.

**Program Notes:** *A gigantic construction job was done on one of the sound stages complete with an entire college campus, gym, classroom, etc. The studio green department planted trees, lawn and shrubs around the entire set... Gene Nelson spent three months perfecting the gymnasium number in rhythm with the song "Am I in Love?" The result is terrific... Virginia Mayo with husband Michael O'Shea visited Main Street burlesque houses for first-hand knowledge. (Continued on page 26)*



The Blackburn twins, Ramon and Royce, are featured with Patrice Wymore in one of the big dance numbers in "She's Working Her Way Through College." Only twenty-seven years old, the Blackburns have spent twenty years of their lives in show business and are vaudeville favorites



Be gay ...

Be at ease ...

Wear  
what you please!



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gives you a look-twice figure

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## April Showers DEODORANT TALC

Now! To famous April Showers Talc, the world's most effective deodorant ingredient has been added! You'll be delighted with this lastingly effective deodorant talc that smooths your skin—and, at the same time, safeguards your freshness. Keeps you fragrant as April Showers—all over. Family size—50¢.

**"A/S"**  
**STICK  
DEODORANT**



A favorite with both men and women—this new type deodorant in "solid" stick form glides pleasantly over your skin. It's always safe—always sure—protects you surely, lastingly. Wonderful to take with you when traveling... not a chance of dripping, staining! 75¢.

Prices plus tax

by **CHERAMY**  
**PERFUMER**

(Continued from page 24)  
Mr. O'Shea didn't mind a bit... During the shooting Ronald Reagan was elected President of the Screen Actors Guild for the fourth term.

### ✓ (F) The Fighter (U.A.)

IT BEGINS with a revolution in Mexico and ruthless plundering and murder. Then abruptly the story swings to Texas with Mexican hero Richard Conte fighting his way to victory in the prize-fight ring. His one aim is to use his gains to buy guns for the revolutionists across the border. But the continued fluctuation in locale and theme so weakens the story props, that interest is not too well maintained. Conte is impressively serious as the fighting patriot and Lee J. Cobb powerfully believable as Durango the rebel. Vanessa Brown, Hugh Sanders and Frank Silvera strengthen the action. The final fight sequences are brutally realistic.

Your Reviewer Says: Gory, gloomy goings-on.

**Program Notes:** Adapted from Jack London's story, "The Mexican," the time is 1910, the unhappy era of such Mexican revolutionists as Pancho Villa, Zapata (without the Viva) and Durango... Background scenes were shot in Mexico. But the interior scenes of Mexican homes, the old fort, etc., were duplicated on Hollywood stages... For several months Richard Conte trained with Johnny Indrisano, former title holder, for the bloody battle that climaxes the story... El Paso, Texas, as it appeared in 1910, was reconstructed from photographs of the town at that time.

### ✓ 1/2 (F) The Denver and Rio Grande (Paramount, Technicolor)

OUT west in 1870, railroads were built the nasty way, it seems. Murder, plunder and all kinds of shenanigans went on. Leastwise, that's this story, all about the deadly rivalry existing between two railroads with the same franchise. Ster-

ling Hayden, chief engineer for the Canyon City-San Juan group, plays real dirty all the way. But Edmond O'Brien of the Denver-Rio Grande road manages to win out over Hayden's schemes that resemble the horrors of the silent film serial with the heroine tied to the tracks and the 5:15 a-comin' 'round the bend. Toot! Toot! Dean Jagger plays General Palmer, president of the D. R. & G line. Laura Elliott, Zasu Pitts, Lyle Bettger Tom Powers go along for the ride.

Your Reviewer Says: Dime novel doings.

**Program Notes:** Near Durango, Colorado producer Nat Holt found the location needed on the Denver and Rio Grande's 47 mile Durango-Silverton narrow-gauge branch line. The famed old engine "Cindy," exhibited at the Chicago Railroad fair of 1947-48, was used to haul Dean Jagger through several sequences... Natives came for mile around to view the smashing head-on wreck. For this scene "Cindy" had a newly constructed stand-in... Five Technicolor cameras caught the beauty of the natural scenery... The extreme altitude proved a problem to the cast who lived for several weeks in the Colorado mountains.

### ✓ 1/2 (F) 3 for Bedroom C (Warners, Natural Color)

SPOOFING on a choo-choo train with Gloria Swanson cutting capers in Bedroom C. A forced farce with some gay light moments, the story, alas, is weakened by too many unfunny sequences. Gloria is quite believable as the waning movie star and James Warren is quite handsome as the professor whose bedroom she usurps. Janine Perreau is precociously cute as Gloria's adopted offspring and ditto Fred Clark as her harassed agent. Hans Conried is the ulcerated press agent and Ernest Anderson is the understanding porter. A famous eccentric actor is laughably burlesqued by Steve Brodie.

Your Reviewer Says: All aboard for some good-natured fun.



Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis have another movie treat in store for their fans with their new Hal Wallis production, "The Stooge." The zany pair are up to their usual wild antics once again and assisting them for laughs are Polly Bergen and Marion Marshall on the distaff side.



**Program Notes:** *The Pasadena Station in California provided the setting for the final scenes. Redcaps and station attendants, who have been greeting movie stars for years, were interested spectators . . . Miss Swanson, who designed her own wardrobe for this film, is now embarked on a fashion enterprise of her own . . . James Warren was spotted in a Beverly Hills sporting goods shop by Gloria, who insisted he be tested for the professor role. Warren, a magazine illustrator, had had a previous fling at movies but when nothing had come of it he had returned to the art field . . . Interior scenes aboard the Super Chief were shot within Pullman and dining cars borrowed from Santa Fe . . . And Photoplay, playing herself in the opening scenes, was very convincing.*

✓✓ 1½ (F) **Skirts Ahoy!**  
(M-G-M, Technicolor)

**A**ROUSING musical with Esther Williams, Vivian Blaine and Joan Evans as WAVE recruits. Esther is the spoiled rich brat who deserts her insipid groom-to-be at the altar. Joan is the mousy ingenue who finds herself deserted by Keefe Brasselle. Vivian, complete with Brooklyn accent and all, joins up in an attempt to locate her sailor boy friend, Dean Miller. The trio of WAVES step lightly from one escapade to another, with Esther falling hard for Navy doctor Barry Sullivan. He wants no part of her, however, and therein lies the I'll-get-him-or-die plot motivation. The DeMarco sisters, singer Billy Eckstine, Debbie Reynolds and Billy Van (as visiting stars) and a pair of juvenile aquatic stars, Russell and Kathy Tongay, dress up the story. Esther's swimming sequences are tops.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Fun and frolic over the bounding WAVES.

**Program Notes:** *Although her swimming sequences are always high spots in any Esther Williams movie, Esther has become proficient as a song-and-dance star too. She does two musical numbers with all the zest and sparkle of a musical comedy queen . . . Vivian Blaine, as one of the trio of WAVES, makes her return to the screen after her big hit in the Broadway musical, "Guys and Dolls" . . . For Joan Evans and Keefe Brasselle the picture was an introduction to musicals.*

✓ 1½ (F) **Carson City**  
(Warners, Warnercolor)

**M**IDST shot and shell, brawl and murder, another railroad is laid in ye olde West. Rugged engineer Randy Scott overcomes all obstacles, including villain Raymond Massey, to join Carson City to Virginia City by choo-choo. It's 1870 and the going is rough, what with landslides, workers trapped in tunnels and the slick villainy which rears its ugly head all over the landscape. But great Scott wins through, foiling the bandits almost single-handedly. The new Warnercolor is softly beautiful and the supporting cast, Richard Webb, James Millican and Larry Keating, excellent. Lucille Norman, minus a song, is the heroine.

**Your Reviewer Says:** A he-man, get-going outdoor movie.

**Program Notes:** *Although the picture is a semi-historical drama of rugged Nevada, the outdoor scenes were nevertheless shot in California fifty miles from Hollywood . . . Since the film was made during the heat of summer, Miss Norman removed four layers of petticoats and a tight girdle for comfort's sake. The remaining scenes were shot with a much cooler Lucille . . . Stardust, Randy Scott's beautiful sorrel with the flaxen mane, is ridden by Scott in all his outdoor epics.*

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## ✓1/2 (F) Diplomatic Courier (20th Century-Fox)

**A**CTION, thrills, suspense ride hog-wild all over Europe with Tyrone Power playing a top American courier. But due either to writer or director, Tyrone displays more naivete than cleverness, blundering schoolboyishly into one trap after another. Patricia Neal is alluring and beautiful as the American widow traveling abroad. Hildegard Neff, an unusual personality, is excellent as the gal of questionable loyalty, living ambiguously in the spy-ridden city of Trieste. Looking handsome in his uniform, Stephen McNally plays Col. Cagle of the American C.I.D. Karl Malden, tough M.P. Sergeant, is always around to gather up the blundering courier. Boiled down to a tug-of-war between Russians and Americans over secret documents, the story moves apace, springing surprises along the way.

Your Reviewer Says: A giddy-ap tale among European spy circles.

**Program Notes:** Ty Power wears modern clothes on the screen for the first time since 1948. His demands to be taken out of costume dramas were finally met by the studio heads. . . . Hildegard Neff flew from Munich, Germany, where she had just completed a picture, to Hollywood for her role. The German-born actress became a U.S. citizen in 1949 . . . A second camera unit spent three months in Europe filming background shots against which the actors performed.

## ✓✓ (F) The Outcasts of Poker Flat (20th Century-Fox)

**A**N UGLY story, brooding, harsh in theme and setting, intensified by the performances of its excellent cast. The Bret Harte tale of the early West has Anne Baxter, Dale Robertson, Miriam Hopkins and Billy Lynn driven from a pioneer town as undesirables. Seeking refuge from a mountain storm, the derelicts are joined by elopers Craig Hill and Barbara Bates. Making his way through the blinding storm, Anne's husband, killer and robber Cameron Mitchell, finds the cabin and sets up a one-man reign of terror. Robertson,

the gambler, finally finishes him off and with Anne, rides off to a new beginning. Mitchell is excellent as the killer. Robertson should win new fans by the droves.

Your Reviewer Says: Heavy drama expertly played.

**Program Notes:** Dale Robertson rode his own horse, Thunder, which he rented to the studio for the film . . . Anne Baxter, in her first film since the birth of Katrina Baxter Hodiak, waded in snowdrifts and fearfully rode horseback over precipitous mountain passes . . . Cameron Mitchell passed out cigars on the set to celebrate the birth of his third son . . . Cam and Dale refused doubles in their hectic fight scenes. The result brought bruises and applause from the crew.

## ✓1/2 (F) Park Row (U.A.)

**T**HE fourth estate comes in for a sentimental idealizing with good journalism triumphing over the evil type. The place is Park Row, New York City—street of thriving newspapers in the year 1886. The story, interrupted by eulogistic outbursts anent journalism's founding fathers, tells of Gene Evans, who founds his own paper, "The Globe." The physical opposition he meets from Mary Welch, publisher of "The Star," all but wrecks his plant, his dreams and his future. But Gene goes on to new innovations—banner headlines, cartoons, the linotype, and public newsstands. In time he even absorbs the rival paper and its pretty but obstreperous publisher.

Your Reviewer Says: News behind the news—with a bang!

**Program Notes:** Gene Evans' rise to stardom is a real Hollywood success story. He was playing bit parts when producer Sam Fuller selected him for the major role in "Steel Helmet." Gene's second big role came with "Fixed Bayonets," and now once more he's appearing in a Sam Fuller production, all within little more than a year's time . . . Mary Welch, who makes her bid for screen renown with this picture, is well known to theatre-goers for her work in the plays "Joy to the World" and "Streetcar Named Desire."



Dan Dailey and June Haver pair as co-stars in the Technicolor musical "The Girl Next Door." Like all good actors, they're adept at improvising; above, Dan's playing an imaginary piano while June looks on in blissful appreciation of Dan's talents as a professor of the keyboard





## the replacement . . .

By BEVERLY LINET

SHE MIGHT be called "The Body," "The Blonde," or even "The Stare," but the title Gloria Grahame latched onto for herself is "The Replacement." And with good reason. Time after time when Gloria has signed for a fine role, she's discovered someone else was wanted first. Her biggest break—the Elephant Girl in "The Greatest Show on Earth"—came when the pregnancy of Lucille Ball caused her to bow out.

Humphrey Bogart wanted his "Baby" to be with him in "In a Lonely Place." Warners, however, had other plans for Lauren. So Gloria was substituted. Shelley Winters begged her studio to let her co-star with Vittorio Gassman in "The Glass Wall," but Universal said, "No, No, No!" Enter Gloria! She "subbed" for Jane Greer in "Macao" and for Anne Jeffreys in "Roughshod" when these actresses felt they just were not suited to these roles.

Gloria never worries about being suited for a role. She is challenged by a variety of parts—even when one like "The Greatest Show on Earth" requires her to let an elephant perch on her nose. She swears she never gave a second thought to any career but acting; proves her point by the fact that she made her debut at the age of nine at the Pasadena Playhouse. During her senior year at Hollywood High she tried out for every play that was put on and did quite well—well enough to be noticed by a Chicago stage producer who signed her for a year's run in "Goodnight, Ladies." When the show folded she headed east—to Broadway. After her second play, an M-G-M executive signed her to a contract and sent her home to Hollywood.

Gloria got nowhere fast at Metro. It wasn't until she was loaned to RKO for "It's a Wonderful Life" (when Ann Sothern wasn't available) that she began to be noticed. Then, in 1947, she won an Academy Award nomination for a supporting performance in RKO's "Crossfire."

Between these two assignments, Gloria married and divorced actor Stanley Clements and in June, 1948, she became Mrs. Nick Ray. They separated early this year. She has a son, Timothy Ray.

Cecil B. DeMille describes Gloria as having "the eyes of a sorceress and the manner of a schoolgirl." Her spare time she spends at the beach, at the movies or out shopping for cashmere sweaters.

Gloria says that at twenty-seven, she's had the best year of her professional life and one that will stand out for a very unique reason. She was slated to appear in "The Great Companions" opposite Dan Dailey. She was first choice for this part too. Then a commitment to M-G-M for "Tribute to a Badman" interfered and she was the one who had to be replaced. The tables have turned for Gloria!

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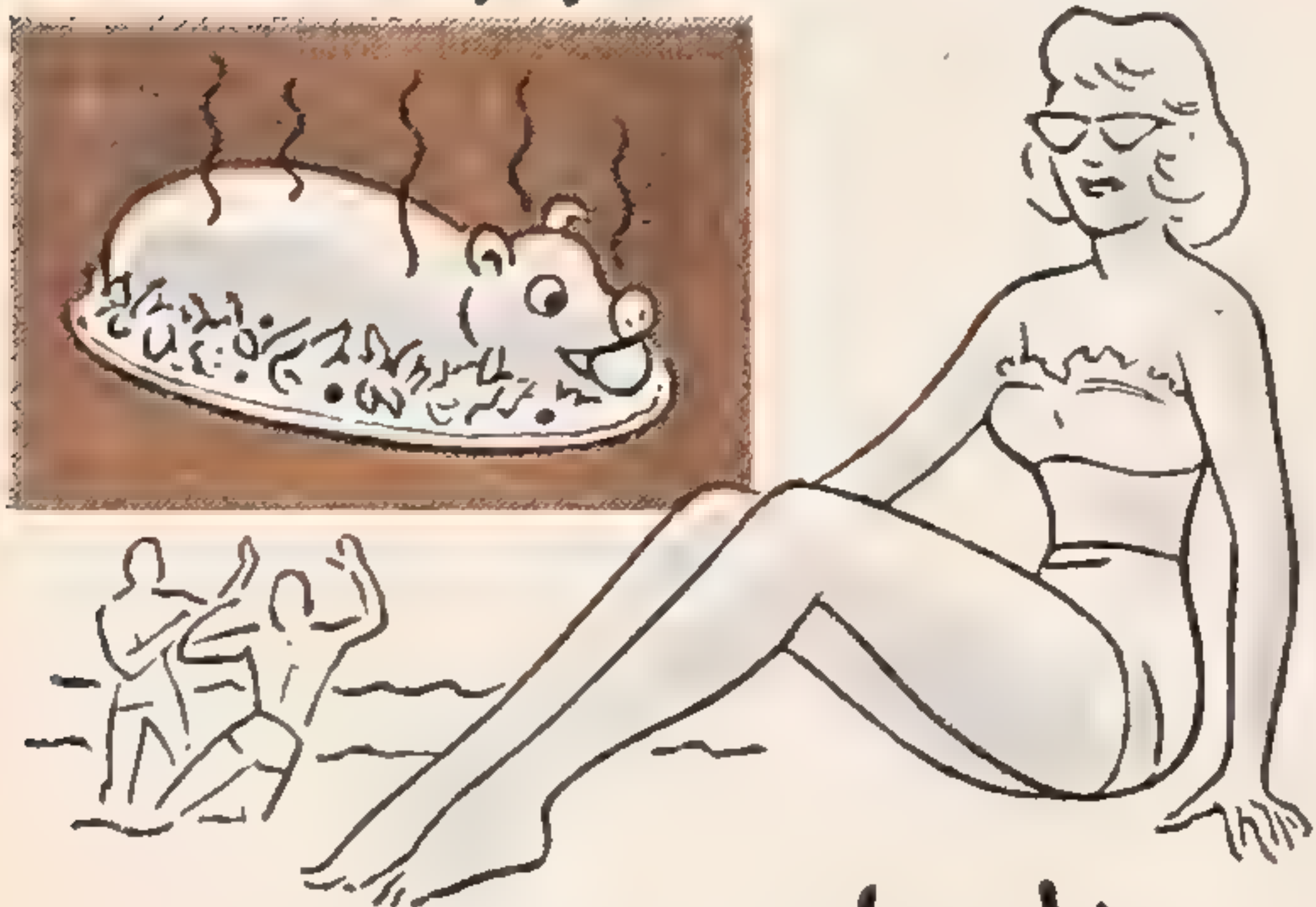
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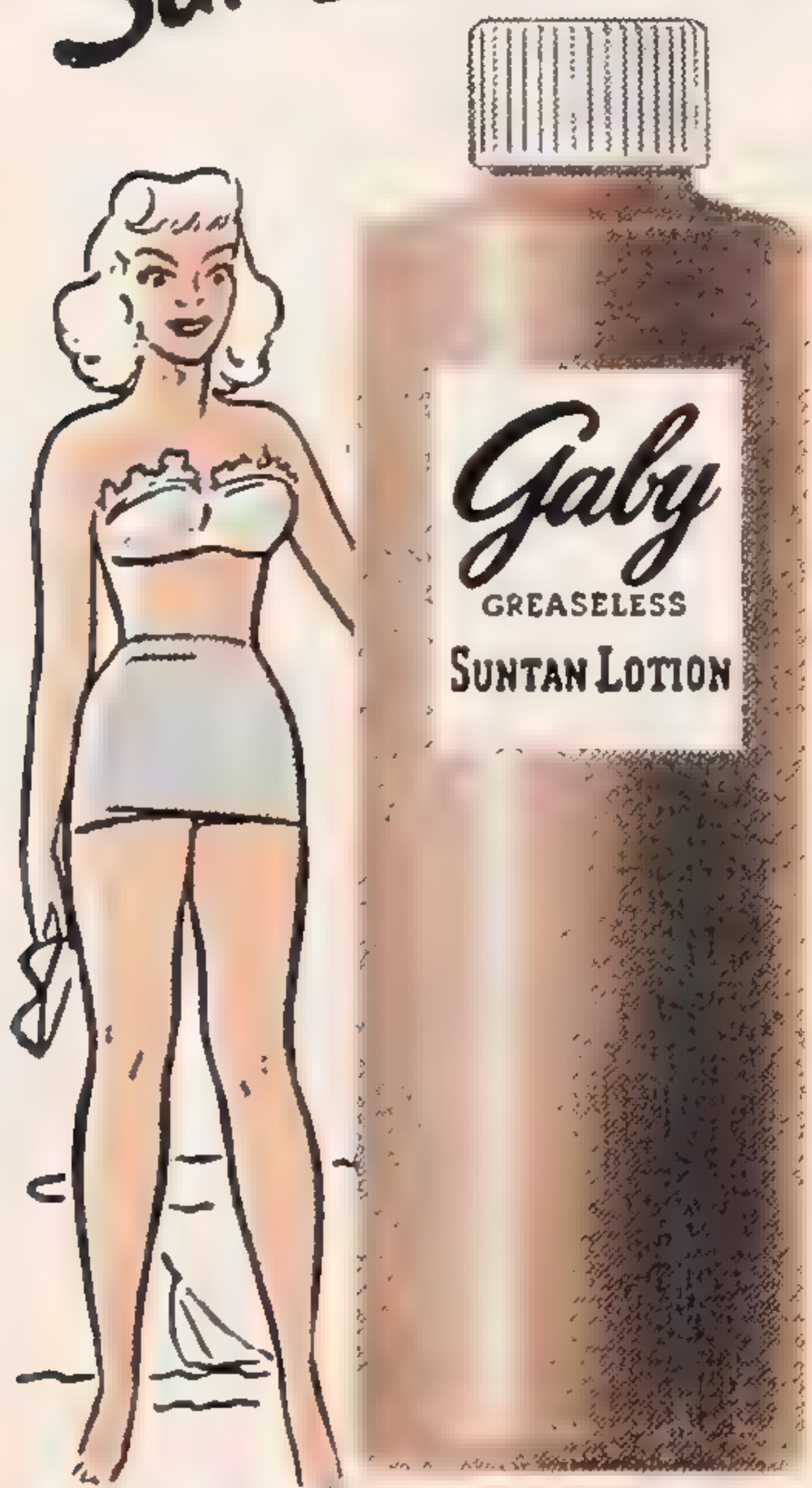


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## Casts of Current Pictures

**BRIGAND, THE**—Columbia: Carlos Delargo, King Lorenzo, Anthony Dexter; Princess Teresa, Jody Lawrence; Countess Flora, Gale Robbins; Prince Ramon, Anthony Quinn; Triano, Carl Benton Reid; Captain Ruiz, Ron Randell; Monsieur De LaForce, Fay Roope; Carnot, Carleton Young; Major Schrock, Ian MacDonald; Doctor Lopez, Lester Matthews; Baroness Isabella, Barbara Brown; Sultan, Walter Kingsford; Don Felipe Castro, Donald Randolph; Dona Dolores Castro, Mari Blanchard; Archbishop, Holmes Herbert.

**CARBINE WILLIAMS**—M-G-M: Marsh Williams, James Stewart; Maggie Williams, Jean Hagen; Capt. H. T. Peoples, Wendell Corey; Claude Williams, Carl Benton Reid; "Dutch" Kruger, Paul Stewart; Mobley, Otto Hulet; Redwick Karson, Rhys Williams; Lionel Daniels, Herbert Heyes; Leon Williams, James Arness; Sam Markley, Porter Hall; District Attorney, Fay Roope; Andrew White, Ralph Dumke; Feder, Leif Erickson; Bill Stockton, Henry Corden; Truex, Frank Richards; Sheriff, Howard Petrie; Tom Vennar, Stuart Randall; Jesse Rimmer, Dan Riss; David Williams, Bobby Hyatt.

**CARRIE**—Paramount: George Hurstwood, Laurence Olivier; Carrie Meeber, Jennifer Jones; Julie Hurstwood, Miriam Hopkins; Charles Drouet, Eddie Albert; Mr. Fitzgerald, Basil Ruysdael; Allan, Ray Teal; Slawson, Barry Kelley; Mrs. Oransky, Sara Berner; George Hurstwood Jr., William Regnolds; Jessica Hurstwood, Mary Murphy; O'Brien, Harry Hayden; Factory Foreman, Charles Halton; Carrie's Father, Walter Baldwin; Mother, Dorothy Adams; Sister Minnie, Jacqueline de Wit; Joe Brant, Harlan Briggs; Little Girl, Melinda Plowman; Slawson's Bartender, Donald Kerr; Mr. Blum, Lester Sharpe; Mr. Goodman, Don Beddoe; Stage Manager, John Alvin.

**CARSON CITY**—Warners: Silent Jeff, Randolph Scott; Susan Mitchell, Lucille Norman; "Big Jack" Davis, Raymond Massey; Alan Kincaid, Richard Webb; Jim Squires, James Millican; William Sharon, Larry Keating; Henry Dodson, George Cleveland; "Hardrock" Haggerty, William Haade; Charles Crocker, Thurston Hall; Henry, Vince Barnett.

**DENVER AND RIO GRANDE, THE**—Paramount: Jim Vesser, Edmond O'Brien; McCabe, Sterling Hayden; General Palmer, Dean Jagger; Linda Prescott, Laura Elliot; Johnny Buff, Lyle Bettger; Harkness, J. Carrol Naish; Jane, Zasu Pitts; Sloan, Tom Powers; Haskins, Robert Barrat; Engineer Monahan, Paul Fix; Bob Nelson, Don Haggerty; Sheriff Masters, James Burke.

**DIPLOMATIC COURIER**—20th Century-Fox: Mike Kells, Tyrone Power; Joan Ross, Patricia Neal; Col. Cagle, Stephen McNally; Janine, Hildegard Neff; Ernie, Karl Malden; Sam Carew, James Millican; Platov, Stefan Schnabel; Arnov, Herbert Berghof; Max Ralli, Arthur Blake; Air Line Stewardess, Helene Stanley; Ivan, Michael Ansara; Chef De Train, Sig Arno; Cherenko, Alfred Linder; M. P. Trieste, Lee Marvin; Zinski, Peter Coe; Watch Officer, Tyler McVey; Butrick, Stuart Randall; Intelligence Clerk, Dabbs Greer; Brennan, Carleton Young; French Ticket Agent, Charles La Torre; Bill, Russ Conway; Cherney, Tom Powers; French Stewardess, Monique Chantal; Jacks, Lumsden Hare.

**FIGHTER, THE**—U.A.: Felipe Rivera, Richard Conte; Kathy, Vanessa Brown; Durango, Lee J. Cobb; Paulino, Frank Silvera; Nevis, Roberta Haynes; Roberts, Hugh Sanders; Stella, Claire Carleton; Luis, Martin Garralaga; Maria, Argentina Brunetti; Alvarado, Rudolfo Hoyos Jr.; Elba, Margaret Padilla; Fierro, Paul Fierro.

**NARROW MARGIN, THE**—RKO: Walter Brown, Charles McGraw; Mrs. Neil, Marie Windsor; Ann Sinclair, Jacqueline White; Mrs. Troll, Queenie Leonard; Kemp, David Clarke; Densel, Peter Virgo; Gus Forbes, Don Beddoe; Jennings, Paul Maxey;

Train Conductor, Harry Hervey; Tommy Sinclair, Gordon Gebert.

**OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Cal, Anne Baxter; John Oakhurst, Dale Robertson; Duchess, Miriam Hopkins; Ryker, Cameron Mitchell; Tom Dakin, Craig Hill; Piney, Barbara Bates; Jake, Billy Lynn; Drunk, Dick Rich; Townsman, Tom Greenway; Vigilante, Russ Conway; Bill Akeley, John Ridgely; Bearded Miner, Harry T. Shannon; George Larabee, Harry Harvey Sr.

**PARK ROW**—U.A.: Phineas Mitchell, Gene Evans; Charity Hackett, Mary Welch; Ottmar Mergenthaler, Bela Kovacs; Josiah Davenport, Herbert Heyes; Jenny O'Rourke, Tina Rome; Steve Brodie, George O'Hanlon; Dan O'Rourke, J. M. Kerrigan; Charles A. Leach, Forrest Taylor; Mr. Angelo, Don Orlando; Thomas Guest, Neyle Morrow; Jeff Hudson, Dick Elliott; Mr. Spiro, Stuart Randall; Rusty, Dee Pollock; Mr. Wiley, Hal K. Dawson.

**SHE'S WORKING HER WAY THROUGH COLLEGE**—Warners: Angela Gardner, Virginia Mayo; John Palmer, Ronald Reagan; Don Weston, Gene Nelson; Shep Slade, Don DeFore; Helen Palmer, Phyllis Thaxter; Ivy Williams, Patrice Wymore; Fred Copeland, Roland Winters; Dean Rogers, Raymond Greenleaf; A Student, Ginger Crowley; "Tiny" Gordon, Norman Bartold; A Specialty, The Blackburn Twins; Maybelle, Amanda Randolph; A Professor, George Meader; Secretary, Eve Miller.

**SKIRTS AHOY!**—M-G-M: Whitney Young, Esther Williams; Mary Kate Yarbrough, Joan Evans; Una Yancy, Vivian Blaine; Lt. Comdr. Paul Elcott, Barry Sullivan; Dick Hallson, Keefe Brasselle; Billy Eckstine, Himself; Archie O'Conovan, Dean Miller; Lt. Comdr. Stanton, Margalo Gilmore; The Williams Sisters, De Marco Sisters; Lt. Giff, Jeff Donnell; Thatcher Kinston, Thurston Hall; Little Boy, Russell "Bubba" Tongay; Little Girl, Kathy Tongay; Capt. Graymont, Roy Roberts; Plumber, Emmett Lynn; Doctor, Hayden Rorke.

**3 FOR BEDROOM C**—Warners: Ann Haven, Gloria Swanson; Oli J. Thrumm, James Warren; Johnny Pizer, Fred Clark; Jack Bleck, Hans Conried; Conde Marlow, Steve Brodie; Barbara, Janine Perreau; Fred Johnson, Ernest Anderson; Mrs. Hawthorne, Margaret Dumont.

**WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE**—20th Century-Fox: Nellie, Jean Peters; Ben Halper, David Wayne; Ed Jordan, Hugh Marlowe; Lloyd Slocum, Albert Dekker; Eadie Jordan, Helene Stanley; Benny Halper Jr. (Age 20), Tommy Morton; Bessie Jordan, Joyce MacKenzie; George Oliphant, Alan Hale Jr.; Kava, Richard Karlan; Adeline, Merry Anders; Austin, Jim Maloney; McCauley, Warren Stevens; Mr. Burdge, Charles Watts; Sam Eichenbogen, David Wolfe; Doc Thomas, Dan White; Ben Halper Jr. (Age 8), Erik Nielsen; Nellie (Age 5), Jerrylyn Flannery; Adeline Halper (Age 6), Noreen Corcoran; Trooper, William Walker; Ollie, James Griffith; Hotel Clerk, Kermit Echols; Ben Jr. (Age 2 and 4), Eugene Mazola; Broidy, Tony Barr; Mrs. Burdge, Maude Prickett; Adeline (Age 2), Mary Hain.

**WINNING TEAM, THE**—Warners: Aimee, Doris Day; Grover Cleveland Alexander, Ronald Reagan; Hornsby, Frank Lovejoy; Margaret, Eve Miller; Bill Killefer, James Millican; Willie Alexander, Rusty Tamblyn; Glasheen, Gordon Jones; McCarthy, Hugh Sanders; Sam Arrants, Frank Ferguson; Pa Alexander, Walter Baldwin; Ma Alexander, Dorothy Adams; Sister, Bonnie Kay Eddie; Fred, James Dodd; A Catcher, Fred Millican; Bill Klem, Pat Flaherty; Foreman, Tom Greenway; Johnson, Frank MacFarland; Preacher, Arthur Page; Lecturer, Tom Browne Henry; Detective, Larry Blake; Taxi Driver, Frank Marlowe; Dr. Conant, Kenneth Patterson; The Big Leaguers: Bob Lemon, Jerry Priddy, Peanuts Lowrey, George Metkovich, Irving Noren, Hank Sauer, Al Zarilla, Gene Mauch, Themselves.

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## What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 6)

Probably your real difficulty, and one you don't suspect, lies in your unconscious fear of losing your daughters now that they are grown. No man who writes a letter as sensible as yours could fail to realize that he was behaving in a mid-Victorian fashion, unless there were other considerations which confused the issue. There is something sad in your happy memory of the days when your children were small and you were the supreme authority in their lives. For some people it is difficult to accept the fact that those days pass swiftly, and that children become self-sufficient adults who must be entrusted with their own destinies.

Under no circumstance would you tie one of your older daughter's hands behind her and then enter her in a championship tennis match, yet in essence you are inclined to let her go into the world handicapped. She should have reached that stage of development, at twenty-two, when you could trust her implicitly to follow her home teaching, no matter at what hour she chooses to come home.

However, all rationalization aside, I must say that your reverting to spanking indicates that you have lost confidence in your reasoning powers and in your ability as an object of affection to elicit loving obedience. For your own self-respect and for the preservation of your daughters' dignity, you should not do this—not because I advise it. Ask anyone: a doctor, a clergyman, a merchant, anyone at all.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a girl of fourteen and in ninth grade. Recently I have been going out with a possessive boy whose name is Davey M. He gave me orders not to go out with another boy, saying that he would beat up anyone else who asked for a date.

Last Wednesday I met a new boy at our school and he asked me to go to the Levi Leap with him. We have a Levi Leap in the school Gym every Wednesday afternoon from four to five.

Afterwards, this boy, Clark, walked me home, and then when he was on his way home for dinner, Davey waylaid him and beat him up. Now, of course, Clark will have nothing to do with me.

I have thought it over Thursday and Friday, and I have decided that I don't want to have anything more to do with



Gigi Perreau's with Maureen O'Sullivan in U-I's "Bonzo Goes to College," the film in which Maureen, mother of seven children, makes a return to the screen

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**NOW! MEN'S SUAVE, TOO!**

Davey, but I don't know how to get rid of him. I'm sure he will go on beating up boys to prove what a man he is.

I haven't told anyone about this, so will you let me know what I should do?

Augusta M.

You should discuss this with your parents at once, and they should get in touch with the parents of the boy who was beaten and with the parents of the boy who did the beating.

It should be pointed out to this lad that he does not own you. You are a free agent and you have the right to accept dates with any of your friends.

Furthermore, and more important, it is against the law for him to maltreat anyone. The charge is assault and battery, and if the young man persists in his cave-man tactics he should be turned over to the juvenile authorities.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am seventeen and have red hair, blue-green eyes, an average build, and I am of average height. Some people tell me I am "cute," but I have freckles on my arms and legs. They aren't so bad on my face, but I really have spots on my nose and on my cheeks. I'm so terribly self-conscious that these freckles are ruining my life.

We have a nice indoor plunge in our town and all winter my boy friend has wanted me to go swimming with him. I simply can't because I'm afraid that he will tease me. When I was little the other kids called me "Speckle" and "Turkey Egg" and "Mud Ball."

Is there any way to get rid of freckles permanently?

Francey A.

No, my dear, there is no way to get rid of freckles unless you want to turn into a hot-house plant and live in a conservatory, never venturing out until night has fallen. Freckles are as much a part of a certain type of pigmentation as the magnificently smooth skin and the bright hair which frequently accompany freckles.

But why worry? There are many people who insist that one of Van Johnson's greatest charms is his collection of good-natured freckles. Katharine Hepburn's freckles, about which she is quite frank, have never modified her talent or fame.

The next time someone teases you about your freckles, have some fun out of it. Simply say, grinning, "Oh, didn't you know? Originally everyone in the world was as spotted as a leopard, but every time a person told a fib, one of the spots was removed. Nowadays it's easy to tell who speaks the truth and who doesn't!"

Have fun, Francey, and you'll have more friends than freckles.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

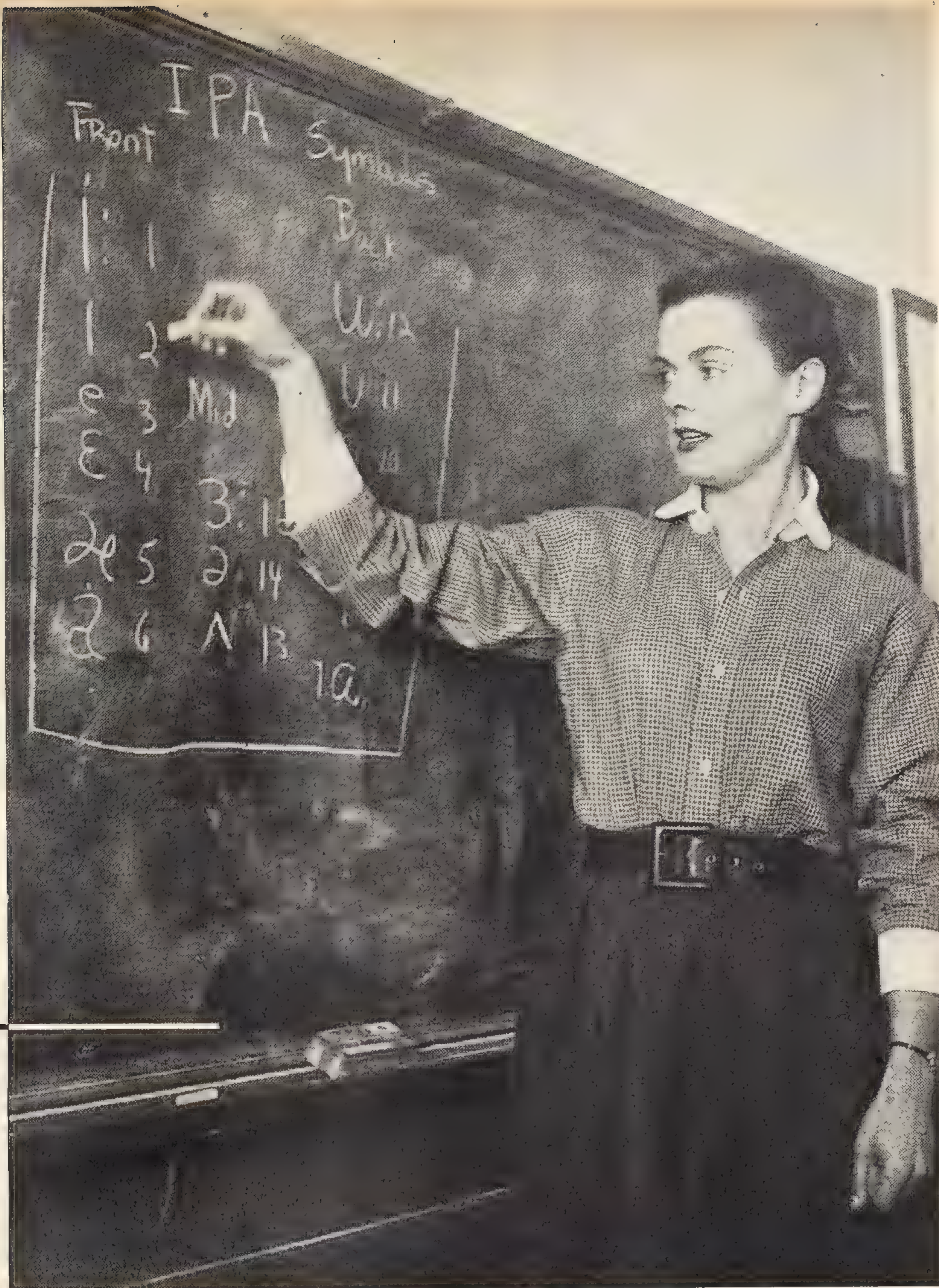
**CLAUDETTE COLBERT?**

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

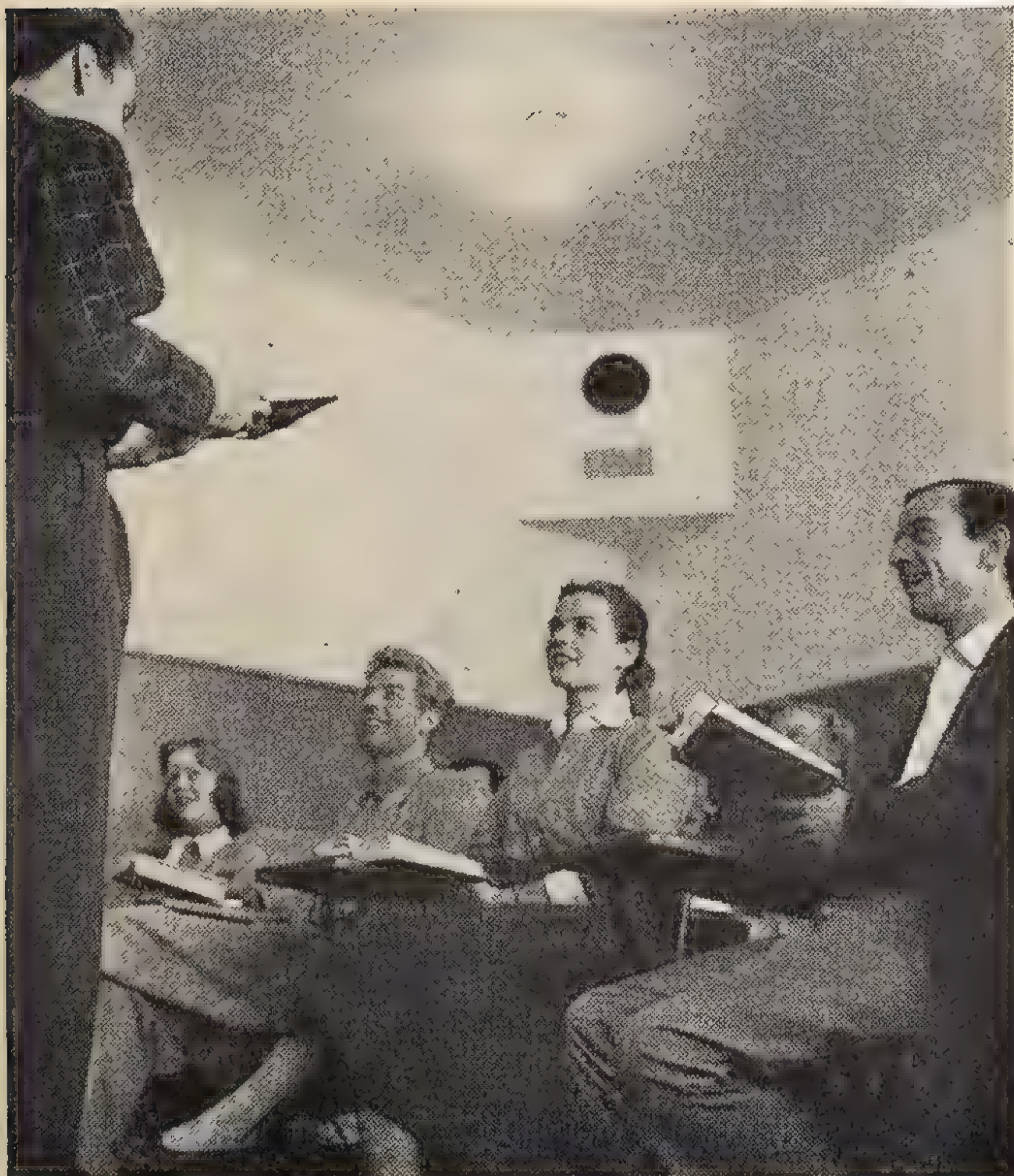


Virginia in speech class: "If you're like me, you'll have to work hours getting rid of the localisms in your speech!"

# dear winner



Ornitz



"You'll learn a lot of things you never tied up with acting but which, nevertheless, are important to it"

**Virginia McGuire, the 1951 Scholarship winner, has exciting things to say to the 1952 contestants, one of whom soon will join her at Pasadena Playhouse**

**I**T'S FUN writing to you who are entrants in the new Photoplay Scholarship Contest, and I cannot help anticipating the thrill in store for the 1952 winner. I know the winner will find, as I do every day, that winning the contest and being a student at the Pasadena Playhouse College of Dramatic Art are the most exciting things that ever happened. I re-live my own first student days just thinking of yours.

You'll live and breathe the whole theatre world. Every phase of acting is covered at school—stage, screen, TV and radio. You'll live in the dormitory, and you'll soon find that you and your roommate—she'll probably come from a (Continued on page 103)



# LOOK WHO'S HERE!



**Born:** Detroit, Mich. **Date:** 2/10/30 **Height:** 6'  
**Weight:** 160 **Eyes:** Blue **Hair:** Brown  
**Current Picture:** "Stars and Stripes Forever"



**Born:** Chicago, Ill. **Date:** 8/3 **Height:** 5'6"  
**Weight:** 120 **Eyes:** Hazel **Hair:** Red  
**Current Picture:** "Carbine Williams" (See page 22)

ROBERT WAGNER says: "Being in a studio like this just flips me. I never had anything that I got by myself before. I was always Bob Wagner's son."

Robert Wagner Sr. is a bigshot in the steel industry. He naturally wanted his son and heir to be a steel man. Bob was all for humoring "Dad" and he did a brief stretch in steel. But at his father's country club (Bob's quite a golfer himself with a 75 score), he kept meeting such guys as Clark Gable, Alan Ladd, Randolph Scott, Howard Keel and John Hodiak. It gave him ideas, it did. Then one night it happened. He was having dinner with his father at the Beverly Hills Hotel when agent Henry Willson saw him and sent his card over. Next day he was given a screen test at Twentieth Century-Fox and when Mr. Zanuck saw it he promptly signed him. Since his debut in "Halls of Montezuma" in 1950 he has played in five films.

"The most thrilling moment in my life," Bob believes, "was when a hep Hollywood preview audience clapped after my G.I. shell-shock scene with Susan Hayward in 'With a Song in My Heart.' I got lumps in my throat." His favorite picture to date, however, is John Ford's "What Price Glory." During this picture he and Dan Dailey became great pals. "Dan helps me with my scripts," says Bob gratefully. Both boys are avid sportsmen and many of their weekends are spent at Lake Arrowhead, water skiing.

Bob's most steady date at the moment is Debbie Reynolds. But there have been a lot of girls before Debbie and there'll probably be a lot of girls after Debbie. For a while he went with producer Darryl Zanuck's daughter and before that he dated Alan Ladd's Carol Lee.

Bob lives in Beverly Hills with his parents, his sister and her two kids. He'd like an apartment of his own. And he thinks his father may suggest it soon. "I've been horsing around with the drums a little," he says. "And I play records all the time. It drives my poor dad nuts."

He has a passion for automobiles. Changes his car every six months. "So I'm losing nothing but money." At present he has a 1947 convertible Cadillac. Before that he had a hot rod. Now he dreams of a Jaguar. He's never so happy as when he's tinkering with the insides of a foreign car.

JEAN HAGEN is amazed when asked, "Who dubbed the voice you used?" That was the question most often put to her on her recent publicity tour through the South and East for "Singin' in the Rain" in which she co-starred with Gene Kelly and Debbie Reynolds.

"They didn't believe me when I told them I did—until I gave them samples. But I finally convinced them that I was the blonde, not-so-bright movie queen whose squeaky voice was not okay for sound."

Although she has appeared in ten films since she signed her Metro contract in 1948, Jean's fans rarely recognize her. "When I told a group of interviewers that my favorite role, before 'Singin'' was in 'Asphalt Jungle,' they wanted to know what part I played. I told them there were only two girl roles. And I obviously wasn't Marilyn Monroe."

Jean can't remember a time when she didn't want to be an actress. When the family moved from Chicago to Elkhart, Indiana, Jean finished high school there, joined a theatre group and did local broadcasts. Radio on the big networks helped her finance her way through Lake Forrest College and Northwestern University. Her roommate was Pat Neal, who also had drama on her mind. They were destined to meet later on Broadway when they appeared in "Another Part of the Forest."

After she graduated Jean pushed on to New York. She was welcomed with open arms by the radio folk. The theatre folk weren't so cordial. She was doing her fifth play, "The Traitor," when she was tapped for pictures.

In July 1947 Jean married Tom Seidel, a former screen actor who is now a Hollywood agent. They have a little girl named Christine, born in August, 1950. And come September they are expecting another blessed event. The Seidels had a most unusual honeymoon. Jean broke her leg right before they were married and Tom had to carry her piggyback to the fishing streams around Montreal.

Jean is probably the only Hollywood star who has never been to Palm Springs, playground of the stars. "Is that a peculiarity?" she laughs. "Well, I think that otherwise you might call me completely normal. Except that I have rye toast and a malted every morning for breakfast."



*Some are new, some have been around for awhile—these players who currently are attracting so much attention on the movie screen • By LIZA WILSON*



**Born:** Detroit, Mich. **Date:** 11/12/22 **Height:** 5'3"  
**Weight:** 115 **Eyes:** Green-blue **Hair:** Light brown  
**Current Picture:** "Anything Can Happen"



**Born:** Pen Argyl, Pa. **Date:** 9/25/26 **Height:** 6'  
**Weight:** 185 **Eyes:** Blue **Hair:** Blond  
**Current Picture:** "Pat and Mike"

KIM HUNTER used to be known as Janet Cole. "Janet Cole?" said David O. Selznick, the producer with the platinum touch, "Janet Cole could be anyone. From now on you're Kim Hunter. That name has glamour."

It was a big night for her when she won the Academy Award last March 20th for her *Stella* in Warners' "Streetcar Named Desire." The statuette was presented to her later in New York. At the time Kim was playing in "The Chase" on tryout in Philadelphia. She flew to New York on the eleven o'clock plane in time to have Jose Ferrer, a last year's winner, present her with her Oscar on the stage following the premiere of "Anything Can Happen."

Kim is living in a rarefied realm these days. The Oscar helps, but the main reason is her husband, actor Robert Emmett, whom she married last December, and with whom she is so-o-o in love. She met him when they were on tour together in "Two Blind Mice." This is a second marriage for Kim. As she was waiting around for Mr. Selznick to begin doing something with her career (he was much more concerned at the time with the careers of Jennifer Jones and Ingrid Bergman), she married William Baldwin, a Marine. Their courtship was brief, their marriage even briefer. Their daughter Kathy was born in December 1944.

Kim's most embarrassing moment came when she was invited to a Royal Command Performance in London (she was making a picture there at the time) after which she was introduced to the late King George and Queen Elizabeth. When she curtsied, her foot entangled in her long formal train, she stumbled forward, and clutched at the nearest support—which happened to be the hand of the Queen. "It set the Queen considerably off balance," says Kim. "It was almost the fall of an Empire."

Kim has wanted to be an actress since she was seven. She was a lonely child and amused herself "pretending." She moved with her family to Hollywood and was playing in "Arsenic and Old Lace" at the Pasadena Playhouse when David Selznick signed her. Then a few years ago Mrs. Irene Selznick, ex-wife of David and now a New York play producer, entered her life and chose Kim for *Stella* in "Streetcar." Since then it's green lights for Kim Hunter.

ALDO RAY got his big chance because director George Cukor was in a stew. Cukor had "The Marrying Kind," starring Judy Holliday, all set to roll and suddenly no leading man. Sid Caesar, a natural for the part, turned it down. Mr. Cukor, thumbing through the available male list, had an inspiration. Who was that big cocky guy with the raspy voice who played a minor but standout role in "Saturday's Hero"? Columbia casting director Max Arnow said that his name was Aldo Da Re and that he lived in Crockett, California, and since the football picture he had played bits in "The Barefoot Mailman," "Never Trust a Gambler" and "My True Story." "Get him on the phone," said Cukor.

It came as a complete surprise to Hollywood, but not to Aldo, that he became a muchly raved about star as soon as "The Marrying Kind" was released. A completely uninhibited young man, Aldo confides at the drop of a hat, "I always knew I'd be a big wheel. But I thought it would be in politics, not in pictures."

With some reluctance Aldo gave up his job in Crockett, where he was constable. He now lives with actress Jeff Donnell and her husband. He frequently baby-sits for them and for the neighbors and can be found almost any afternoon playing football with the kids on the street. Although Aldo is separated from his wife, a Crockett girl named Shirley Green, whom he married in 1948 (a divorce is in the works), he does not run around with any of the Hollywood stars.

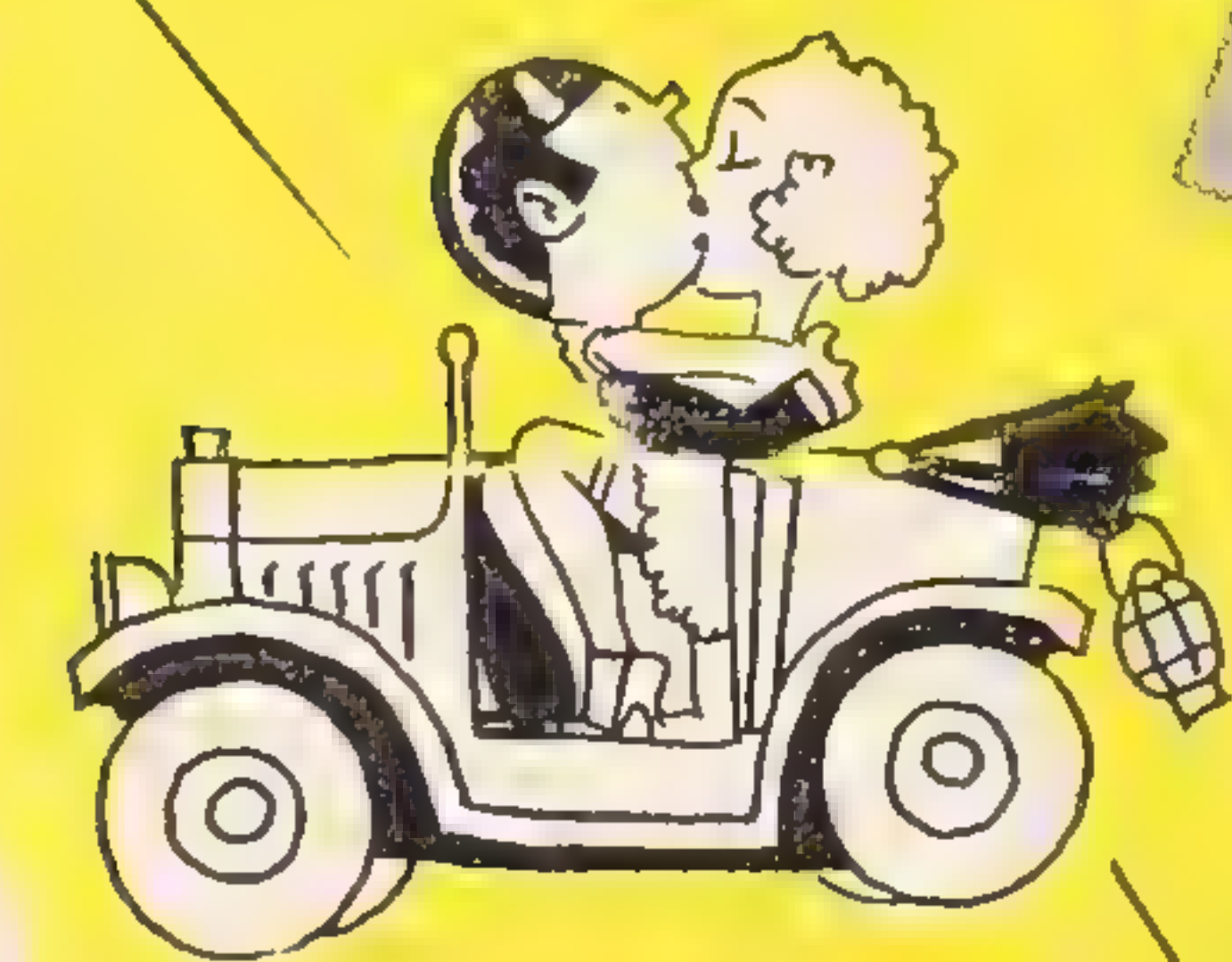
He is the son of Italian immigrants. When he was three his family moved to Crockett, California. He has always been interested in athletics, especially swimming and football. He received his induction notice from the Navy the day he was graduated and spent two years in the Pacific area, volunteering for the dangerous duty of "frogman." He is the oldest of seven children. His husky voice, he claims, is a family trait. His father has it.

The studio tried to change his name to John Harrison when "The Marrying Kind" went into production, but Aldo refused to accept his new name. He just wouldn't answer to it and insisted that his real name is Aldo Da Re. Finally he grudgingly consented to allow it to be Aldo Ray.



The **HAPPY DAYS...**  
 The **MAD FADS...**  
 The **GREAT SONGS**  
 of the  
**ROARING  
 TWENTIES**

**T**he wild and wonderful years  
 of "Flaming Youth"...when a Tin  
 Lizzie was the "Cat's Pajamas"...  
 the Charleston was the rage...  
 and every Sheik went petting  
 with his Sheba!



# HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL

Starring  
**Piper LAURIE**  
**Rock HUDSON**  
**Charles COBURN**  
**Gigi PERREAU**

COLOR BY  
**Technicolor**

And how you'll cheer  
 the Dozen **SONGS** you'll hear

"FIVE FOOT TWO, EYES OF BLUE" "TIGER RAG"  
 "WHEN THE RED, RED ROBIN  
 COMES BOB, BOB, BOBBIN' ALONG"  
 "GIMME A LITTLE KISS, WILL YA, HUH?"  
 "IT AIN'T GONNA RAIN NO MORE"

with **LYNN BARI • WILLIAM REYNOLDS**  
 DIRECTED BY DOUGLAS SIRK • WRITTEN FOR THE SCREEN BY JOSEPH HOFFMAN

PRODUCED BY TED RICHMOND • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE





PHOTOPLAY  
JULY • 1952

# He's Her JOE !



*Joe may be in New York but he has Marilyn's Hollywood number — telephoned her right after his first TV show!*

## The romantic score on the Pin-up Girl and the Yankee Clipper

● WILL MARILYN MONROE and Joe DiMaggio be the Big Romance of 1952?

The pin-up girl and the Yankee Clipper met this spring exactly two weeks before he had to report in New York as a TV commentator. During those two weeks, however, they saw each other every night at the little out-of-the-way restaurants that cater to a romantic clientele with violins and candlelight.

"We talked a lot about baseball, believe it or not," Marilyn says. "Joe explained it to me."

It could be he wanted her to appreciate the fine points of his game the night he played for the benefit of crippled children. And obviously she did. For she says, "He was wonderful!"

He has refused to discuss her with anyone. And the whistles he drew after she appeared on the cover of Life with a story and photograph of her as the now famous calendar girl inside did not please him.

However, George Solitaire, Joe's close friend

and roommate, who reflects his sentiments on all subjects, has warmth and enthusiasm for Marilyn. "She's a real down-to-earth girl," he says. "She has plenty of heart. She has not gone Hollywood."

Joe, after his TV debut, called Marilyn on the telephone. "He was very nervous about it," she explains. "He's really a shy guy. That's why I have to be so careful what I say about him."

She admits, however, that they frequently call each other long distance and that she hopes to see Joe in New York in June or "maybe before."

In the meantime, Marilyn has been finishing "Monkey Business," which will follow "Clash by Night" and "Don't Bother to Knock." Significantly, Joe's friends no longer speak of any possibility of reconciliation with his former wife, Dorothy Arnold.

Moreover, since Joe left Hollywood Marilyn has been seen with no one else. Asked why, she answers enigmatically, "It just happens I like Joe—so much better than I like most actors."





It was a case of dislike at first sight when Betty Hutton met Charlie O'Curran, her dance director for "Somebody Loves me." Above, Betty and Charlie after her opening at the Palace in New York, where she broke all records



# SHE DARED HIM TO MARRY HER

He used all the arguments  
against marriage that she had  
given him for months.

But Betty was wiser now.

She had been to Korea

BY

IDA ZEITLIN

**T**HROUGHOUT the ceremony that made her Charlie O'Curran's wife, Betty Hutton prayed. It was a simple, childlike petition and, like most simple things, it came from the heart. "Please, God, please, God," she prayed, "please bless this marriage—"

Objective readers may be inclined to point out that God helps those who help themselves, and that the blessing of this marriage lies chiefly in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. O'Curran. You'd find Betty in full accord with that view. To her, prayer doesn't mean the shifting of responsibility to Divine shoulders but a plea, humble and reverent, for guidance. She knows herself as few people know themselves, shortcomings and all. With one marriage behind her, she's intensely alive to the pitfalls of the wedded state. Of course she'd need help. So she turned for it where she's turned instinctively since the days of her anguished childhood. "Please, God—" *(Continued on page 83)*



In Korea, where the things Betty saw put all her "sensible" ideas to rout—made her realize you can't stand happiness up in a corner until you're good and ready! At left, on stage at Palace Theatre, where Betty's two daughters Lindsay and Candy joined her, after opening performance, to sing "Easter Parade"



# *torch song ...*

When Jane Wyman ended her three weeks' engagement, Hollywood wasn't surprised. For they never believed her heart was in it!

**BY PHYLLIS TOWNSEND**



"Greg and I are just friends," Jane always insisted. But actually, she and Bautzer had reached the marrying stage when their romance ended. Not until then did Jane begin to date Travis Kleefeld, below



**I**T WAS to have been a June wedding for Jane Wyman and Travis Kleefeld.

"A real wedding," Jane said, "and I'm going to have a real trousseau—I never was able to afford one before."

They were making elaborate plans, too, for a glamorous European honeymoon.

And then—just three weeks after they very formally and officially announced their engagement—with designer Edith Head already busy planning Jane's travel wardrobe and ticket agencies scouting for steamship reservations for two, Jane and Travis released a second cryptic announcement to the press. The engagement was off. They would remain "good friends."

Of the two news items, only the first took Hollywood insiders by surprise.

Photographers on the night beat began snapping Jane with the young and darkly handsome Mr. Kleefeld on occasional dates at *Ciro's* or *Mocambo* early this year. Travis also was her escort when she turned up to accept the Foreign Correspondents' Golden Globe Award for her "best performance of the year" in "*The Blue Veil*."

But always Jane pooh-poohed every suggestion that this new two-some was a romance.

"Not even a steady date," she scoffed merrily, and the boys and



**Jane Wyman** steps out once again as Bing Crosby's co-star in Technicolor musical drama "Just for You"

girls whose business it is to get all the romantic news and get it straight believed her.

And they are not easily fooled.

They believed Jane when she said she was not seriously interested in Travis Kleefeld because they were dead certain, despite the cagey lady's fervent denials, that she was carrying a great, big, blazing torch for her on-again-off-again beau of the past two years, attorney Gregson Bautzer.

The dopesters, with the engagement story staring at them in the morning papers, were stunned, talking to themselves with question marks.

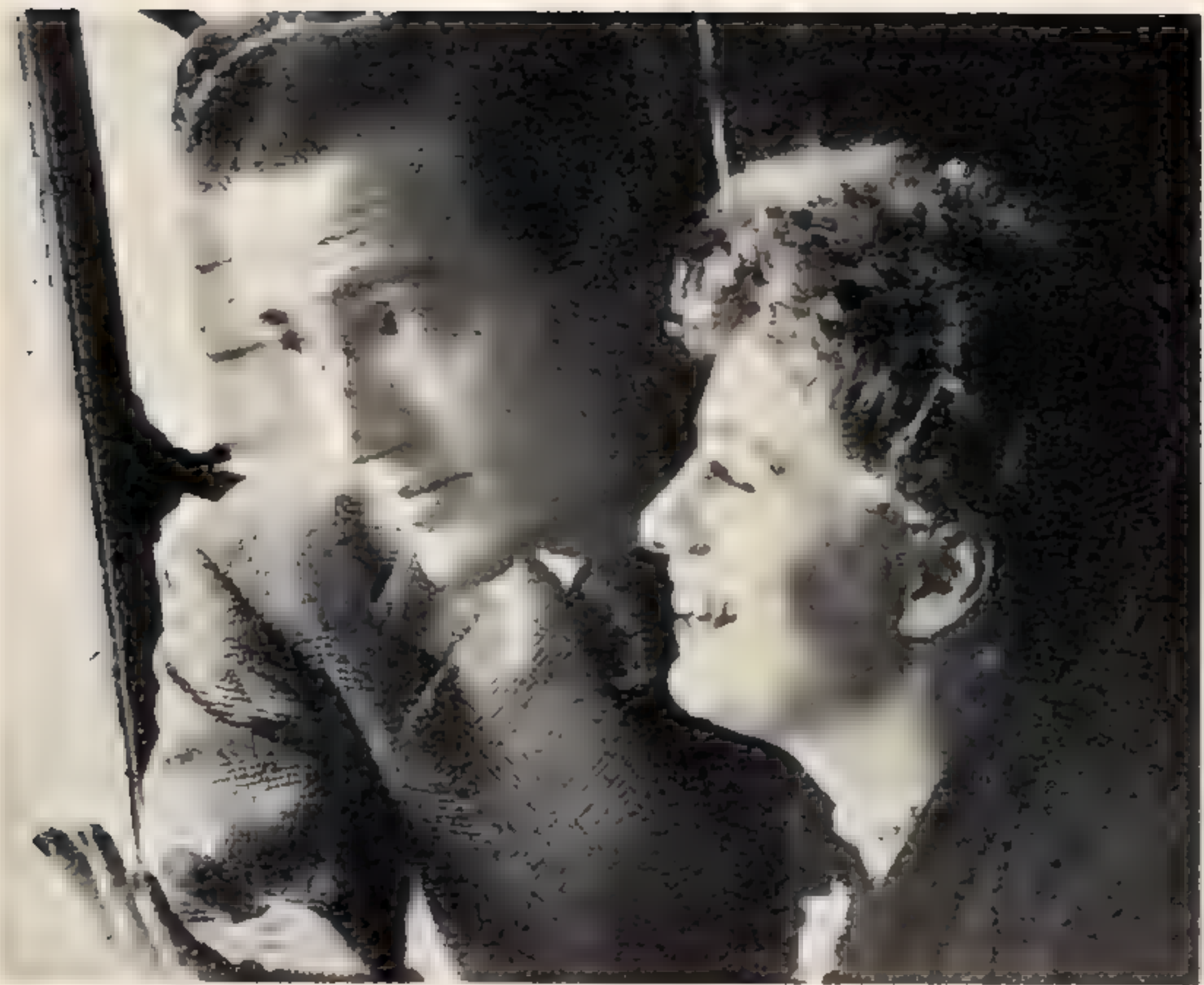
"Wot happened?" was the first question, but the newshounds couldn't tarry over their answers. "Who is Travis Kleefeld?" was more urgent, and the race was on to dig up the facts about the almost unknown young man who—with the photographers looking the other way—had slipped an enormous diamond on Jane's third finger, left hand.

That Travis Kleefeld was just twenty-six, twelve years younger than Jane, was soon established. And one of the more acid columnists took her revenge for having been caught napping by sniping, "Travis Kleefeld was playing a saxophone in the Hollywood High School band when Jane (Continued on page 88)





# ★ Latins Are Not Lousy Lovers



No longer does Shelley go screaming around in disreputable levis, hair untidy



"The reason you're so hectic," Shelley's mother always told her . . .

. . . "is that the right man hasn't come along. When you meet him you'll feel differently—and act differently"

—and to prove our point, we give you the new Shelley Winters. For ever since Shelley married Vittorio Gassman she's been a changed woman!

BY ELSA MAXWELL

"**W**HOEVER SAID," asked Shelley Winters, "that Latins are lousy lovers?"

"What you say, Shellee?" Vittorio Gassman wanted to know. "Latins, they are what?"

"Wonderful! Latins are wonderful!" Shelley told him, her eyes making tender love to him the while. "That is what I say, Vittorio. But some other woman—who she was I do not know—said Latins were lousy—meaning bad—lovers." She smiled. "The Latin she knew must have been very stupid. And very, very old."

Vittorio laughed contentedly. And well he might, for his Shelley that noontide was much the best-groomed woman in the big dining room at the Twenty One Club. Also—I'll give odds on it—the happiest.

No longer does Shelley go screaming around in disreputable levis, and unpolished moccasins, her hair untidy and her face without make-up. No longer, either, is she ambition-driven and restless. A dramatic (Continued on page 70)



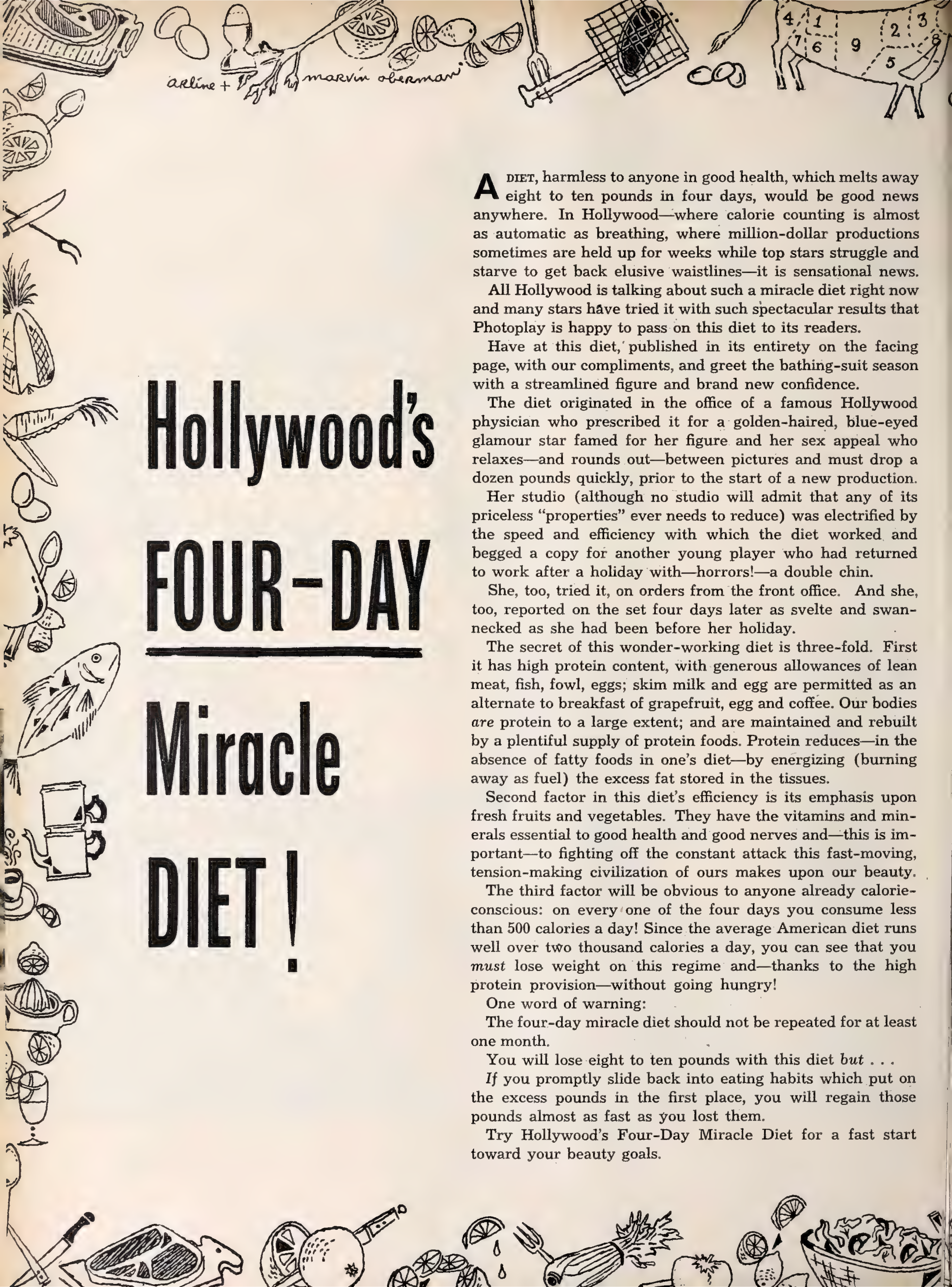




*Donato-Impact*

"I am in love with someone wonderful who loves me. For the first time in my life I am happy," says Shelley Winters. She appears next in "Untamed Frontier." Vittorio Gassman is in "The Glass Wall"





arline + marvin oberman

# Hollywood's FOUR-DAY Miracle DIET!

**A** DIET, harmless to anyone in good health, which melts away eight to ten pounds in four days, would be good news anywhere. In Hollywood—where calorie counting is almost as automatic as breathing, where million-dollar productions sometimes are held up for weeks while top stars struggle and starve to get back elusive waistlines—it is sensational news.

All Hollywood is talking about such a miracle diet right now and many stars have tried it with such spectacular results that Photoplay is happy to pass on this diet to its readers.

Have at this diet, published in its entirety on the facing page, with our compliments, and greet the bathing-suit season with a streamlined figure and brand new confidence.

The diet originated in the office of a famous Hollywood physician who prescribed it for a golden-haired, blue-eyed glamour star famed for her figure and her sex appeal who relaxes—and rounds out—between pictures and must drop a dozen pounds quickly, prior to the start of a new production.

Her studio (although no studio will admit that any of its priceless "properties" ever needs to reduce) was electrified by the speed and efficiency with which the diet worked and begged a copy for another young player who had returned to work after a holiday with—horrors!—a double chin.

She, too, tried it, on orders from the front office. And she, too, reported on the set four days later as svelte and swan-necked as she had been before her holiday.

The secret of this wonder-working diet is three-fold. First it has high protein content, with generous allowances of lean meat, fish, fowl, eggs; skim milk and egg are permitted as an alternate to breakfast of grapefruit, egg and coffee. Our bodies *are* protein to a large extent; and are maintained and rebuilt by a plentiful supply of protein foods. Protein reduces—in the absence of fatty foods in one's diet—by energizing (burning away as fuel) the excess fat stored in the tissues.

Second factor in this diet's efficiency is its emphasis upon fresh fruits and vegetables. They have the vitamins and minerals essential to good health and good nerves and—this is important—to fighting off the constant attack this fast-moving, tension-making civilization of ours makes upon our beauty.

The third factor will be obvious to anyone already calorie-conscious: on every one of the four days you consume less than 500 calories a day! Since the average American diet runs well over two thousand calories a day, you can see that you *must* lose weight on this regime and—thanks to the high protein provision—without going hungry!

One word of warning:

The four-day miracle diet should not be repeated for at least one month.

You will lose eight to ten pounds with this diet *but* . . .

If you promptly slide back into eating habits which put on the excess pounds in the first place, you will regain those pounds almost as fast as you lost them.

Try Hollywood's Four-Day Miracle Diet for a fast start toward your beauty goals.





## FIRST DAY

### BREAKFAST

Half grapefruit, unsweetened  
One soft-boiled egg  
Black coffee  
OR  
One soft-boiled egg  
One glass of skim milk

### LUNCHEON


Broiled lamb chop, fat removed  
Sliced tomato

### DINNER

One small brook trout, broiled  
Half-cup eggplant  
Fresh pineapple (if canned must  
be unsweetened)

## SECOND DAY

### BREAKFAST



Half grapefruit, unsweetened  
One soft-boiled egg  
Black coffee  
OR  
One soft-boiled egg  
One glass of skim milk

### LUNCHEON


Broiled calf's liver  
Half-head lettuce, with lemon juice  
if desired

### DINNER

Two-egg omelet (made with water,  
not milk)  
Half-cup brussels sprouts  
Half cantaloupe

## THIRD DAY

### BREAKFAST



Half grapefruit, unsweetened  
One soft-boiled egg  
Black coffee  
OR  
One soft-boiled egg  
One glass skim milk

### LUNCHEON

Half small broiled chicken  
Three celery stalks with leaves


### DINNER

Six large oysters, raw or broiled  
with lemon juice  
Eight small asparagus tips

**NO SUBSTITUTES!**

## FOURTH DAY

### BREAKFAST



Half grapefruit, unsweetened  
One soft-boiled egg  
Black coffee  
OR  
One soft-boiled egg  
One glass skim milk

### LUNCHEON

Broiled steak  
Half-cup short-cooked carrots

### DINNER

Broiled lamb chop, fat removed  
Sliced tomato  
One small apple

**NO ADDITIONS!**









The great impersonation:  
Susan Hayward  
as Jane Froman in "With  
a Song in My Heart"



# She Lived My Life!

BY JANE FROMAN

Susan Hayward took Jane Froman apart—probing her every emotion—and finally made Jane cry over the girl she used to be

OF ALL THE girls in Hollywood who might have played me in "With a Song in My Heart," the film story of my life, Susan Hayward was my choice—because she has such heart—oh, such heart.

One of the greatest emotional experiences of my life was when I sat in a dark projection room, alone with my husband, and saw this picture. Even though I'd spent four months at the Fox studios, recording the songs and acting as technical adviser, it gave me a terrific impact to watch myself living through it all again. *Myself*, I say, for Susan Hayward, who plays Jane Froman, is me.

All the time she was doing the picture, off the set as well as on, she lived me and breathed me. And so similar to mine is the quality of her speaking voice that it seems perfectly natural when my songs seemingly come from her lips.

The first time I watched Susan playing me, I thought

her mannerisms were not right. "I don't raise my head, lift my chin when I start to sing," I said to myself, "or do I?" Upon arriving home that evening, I made a dash for a mirror and proceeded to sing two or three of my favorite numbers. And in the mirror I saw the raise of the head, the quick lift of the chin, the mannerisms which are part of me but of which I'd been unconscious until, in the unflawed mirror of Susan Hayward, I saw them played back to me.

People often question a screen biography, wonder if it is completely authentic. There need be no such doubt about "With a Song in My Heart." Not once did I feel, either in the studio or later in the projection room, "Oh, no, this isn't the way it was!" Not once.

Physical likenesses differ, of course, Susan being fair and Wild-Irish-Rose of skin, with a flame of copper hair and hazel eyes while I am olive-skinned, with very dark hair and blue (Continued on page 78)





**Liz Taylor** has started a Memory Photograph Album of pictures of herself and Mike. The puppy Frica was Mike's gift to Liz. They saw the homeless pup's picture in the newspaper and Mike raced all over London to find her



**Liz** has promised Mike she'll learn how to cook—but so far she's just at the tasting stage, with Mike's cook still on the job!

**Liz** loves Mike's portrait of her for its poetic feeling, but added some extra brush strokes in an attempt to help the resemblance



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOWARD BYRNE





Mike calls this his "culture corner," keeps his favorite records here. The figurine at left is his treasured British Critics Award

Beige-carpeted staircase leads to upper floor of duplex apartment. Liz hasn't yet had time to change lone-male look of the bedroom



# HONEYMOON HOUSE

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilding open their door, for the first time, to give you this intimate glimpse of their newly-wed life in London

BY JEANNE SAKOL

**T**HE GOLD NAME PLATE on the door of the Liz Taylor-Michael Wilding honeymoon flat still says simply, "M. Wilding." Hollywood will be home to them this summer, but always the honeymoon house in London will have a special place in their hearts.

Inside the Wildings' door there is a feeling of tranquillity, with the red-orange embers in the fireplace casting a cozy glow over the sitting room at tea time: Liz likes to curl up in the corner of the enormous maroon couch, her violet eyes bright and her skin flushed and rosy from her nap.

"I sleep in the afternoon so I can be fresh for Mike when he gets home from the studio," she said. "He leaves at six every morning and comes back raring to go. I don't see how he does it. He has more energy than a year's supply of vitamin tablets—all in one dose."

Under the enormous triple window a long, low, black and blue couch reflects the last rays of the sun. In the corner, the grandfather clock chimes the quarter-hour. To the left of the sitting-room door, a small improvised bar seemingly waits for the master (Continued on page 82)



Grandfather clock, in living room, is one Mike found when he went on tour before the war



# SINGIN' IN THE SUN

**"H**E'S FABULOUS!" a big voice boomed out in the sudden light in the projection room. The man speaking was one of a half-dozen top M-G-M executives who had just seen the first run-off of the studio's new musical, "Singin' in the Rain."

Nobody was arguing. "He" was fabulous, all right. What's more, the "he" under discussion was not Gene Kelly, who is top-billed in the picture, but a young sprout cast for what was supposed to have been a minor role, name of Donald O'Connor.

"Whoever said," one of the top brass summed it up, "that that kid needed a mule?"

The verdict from that projection room whirled through the town, and before his tax advisers had time to take an aspirin Donald O'Connor was the hottest thing in town, signed for two more

pictures for Metro, signed to co-star with Betty Hutton in Paramount's top-budgeted "Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'," signed by 20th for "Call Me Madam." These in addition, of course, to the one picture a year Donald had already contracted to make for his home studio Universal-International—also the home of his side kick Francis. All this and his once-a-month television marathon on the Comedy Hour, too.

While studio bigwigs and agents and lawyers toiled over the fine print in the hot Mr. O'Connor's five-foot shelf of contracts, Donald, at his unpretentious bungalow home in suburban San Fernando Valley was listening to some firm talk from his five-year-old daughter Donna.

He had just explained regretfully that his fourteen-hour-a-day. (Continued on page 96)



Left, the O'Connors of vaudeville fame: Millie, on trunk; mother, standing. Front, Bill, holding Donald, Jack with his child Patsy. Center, Donald, 13, in first

picture "Sing You Sinners" with Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray. Right, at age 16, with Gloria Jean in scene from "What's Cookin'?" Two years later he was in the Air Force



He began his career  
as a baby in diapers. At  
twenty-four he was  
the forgotten man.  
Then Donald O'Connor  
hit the star trail  
on a mule—and reached the  
top in a downpour!

BY  
PAULINE SWANSON



O'Connor family history was repeated when five-year-old Donna stole the television show from her proud parents Donald and Gwen



*"Whoever said that that kid needed a mule?" Hollywood asked when they saw Donald in "Singin' in the Rain"*



# SUMMER

ORNITZ



It was Piper Laurie who asked Dick Anderson for that first date. And Dick admits he felt shy when he called for her at her home

DIRONE



Chili and beans or hamburgers are all right with Joyce Holden when fiance Dok Stanford, young Hollywood writer, is between checks

Young hearts leap at the touch of a hand . . . going steady means a date with a dream . . . love is a story just beginning. It's the good old summertime!

BY RUTH WATERBURY

**B**OY MEETS GIRL—and what happens thereafter is their personal version of life's most magical feeling. . .

Hollywood is pretty special to itself in most things—but not one bit special when it comes to love. The good old summertime works its spell in Hollywood just as it does every other place. Hands clasp, lips kiss, eyes look deep into eyes with the same sweet fervor that is being expressed the world around, as a moon rides through an evening sky.

Joyce Holden and Dok Stanford are the love-at-



# ATTRactions

VITZ

ORNITZ



**Ann Blyth** doesn't spoil Dick Clayton's fun by being charming to other men. She concentrates on Dick—and leaves him spellbound!



**Anne Francis** doesn't sulk when something goes wrong on a date. Says college beau Bam Price, "She's beautiful—but not dumb!"

first-sight couple, for instance, for whom after their first meeting there has been only one thought: how soon can we afford to marry? By contrast, Ann Blyth and Dick Clayton are that boy-and-girl-next-door pair whom you must have, in duplicate, in your town, since their type is everywhere.

It isn't love yet for Piper Laurie and Dick Anderson but is it exciting—and it all started at Photoplay's Gold Medal dinner! As for Anne Francis and her nice college man, Bam Price—well, this is the country

club, this is the merriest, this is the red shoes climbing up the golden stairs to cloud seven all the time.

And just in case any of you readers haven't found your own private swoon for June, we got each of these fellows to tell exactly why his chosen doll scores such a high date rating. Check your own score against these scores and if you come out less than sixty per cent, get with it, sister!

Dok Stanford, talking of Joyce Holden, is the most poetic of our men, maybe (*Continued on page 98*)



**M**Y FIRST YEAR of marriage to Dale has passed much too fast. There are times when it all—our five-day courtship, our whirlwind marriage, Dale's constant screen commitments that continuously postponed our honeymoon, and now the new nursery—seems like a dream.

Sometimes my husband fixes his humorous eye on the horse heads in the wallpaper in our bedroom, which he selected just before we met, definitely intending to remain a bachelor, and grins, "What do you know? A little more than a year ago, I wasn't even thinking of getting married. Much less planning on being a family man. . . ."

Ever since we have known we were having a baby Dale has gone out of his way to be completely casual about the whole thing. The Jeffrey Hunters also are expecting a baby—and when the four of us get together, the boys really give Barbara and me a bad time. Consider the Japanese, they tell us, they have their children in a corner of the rice field without even seriously interrupting the day's work. There's nothing to it. Absolutely nothing.

Yet, it was my husband who was prepared to challenge the doctor's decision that I could continue riding a horse during my pregnancy. And, always when he comes home from the studio, he takes a quick look in the medicine cabinet and says, almost throwing the line away, "Take your pills?" Moreover, we and the Jeffrey Hunters almost missed the Academy Awards when, en route to the ceremony, Dale's eye was stopped by a baby crib in the window of his favorite furniture store, Mann & Fields, run by an ex-G.I. named Bob Cohen. A few blocks away, lights arc-ed across the heavens, limousines slithered up to the red carpets, and crowds roared while Barbara and I, rhinestone earrings, velvet wraps and all, followed the "casual" fathers-to-be into the store and discussed the respective merits of a plastic-covered baby mattress and the blue knobs on a baby bureau.

"Won't they *swear* with the shade of the walls?" I asked. "Not if I have anything to say about it," Dale assured me. "We can paint 'em or remove 'em. Nothing's going to swear with those walls."

By now my husband is something of an authority on the decoration of a nursery, having painted ours three times—to get the exact baby-baby-blue we wanted. The first time he painted at night, and in the morning sunlight the walls turned out to be almost indigo. He mixed some white paint with the blue and did the walls over again—on another evening. It still proved too dark. So in went more white. And the third job done in the daytime produced the desired shade of blue.

Personally, I would be very happy with a small seven-pound child. But not Dale. The current crop of children among our friends has aroused a friendly spirit of competition among the fathers-to-be. We may be in real trouble too. Kit and Boots Carson's baby boy weighed ten pounds and nine ounces, with an eighteen and one-half inch chest. "The biggest chest of any baby ever born in the Queen of Angels Hospital," Dale keeps saying, admiringly, and he adds, "We're going to have to have an eleven-pound baby to out-do Kit. Can't let them get ahead of us." Men seem to be convinced that a baby born with (Continued on page 76)



Jacqueline isn't disturbed by Dale's determination to be strictly an old-fashioned father. She has marked his gentle way with his horses and dogs

# Dale's Little Dividend

Dale Robertson is currently in  
"The Outcasts of Poker Flat"



*Get excited about being a father? Not Dale Robertson!*

*But oh, Baby, the plans he has for you!*

**BY JACQUELINE ROBERTSON**

SMITH







It wasn't salary troubles that made Betty choose to stay home with husband Harry James, daughters Vicki and Jessica

# BETTY *takes*



"Why am I here?" she thought, desperately. And she waited to face the radio audience that would tell her whether the public wanted Betty Grable back

"TEN MINUTES, Miss Grable. . . ."

Even as she said, "Thank you," Betty knew the next ten minutes—before that blue curtain rose—would seem longer than the ten months she had been away. . . .

Betty was in her dressing room, waiting to go on stage for Lux Radio Theatre's presentation of "My Blue Heaven," her first public appearance since she'd ended her suspension. In her glittering gown, with her "butch" poodle, as she termed it, carefully coiffured, she looked every inch the motion picture queen her fans always expected her to be. But with each passing minute, she was falling apart inside as she sweated out her performance and the reception she might—or might not—receive, when the curtain went up.

Radio always had terrified her. "What am I doing here, anyway?" she kept asking herself, her heart pounding. "Why am I here?"

Technically, she was there because of her telegram to her studio announcing she was willing, ready and able to resume work.

Beyond that curtain were 1,200 persons, representative of the public (*Continued on page 74*)



By

MAXINE

ARNOLD

Betty, at races with Harry, returns to the screen in "The Farmer Takes a Wife"

# a BOW









# Her Happiness is Showing



Her mother says, "I've always known a girl with such a love of life would fall in love very young." Mitzi, fiance Dick Coyle

With Mitzi Gaynor, gaiety  
isn't a pose—it's a gift. She's  
been this way all her life

BY WYNN ROBERTS

**I**T WAS THE YEAR 1933, a bad year all over America, but particularly bad in Chicago. The bitter winter wind blew in, over the teeming city, from Lake Michigan, driving the soot in through the windows of a small mid-city flat.

There wasn't too much to eat in the kitchen of the flat. And not in the man's wallet nor in the woman's purse was there money that went beyond the next month's rent and meager meals for another couple of weeks. And as for prospects, neither Henry Gerber, musician, nor his wife, Pauline Fisher, ballroom dancer, had any at all.

On this particular February day, nevertheless, Pauline Fisher Gerber was positively jumping up and down with joy. "Look at the baby," she cried.

"Look at her. She's keeping time with her bottle to the radio music."

Henry Gerber, a good man but serious, grunted. "This makes her a most unusual baby, I suppose."

"Of course! Did you ever before hear of a baby with a sense of rhythm at the age of five months?"

"Beethoven and Mozart—they were composing symphonies at the age of four."

"Mitzi will be doing something great by the time she is four, too."

Henry Gerber got up heavily. A Hungarian by birth, an artist by instinct, he was given to moods. He loved his gay, pretty wife. He loved his child, too. And he loved America and music, serious music. But to believe, as (Continued on page 104)





Color portrait by Ornitz. Debbie's in "Singin' in the Rain" and "I Love Melvin"

**DEBBIE**

*Reynolds*

*A Chevy, honking at a Cadillac . . .  
twinkling stars in a midnight sky . . .  
tomboy in petticoats . . . kitten on the  
keys . . . An imp making faces at life*



*The changing moods of gypsy music  
... castle gardens in the moonlight ...  
laughter in the heat of danger ... the  
shifting patterns of a restless sea ...  
D'Artagnan wearing casual tweeds*

**CORNEL**

*Wilde*

Color portrait by Smith and Fink. Cornel's in "The Greatest Show on Earth" and "Danger Forward"





*He's no rose—a grubby Peter Pan, some call him. But in any group of women, the name Marlon Brando acts like a flash fire*



Did he deliberately lose those \$500 contact lenses ordered for his role in "Viva Zapata"? Above, with Lou Gilbert



While making "Streetcar Named Desire" he'd scare Kim Hunter by yelling "Earthquake!" Marlon is never stupid—just off-beat. Below, in first movie "The Men" with Teresa Wright



# Hollywood's new Sex-boat

BY

HEDDA HOPPER

**M**ARLON BRANDO the new movie sex-boat? Why, that's ridiculous!" protested a guest at my party. "He positively gives me the shudders!"

Instantly Marlon's name spread over my living room like a flash fire. "Marlon Brando? He's exciting!" "Marlon Brando! He's coarse, he's vulgar!" "Marlon Brando, *he's male!* High time someone like him came along. . . ."

Hollywood citizens are at odds about Marlon. Jean Peters, his co-star in "Viva Zapata," says, "I think Marlon's very sexy. But not for me." Plenty of the Hollywood girls agree only with the first half of Jean's comment. A dozen or more I could name went through all sorts of elegant and supposedly subtle didoes to attract him. But Marlon wasn't having any. He simply wouldn't bother to get dressed up and take them out, said he did not have the right clothes, anyhow.

However, although his habitual costume was levis, a T-shirt and moccasins worn without socks—with no item of this wardrobe in very spruce condition—he could, upon occasion, find other clothes. At Photoplay's party for "Choose Your Star" winners, of which he was one, he was both well groomed and





He won't talk about his real girl—a redhead in New York—except to say, "She's no Hollywood character!"

charmingly mannered. And at the party Vivien Leigh, his co-star in "Streetcar Named Desire," and her husband, Laurence Olivier, gave for the English set, Marlon turned out to be the only man correctly dressed for a Sunday afternoon, all the Britishers having arrived in old beat-up flannels and tweeds.

Both Vivien and Laurence liked Marlon tremendously—quite contrary to what had been expected. With Vivien, you see, Marlon was as delightful as he can be because he admires her greatly. "She charms

me," he says glowingly. "She is all woman. I have a complete appreciation of her as an actress and as a person."

Except for his impersonal delight in Vivien Leigh, his Hollywood preferences ran to the girls he met in the studio offices or the girls who served him in shops.

"I like intelligent women," he says, "who have a sense of humor."

Usually he does not, like most gentlemen, prefer blondes. Redheads seem to (Continued on page 108)



# PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS



● Summertime is the time for dainty dresses that will keep you looking your cool best at the office, on weekends and on dates—the time for sheer cottons, nylon and organdy. On this and following pages, Photoplay suggests an ideal summer wardrobe to keep you looking fresh and lovely on the hottest day—a wonderful variety at prices you can afford

**Opposite, Cotton flattery:** Janice Rule and Vera-Ellen, M-G-M stars, present two charming summer styles. Janice, currently in "Holiday for Sinners," wears a popular classic dress with detailed bodice highlighted by tiny buttons. Skirt is the ever-popular dirndl-type. Available in sizes 10-18. Vera-Ellen of "The Belle of New York," strikes a feminine note in a dress that frames the shoulders with a graceful shawl collar. Both the shawl collar and the skirt, of unpressed pleats, are edged in white. Sizes 10-16. Designed by Josette Walker Clothes, both cost only \$14.95, come in pink and blue. At Maurice L. Rothschild, Minneapolis, Minn., and Lord & Taylor, New York, N. Y. Janice's coolie-type hat is by Sperling. Vera-Ellen's picture hat by Dani. Chalk-white jewelry by Marvella accents that summer tan.

**Left, Nancy Olson, of Warners' "Jim McLain,"** is a beguiling picture in dainty. Top, elasticized, may be worn on the shoulders or dropped for a decollete effect. Shirred bodice, full skirt, accent the wide molded waistline. Narrow tie belt is of velvet. By Kay Winsor, in a dainty clover print in red, green or blue on white ground. Available in sizes 10-18, for around \$9.00, at Saks 34th, New York, N. Y. For relaxing in the sun, the Beachcomber, of wrought iron and netting, in background. By Pacific Iron Products









Piper Laurie models the original dress designed by Bill Thomas, which she wears in the U-I film, "No Room for the Groom"

## photoplay **PATTERN**

● Midsummer pick-me-up: Here's a pattern for a dress—with a four-gored skirt and a fitted bodice—that you'll want when the sun is really beaming. Make it of cotton, silk, rayon or nylon. We suggest Burlington's Frothylon, a puckered sheer nylon available at lead-



Photoplay Patterns  
Box 229, Madison Square Station  
New York 17, New York

Enclosed find fifty cents (\$.50) for which please send me the Piper Laurie "No Room for the Groom" pattern #11 in size 10-12-14-16-18-20.

NAME..... SIZE.....

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NOTE: For speedy delivery, enclose five cents extra for special handling





*Rose Marie Reid*

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Los Angeles 45, California

of the month

ing stores throughout the country. The Wedgewood blue is especially lovely; but pastels and dark colors also are available. For cool contrast, make cuffs and bow-trimmed collar in frosty white pique, linen or organdy—or, if you like, the same fabric as the dress

Wherever you live you can buy  
**PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS**

If the preceding pages do not list the stores in your vicinity where the Photoplay Fashions are sold, please write to the manufacturers listed below:

JOSETTE WALKER CLOTHES  
1407 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

KORET OF CALIFORNIA DRESS  
611 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

SPEARS EPSTEIN DRESS  
1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

KAY WINSOR DRESS  
1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

PAT HARTLEY DRESS  
1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

JOSEPH GUTMAN STOLE  
1407 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BURLINGTON MILLS FABRIC  
1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.





PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

## IN A MIDSUMMER MOOD

Joan Evans, of M-G-M's "Skirts Ahoy" and Universal-International's "It Grows on Trees," models an ever popular sheath dress. In acetate and nylon—cool, washable and easy to pack—it can travel anywhere, serves all occasions. Permanently pleated from top to bottom, with rhinestone buttons, patent belt, in black or blue. By Koret of California, 10-18, \$17.95 at McCreery's, New York, N. Y., Russeks, Detroit, Mich. Joan wears a Dani hat

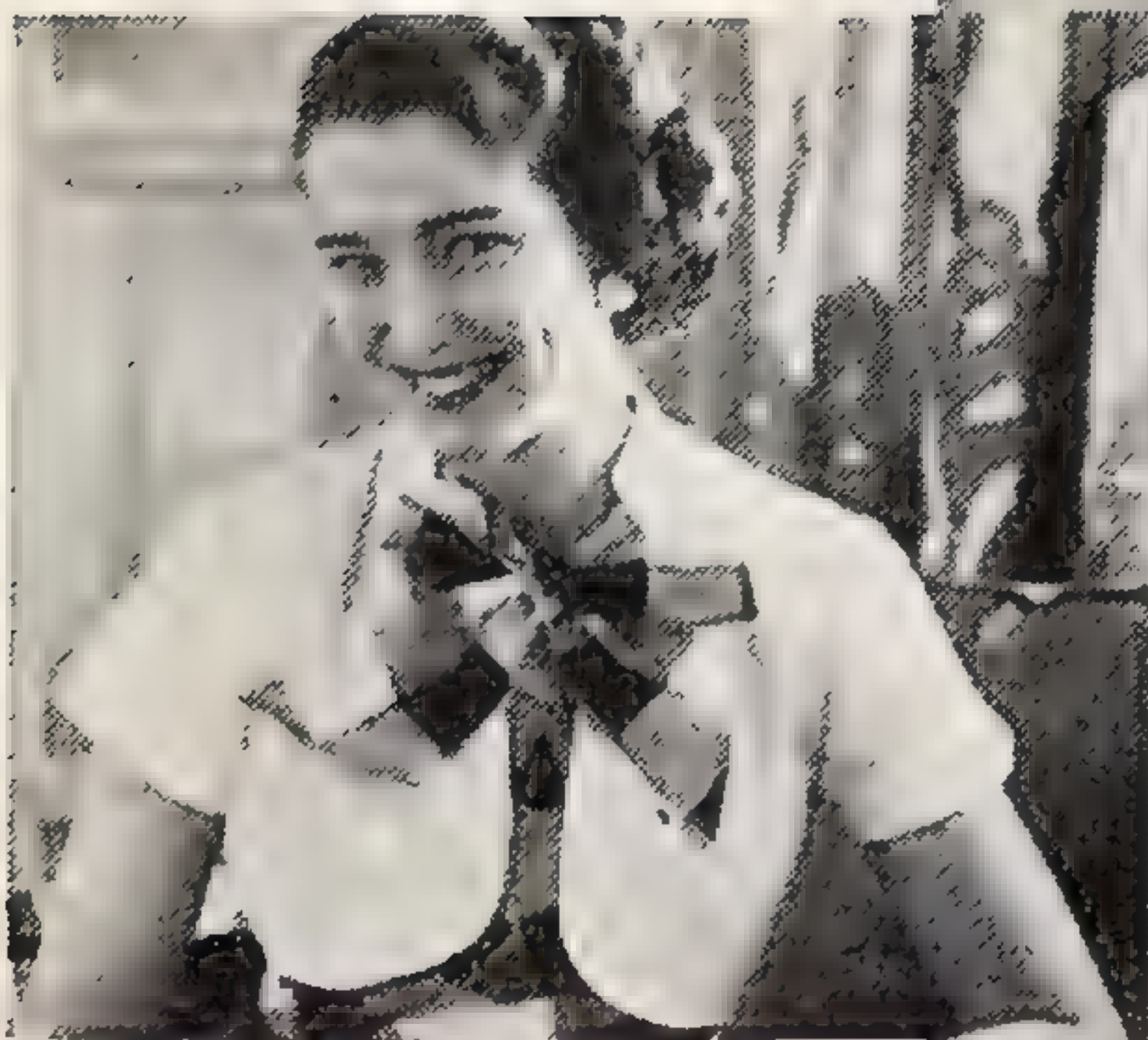
On cool evenings, create a dashing effect with striped lacy stole worn by Joan, above. Of wash yarn machine knit, it looks like wool. \$4.95 by Barbara Carol, at Martha West, New York, N. Y.



ENGSTEAD



Photographed by Dirone  
the penthouse show  
room of Dan Cooper, Inc.



Black and white for smartness, sheer cotton for coolness, is the theme for this dress modeled by Julia Adams of Universal-International's "The Texas Man." In a striking tablecloth check, it creates a halter-like effect at the neckline with its cut-out sleeves, perky bow trim. Unpressed pleats give the graceful skirt its airy fullness. Accenting the trim waistline is a gleaming patent belt. For casual occasions, wear the brief spencer jacket, shown above. In white pique. By Pat Hartley, sizes 9-15, 10-16, the dress also comes in navy or brown with white. \$19.95 at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y. For dress-up, Julia wears a Brandt hat, Garay patent purse



At left, Julia wears a frankly feminine dress in white organdy with faint black and white stripes. Color enters the picture in the mandarin collar and in the bold stripes around the billowy skirt. Wide belt is in patent. By Spears Epstein, with red, green, brown or navy stripes, 7-15. \$12.95 at Foley's, Houston, Texas. Gloves by Crescendoe, shoes by Capezio

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 67.



## Latins Are Not Lousy Lovers

(Continued from page 42)

metamorphosis it is, but she explains it quite simply:

"I am very much in love with someone wonderful who loves me," she says. "For the first time in my life I am happy."

Shelley and Vittorio plan to spend much of their time in Rome. There Vittorio is a stage actor of prestige who makes films, too, largely in order to support his theatre career, the theatre in Italy being pretty much art for art's sake.

They've taken an apartment in Rome, neither large nor lavish—the identical thing they want to establish in New York and Hollywood also—a place they can enjoy, without worry, while they live in it and upon which they can lock the door, without worry, when their whims or careers call them elsewhere.

Vittorio's cousin lives in the same house. His parents and married sister and nieces live close by. They all love Shelley. One niece, ten years old, very patiently taught Shelley just about all the Italian she knows, enough to handle simple sentences, to tell Vittorio how much she loves him and to assure his mother and father that she prays in the church, as they do, that a bambino will be born to her within a year and will be the grandson they so ardently desire, being blessed, so far, with granddaughters only.

In Rome Vittorio and Shelley want to establish an English theatre. And I promised to lend them all the help in my power when, late this summer, we meet over there; to interest the British and American ambassadors, to see that they have a long list of influential patrons and patronesses who will do much to insure their dreams of success.

Until late summer they will play together in summer stock. "Perhaps in 'The Country Girl,'" Shelley explained. "That will be our honeymoon, appearing one week here and one week there on the straw-hat circuit."

"Why not Hollywood?" I asked. "It would mean more money."

Together they shook their heads. Together they laughed.

"We'll have made enough money to last us a while," Shelley said. "Vittorio will have finished 'The Glass Wall,' which will be filmed in New York, almost entirely on 42nd Street. And I will have finished 'Letter from the President' at M-G-M."

She turned serious. She reached for her husband's ready hand. "We do not," she said, "want to get caught up in any Hollywood pattern—feel we have to have an elegant house, servants, expensive cars,

give parties. Once you do that you never can be free. Once you do that you cannot stop making movies, however much you may wish to do something else. And once you oblige yourself to make a lot of movies—well, you cannot be independent any more. You must do what the producers tell you to do, when they tell you to do it, as they tell you to do it.

"Vittorio and I want to be free. We want to live in different parts of the world, do what interests us, have a family—"

"Good girl!" Vittorio patted her hand. Vittorio grinned happily, "Good girl, Shelley!"

Shelley laughed. "I am his student. All this he taught me. That is why he says, 'Good girl, Shelley!'"

"If you would have fine possessions," Vittorio spoke seriously, "you must be their slave. This is what I tell Shelley. And only those who are free can create."

"You, young man," I said, "are telling Shelley the wise things my father told me when he was dying. I listened to him, have never burdened myself with possessions and I have been happy."

With Vittorio signed to a long-term contract at M-G-M (his first picture for them will be "Sombbrero," to be filmed in Mexico) I wonder whether he and Shelley will be able to keep their firm resolution to remain free. I feel somehow they will.

"Did you," Shelley asked quietly, "see Vittorio in 'Bitter Rice'?"

Her manner made it clear that if I had seen him in this Italian film it was unnecessary for her to say anything more about his artistic capacity.

In her humble approach to good acting Shelley has not changed.

For eighteen years, ever since she was eleven and her family moved from St. Louis to Brooklyn so she would be near Broadway, she has cared terribly about acting. She quit the distinguished American Academy of Dramatic Art because she did not like its rigidity. At the theatre department of the New School for Social Research she studied with better purpose. She worked as a model to pay for her dramatic training. She had her first Broadway engagement at eighteen. And for four discouraging years in Hollywood she refused the long bob, artificial make-up and fancy clothes with which one studio after another tried to force her into the conventional Hollywood glamour mold. She got her break as an actress, not a glamour girl, in "A Double Life." And last year in another acting job as the loving but unloved little factory girl in "Place in the

Sun" she broke her audiences' hearts, won a Photoplay citation for one of the five most popular performances of the year and was nominated for an Oscar which I warned her she would never get.

She isn't as popular as she might be in Hollywood. Because she isn't a "yes" girl. Because her intellectual honesty has antagonized the wrong—or the right—people. Because, also, impulsive, lonely, and ambition-driven, she has in the past cut such didoes as only a few ever have taken the trouble to understand.

Farley Granger understood her, I think. That was the bond between them that made them think they might be in love, even when they knew they were not.

Her mother, Rose Schrift, always has understood her. She had to. Take, for instance, the day Rose invited her old friends from St. Louis—who had not seen Shelley since the Schrifts had moved to Brooklyn—to tea. The ladies could not wait to see the taffy-haired kid they had known years ago, as a movie star. When Shelley arrived, tea was long over. The ladies almost died. For Shelley, about to leave the studio, had remembered a dozen things she had to do—and had done them. Consequently her hair was not smooth, her slacks were not pressed, her beach jacket was a sight and upon her movie-star face there was not a speck of make-up.

"Hi, Mom," she called. "What a day! Boy, have I been on the go!" Whereupon, refusing to be a movie star on parade she shed her shoes and strode around the room in her socks. "Soft carpets feel wonderful when you get rid of your shoes," she informed the delegation.

Her mother and father both used to tell her how life would change for her when she met Vittorio Gassman. But since they had never heard of Vittorio they couldn't call him by name. They spoke of him as the man she would meet one day, with whom she would look forward to a real marriage and children.

"The real reason you are so hectic," Rose Schrift told Shelley over and over, "is that the right man hasn't come along—so far! When you meet him you'll feel differently—and act differently! You'll see!"

How right she was!

Shelley and Vittorio met one evening last summer when mutual friends introduced them in the lobby of the Opera in Rome. At once Vittorio had a compelling instinct to catch Shelley's attention and hold it. So he told her how wonderful she was in "Place in the Sun." Being familiar with actresses, he was sure this was the right approach. He need not have tried so hard. For she had a compelling instinct to catch his attention and hold it too.

"I began our friendship or our love—if you believe in love at first sight, some do not—with a lie," Vittorio said. "But when I followed Shelley to America I fixed everything right away. We were driving down Santa Monica beach one day and 'Place in the Sun' was playing in a theatre we passed. I stopped the car, told Shelley I thought we should go in and see it right away—because I had not seen it as I had said—and I did not think we should have any lie between us any more."

"I forgave him," Shelley said.

"Because," he teased her, "when I saw your picture I said more beautiful things about your performance even than I had made up."

"That he did," Shelley told me, "and I would rather have the memory of the things he said than any Oscar . . ."

I believe her!

Latins are not lousy lovers.

THE END



Throughout her struggles to get to the top as an actress, Shelley Winters has always found staunch support in her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Schrift. Above, they're attending a premiere in Hollywood with Shelley. Her mother's understanding has helped Shelley in the darkest times



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### CHECKS COMMON GUM DISORDERS!

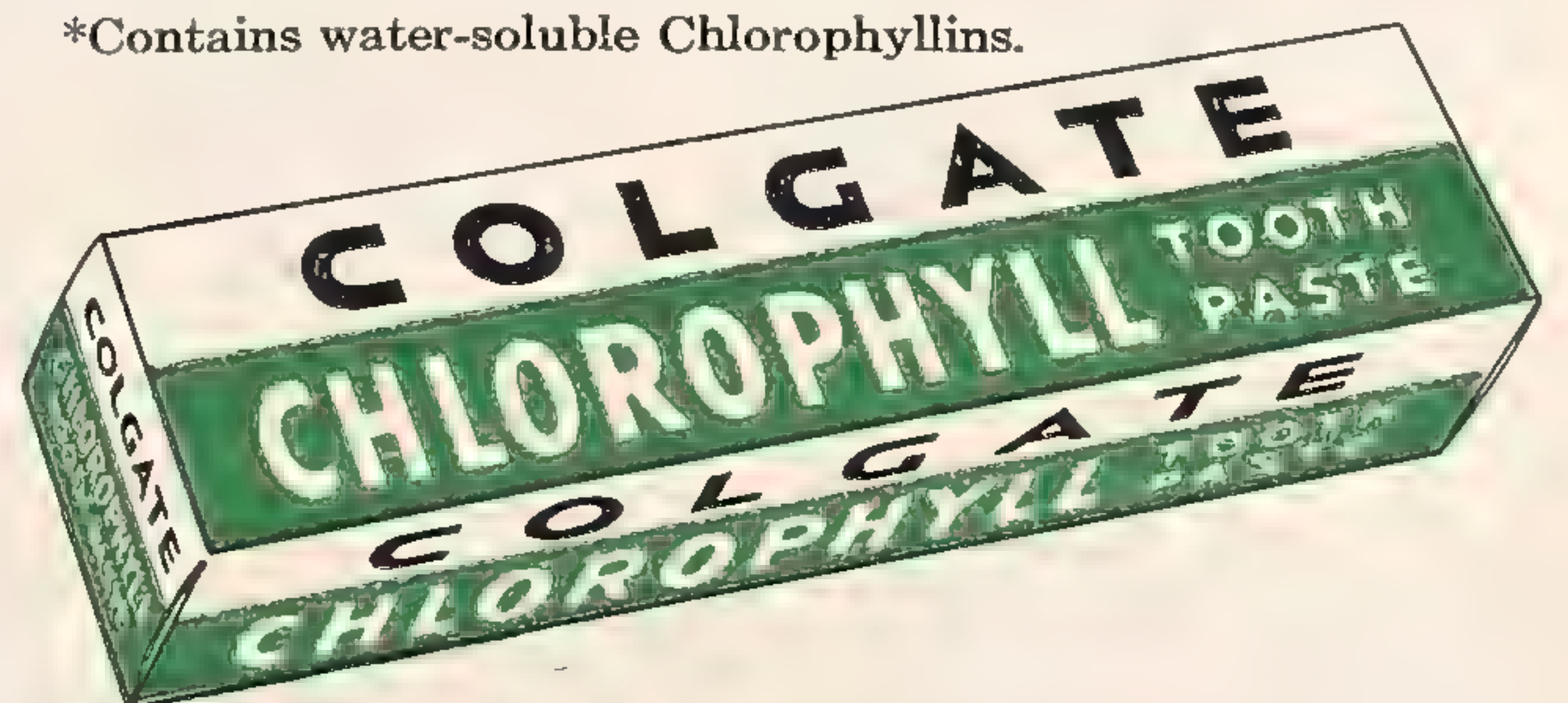


In recent clinical tests, evidence revealed that chlorophyll promotes the growth of firm, healthy gum tissue. New Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll in water-soluble chlorophyllins to help you care for sore, tender gums.

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Nothing can replace regular check-ups and care by your dentist. But today every child can be started on the road to healthy teeth and gums by using new Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste right after every meal. Remember: dental authorities trace much loss of teeth to gum troubles! Chlorophyll can help prevent and check common gum disorders! It actually attacks the acids that often cause tooth decay!

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# "The Story of Will Rogers"



Betty (Jane Wyman) snubs Will Rogers at first meeting, but when she attends dance at his home a romance begins for them

**W**ILL ROGERS JR. portrays his famous father in Warners' "The Story of Will Rogers," and Jane Wyman plays the girl Will marries. Eddie Cantor, a great friend and admirer of Will Rogers, plays himself at the time both he and Will were Ziegfeld Follies stars.

At various times during the past few years a production of the story of Will Rogers has been planned and various actors were tested for the title role. In an unusual bit of casting, however, the role fell to the real-life son, Will Rogers Jr., because of his resemblance in face and manner to his father.

Will Rogers has a special place in the memory of millions of Americans, and his story—the movie covers his life from the early 1900's up to 1935—is an inspiring part of grass-roots America.



Instead of managing the family ranch, Will becomes a Follies performer and well-known humorist



His fame brings Will to make pictures in Hollywood, where he meets Wiley Post (Noah Beery Jr.)



His father (Carl Benton Reid) becomes reconciled to Will's theatrical career, adores Betty and children (Carol Gainey, Robert Correll, Michael Gainey)



Will becomes an international figure with his newspaper and magazine articles, but his wife Betty thinks of him as the grown-up amongst her children



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The only foolproof way to *neutralize* is the sure but easy method Lilt uses!

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## Betty Takes a Bow

(Continued from page 57)

that had supported her so well and so long. What would their reaction be?

"I'll go out there just like *Citation*," she was telling herself now. "Win or lose—I'll arch my neck and take my bow." Then with characteristic self-humor, "Now I know how *Big Noise* must have felt when he tried that heavy track for the first time." The Jameses' thoroughbred, their beloved *Big Noise*, had done everything they'd ever asked of him. Whatever the distance, the track—fast, heavy or sloppy—he ran his race, and usually won. And Betty was reminding herself now, "Surely I can't do less than I ask of my horse."

"What about your public?" her mother had repeatedly reminded her during her suspension. "They want you back. It's foolish to stop right when you're on top. You can't quit now."

No, Betty couldn't quit now. And the main reason (above and beyond the fact that legally she was committed until 1954 to the studio that made her a star) was her Number One fan, who now waited out front so confidently—her mother. She had always believed in Betty's talent—believed in her enough to buck all the doubts of their family and friends back home in St. Louis, Missouri, the people who had shrugged away the likelihood of Betty, a taffy-haired, blue-eyed child, with a sunny smile and happy feet, ever making good in Hollywood.

Betty had agreed to go back to work mostly because of her mother, and because of the public, who'd backed her at the box office for so long, and because of whose support she had been one of the leaders among the nation's "top ten," for ten years. During her suspension she'd received thousands of letters urging her to return to the screen, protesting the possibility of any other motion-picture personality ever replacing her in the hearts of the writers.

These also were the sentiments of Betty's studio crew and technicians, some of whom she had worked with since the age of twelve, when she got her first job in a motion picture studio, dancing as one of the chorus.

There was, among them, her hairdresser, Marie Brasselle, who had been with Betty since her first starring picture, "Down Argentine Way." Likewise her body make-up woman, Bunny Gardell, and Angie Blue, her dance stand-in for ten years. There was the cop on the gate, who had punched her card the first morning she had come through that gate to work in the chorus and who lately had missed waving her red Ford through, every sleepy 6 A.M. and every weary 6 P.M. Betty had missed all of them. She'd spent more time with her studio family than with her real family during the past eleven years.

When Betty finished "Meet Me After the Show" she had worked for nineteen straight months. "I was so tired my whole nervous system was upset. I was cross with Harry and the girls at home. I was jumpy at the studio, flying off at people all the time. That isn't natural with me. I knew I *had* to have a vacation, or I wouldn't be any good to my family—my studio—or anybody. Salary wasn't the hitch. I just wanted two or three months' vacation."

What should have handed Betty some humorous, if ironical, moments were the frequent reports while she was away on suspension that she was bothered by the possibility that the studio was grooming some newcomers to replace her. That there's room enough for anybody with talent has always been Betty's belief. And

it often has been Betty who has helped others get ahead. She helped short-cut June Haver, Dan Dailey, Dick Haymes, Dale Robertson and many others to stardom, by assisting them with a build-up in her films. It was Betty, too, who insisted on Mitzi Gaynor's being given the big ballet number in her picture, "My Blue Heaven," Mitzi's first big studio break. She'd seen Mitzi dance, and knew she could do it. "There's so much dancing in the picture, anyway, a lot of ballet work, and I haven't done ballet for a long time—why not let Mitzi Gaynor do that one?" she suggested.

Betty never could begrudge a newcomer a break. She's always insisted she's had more than her share. She's often said, "I never had too much ambition. It was Mother who set the course—I just went along."

Perhaps one of the things that made Betty decide to return to the studio was the fact that it would be foolish to waste all the time both she and her mother had put in. . . .

"I've had a good long rest," Betty said, "and actually, I enjoy working when I am working. And when I get back into routine, I work very hard. I work as hard as I can, and do the best that I can, and I'm happy doing it. That's the way I am."

That's the way she has been certainly for the last twelve years—the reason, no doubt, she has broken box-office records continually.

By the minute now—remembering all this—Betty began to have doubts, to wonder if this return to work was not a mistake. She could feel herself perspiring and her first thought was, "What a state I'm in! I wonder if they'll be able to tell from the first row." Later, her mother would tell her, of course. Her mother had always been her mirror, her second set of eyes.

No, she couldn't quit now. The past ten months had been happy, but they were over. It had been wonderful to be home with Harry and the girls, to decorate the new house, to cheer with her husband at Santa Anita and to go shopping with Vicki and Jessica. It had been hard for Vicki to accept, at first, the fact that her mother was going back to being a motion picture star. "You going back to work, Mommy?" she'd kept saying. "Yes, dear, Mother's going back to work," Betty had replied.

That is, Mother was going back to work—if Mother could make it to the microphone—and at practically any moment now. . . .

Beyond the blue curtain she could hear the director warming up the audience. Behind her, the orchestra was warming up too. Then for an electric instant—time seemed to stand still. . . .

"Lux Presents . . . Betty Grable!"

The curtain was rising. They were on the air. But they couldn't go into the first scene. There was not supposed to be any applause but from every side of the theatre, applause thundered spontaneously, as the public got its first look at Betty Grable again. The house came down. And continued coming down. There had been nothing in the history of the Lux Radio Theatre like it. All hands, twenty-four hundred strong, beat their tribute to a star who, in all her years in show business, had never been so touched. She couldn't believe what she was hearing now. . . .

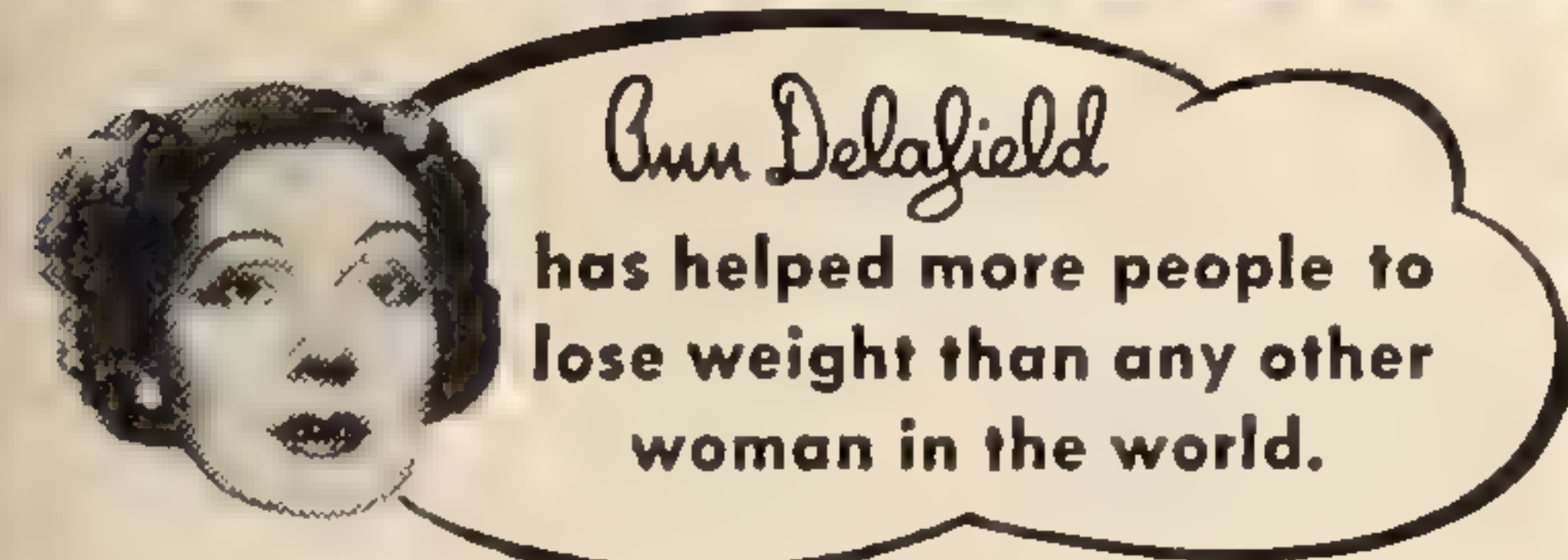
She smiled at them, took a shaky stance at the mike, fought back the tears. . . .

The show went on. Betty Grable had come back!

THE END



# "I LOST 45 POUNDS... THANKS TO YOUR NEW REDUCING PLAN," SAYS MINETTE DIXON



## Woman Editor Writes Ann Delafield of Amazing Results with Famous Beauty Consultant's Easy Way to Lose Weight

Minette Dixon's enthusiastic letter to the renowned beauty authority, Ann Delafield, is typical of the grateful thanks she has received from hundreds of thousands of pupils whom she has helped lose weight.

"With the aid of the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer I was able to carry a full time job, and do all my housework as well. It seemed no time at all that I dropped from 170 to 125 pounds!"

### BE HAPPY — BE SLENDER

If your story is like Miss Dixon's... and thousands of other women (and men) who have been struggling for years with a problem of overweight... the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducing Plan was designed for *you*. You'll be amazed how soon... how easily... you will find slender beauty and new happiness!

During Miss Delafield's forty years of experience in helping people to lose weight, she has had pupils from all over the world... and most of them have been recommended by personal physicians. Based on her accumulated knowledge of the problem, she has developed for you the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan... *an easy way to reduce that doesn't take the fun out of life.*

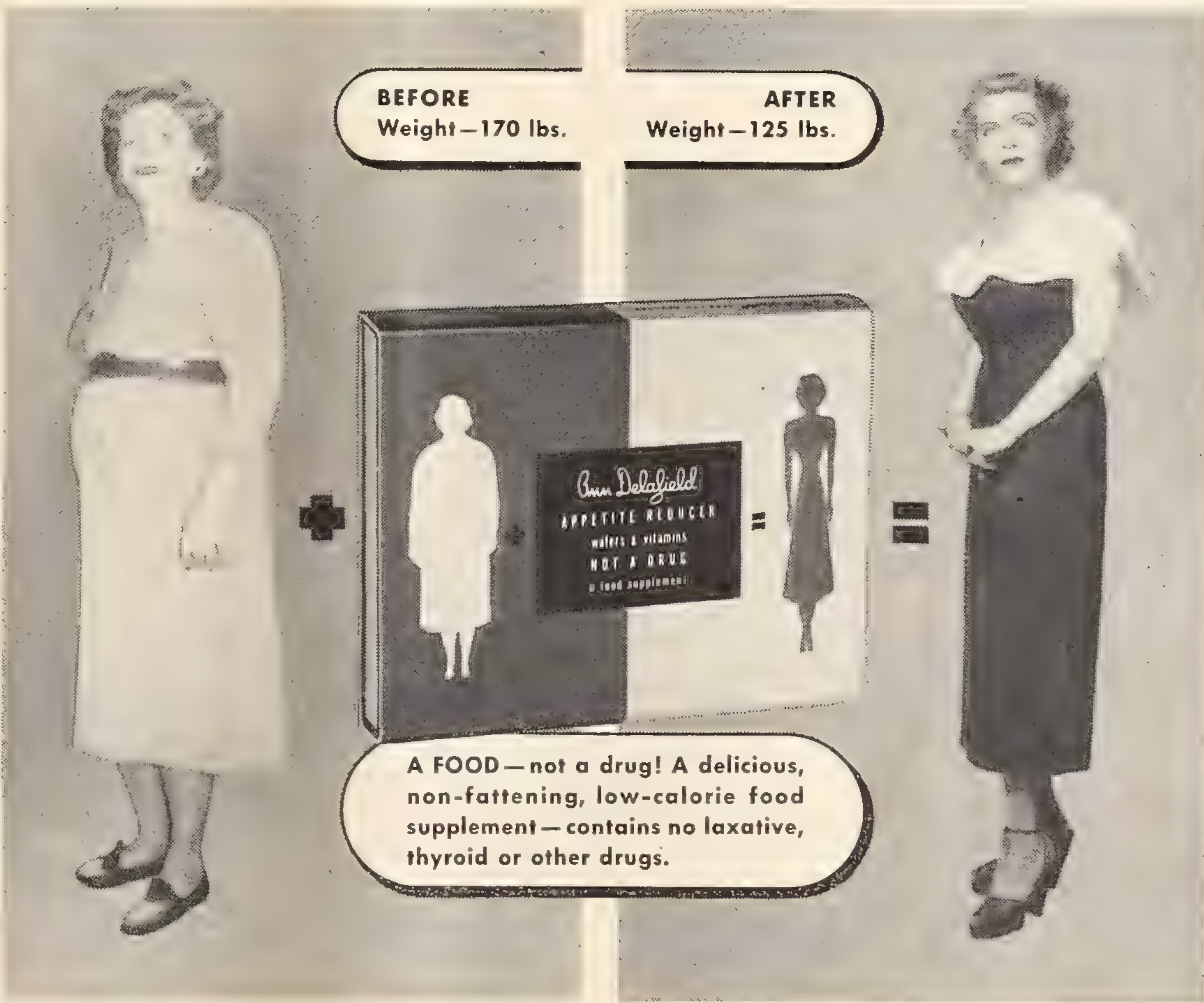
### YOU CAN EAT YOUR CAKE AND HAVE "IT" TOO

Included in the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan are generous, appetizing—yet low-calorie—menus. (You even have a piece of cake for dessert!) The secret of the amazing success of her plan is a scientifically produced... and *delicious*... wafer called the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer. This pharmaceutically approved food supplement satisfies that hungry urge between meals... *without adding any ugly pounds.* This wafer was conceived after years of practical experience and endless hours of consultation with physicians and dieticians.

In addition, your diet is supplemented by Ann Delafield Vitamin Capsules... carefully prepared by expert chemists to conform to the recommended dietary allowances of the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council for the contained vitamins.

### DON'T PUT IT OFF

Begin this easy way to a richer, fuller life *now!* If your doctor has told you that your excess weight is not due to a glandular disturbance or organic causes, start on your Ann Delafield Reducing Plan *today.* The complete package... containing a book with suggested menus and helpful beauty tips, a 30-day supply of your Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer Wafers and Vitamins costs just \$6.95; the repeat package just \$5.95.



Before Minette Dixon tried the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducing Plan she weighed 170 pounds. Every attempt to lose weight was an unhappy failure... but it was a different story after trying Miss Delafield's easy, natural way to reduce.

"Dear Miss Delafield," she wrote. "A wonderful thing has been accomplished with me.

WITH THE HELP OF THE ANN DELAFIELD APPETITE REDUCER, I have lost 45 horrible pounds rapidly and becomingly. I was able not only to carry on a full time job, but to do all of my own housework as well. All of which goes to prove that reducing with the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducers is truly the vital way to beauty."

*Minette Dixon, New York City\**



### Mary Ann Llewellyn Looks Ten Years Younger!

When Mary Ann Llewellyn tried the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan she discovered one of the magical results of losing weight a natural, healthy way. She maintained her vital energy and even slept better than she had for months. *She looked and felt younger!* Reporting her happy achievement to Miss Delafield, Mrs. Llewellyn wrote this...

"My friends say *I look ten years younger since I lost those thirty ugly pounds!* Whenever I've tried to reduce in the past, I've always felt hungry, but the 'Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer Wafer' kept me so well satisfied that I was never tempted to take extra food. Thanks for giving us women *an easy way to reduce!*"

*Mary Ann Llewellyn, New York City\**

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(Continued from page 54)  
an eighteen and one-half inch chest just can't miss making an All-American.

"Of course, if we have a little girl, that will let us off the hook," he grins. "But I can just hear them telling me, 'You're the father of a six-pound boy,' and hear the guys saying, 'What happened? What's this? Where's the rest of it???'"

Although Dale insists it "doesn't really matter whether we have a boy or a girl," I can see him making mental plans about the weight "it" will throw in the Oklahoma University backfield. "One day," he says, "I think I'd rather have a boy. Then I see a pretty little girl, and I think I'd rather have a daughter." Almost always, however, he explains that he's more qualified to help raise a boy. "I'd know what to do with a boy," he says.

We've decided on "Rochelle," if we have a daughter. At the moment, we still have no name picked out for a boy. Nothing would make me happier than to call him Dale Jr.—but, as of now, the reaction has been an emphatic "No!" Dale is of the opinion it sounds very conceited to give a son your name. "Besides," he says seriously, "a boy shouldn't have to carry his father's name. He should have the chance to make his own."

For a man determined to be completely casual about becoming a father, Dale is making fairly detailed plans. Our baby must have a tennis racket and golf clubs and a pony. Dale is shopping for a Shetland to breed with a Hackney pony for a colt. He says, "So, when the baby's three, the colt will be two. They'll grow up together. . . ."

There are certain indications that he will, in some ways, be an old-fashioned father. He insists a daughter would have to be in from dates by ten o'clock in the evening. Also that she should not be allowed to have dates too young. "Not as young as you did," he says emphatically, forgetting that if my father hadn't mellowed in that respect, we wouldn't be married now. However, having observed the gentle, loving hand of my husband in training our thoroughbred, his German shepherd, "Chief" (he's taught him to spell), and the conscientious homework he does reading animal psychology books about how to train his pointer pup, "Radar," and being fully aware of his deeply rooted sentiment and sensitivity, I'm not unduly alarmed. He will have mellower moments, too.

Dale, I've discovered during the past year, is a man long on action and short on conversation. He may forget the bonbons or the bunch of violets, but he will walk in with a package and say, "Here's a set of golf clubs for you." Or we go to an auction "just to watch" and when I admire a beautiful black stallion, he will nod in agreement, and continue nodding and before I realize what's happened, the auctioneer says, "SOLD!"—and I'm the new owner of a thoroughbred racehorse named "Beau Jack." Or he will economize on his clothes and come home from a personal appearance tour with boxes of beautiful maternity clothes he's bought in different cities for me!

On the other hand, just let me put in a request for a snapshot of him for my wallet—and nothing happens. I went around without one for months, then got one from the studio. It's the same photo fans get

when they write in for a picture. In fact, the other day, when my wallet fell open in the grocery store, a cute teenager saw my picture of Dale and exclaimed, "I have one just like that!"

We've had our share of personality adjustments, of course . . . When we were first married, when Dale would come home from the studio, stretch out in a chair and gaze into space for thirty minutes, I would be alarmed lest I had—or had not—done something to offend him. "You don't love me!" I'd tell him, weeping. He would just look at me for a stunned moment, then patiently explain that he was just concentrating on something. "I've always done this," he would say gently. "It has nothing whatsoever to do with you."

When he didn't show more enthusiasm about becoming a father I was most upset. Although, so many erroneous rumors had been columned about our expectant parenthood, that the truth hardly could have come like an ecstatic bolt from the blue. The day I knew definitely that we were going to have a baby, I telephoned Dale at the studio on the set of "Outcasts of Poker Flat." Above all the racket and hammering I could hear in the background, I shouted, "The doctor says we're going to have a baby—in JUNE!" There was a moment's hesitation, then, "Oh . . ." I heard Dale say, "Well, I've got to run. Goodbye."

"You surely didn't sound very enthusiastic," I taxed him when he came home that night. "Well," he said, "I'd been hearing and reading about it pro and con for so long—and telling myself maybe yes and maybe no—I'd gotten kind of used to the idea. Besides," he grinned, "at the exact minute you told me—they called me back for a shot."

He's such a man's man, so taken with horses and hunting, that I was surprised to discover his many artistic accomplishments. He could make a handsome living as an interior decorator. I was happy the first time I saw what is now "our" home, to note the rich cocoa brown backgrounds with accents of coral and chartreuse, the smart free-form modern furniture, the large curved cocoa metallic couch with cornices to match, and the indirect lighting behind the couch that was Dale's own inventive idea. "This house was going to be the fanciest thing ever," he laughs now. "Then I got married—and haven't done a thing to it since—except paint and repaint a blue nursery."

He also could have been a fine musician, had he wanted to apply himself. He plays almost every instrument by ear. No doubt it came as a surprise to the studio that he could carry a tune as well as he does in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," in which he co-stars with Betty Grable. He says, "I'd been walking around the lot for months singing as loud as I dared. But the right ears were never around." Then, out of the blue, Producer Frank Rosenberg asked him if he could sing. "No," Dale told him, "but I like to." Upon which Mr. Rosenberg suggested, "How about dropping in and letting us hear you?" So Dale dropped in—and recorded a number from the picture, "With the Sun Warm upon Me."

With the sun warm upon him, that's for Dale. For he loves the simple way of life and I do too.

THE END

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## She Lived My Life

(Continued from page 47)

eyes; and whereas Rory Calhoun who plays *John* is tall and dark, with a heavy mane of hair, *my John* is small and blond—and almost bald! But the semblance doesn't matter, when actors are playing real people, if the spirit is right.

"Do you think," a friend asked me, "that Susan Hayward, in real life, could go through what you went through, come through as you have come through?"

"Yes," I said, "oh, yes!"

And I was reminded, as I spoke, that Susan as a child suffered a dreadful accident when a car ran over her body, fracturing both thighs. Doctors at first thought she would die, then feared she would never walk again. But Susan, being Susan, fooled the doctors. In six months she was walking.

I recalled, too, a serio-comic little anecdote told me about the teen-aged Susan, who very much wanted to play a certain part—and how, upon being told that she was too young, that the woman in the script was a more mature and experienced woman, who had suffered, she had said, with sixteen-year-old dignity, "I have suffered, too!"

Susan played that part she wanted to play—just as, recently, she got to play in "With a Song in My Heart."

Long before the filming of my story was more than a gleam in producer Darryl F. Zanuck's eye, Susan went to him and said, "Look, I understand there's a chance you may do Jane Froman's story. If so, I've got to play it!"

When, in May, 1951, I went to the Coast and began to record my songs for the picture, Susan always was around. She is a strange girl—so sensational in appearance, so quiet of voice and manner. She sat on the set, day after day, three and four hours at a time, watching every move I made as I sang, watching, always watching . . .

Then, ten days before we went before the cameras, she came up to me in the commissary one noon and said, "I'd like to talk with you. May I—and when?"

"How about now," I said, "this afternoon."

Half an hour later we met in Susan's dressing room and spent the whole afternoon and far into the night going over the script, scene by scene. She asked about my childhood, my mother, my father, my grandmother! She wanted to know what kind of clothes I wore, what my drives were, my tastes, interests, hobbies.

As I write this months later, I can't, of course, recall our hours-long talk, word for word, but it went something like this:

"Immediately after the Clipper crashed, and you found yourself in the water," she asked, "how did you feel?"

"Numb," I told her, "in shock."

"Not afraid?"

"No, not afraid. Not then. Not yet."

"What did you and the Clipper's co-pilot, John Burn, talk about all the while he held you up in the water, saved your life?"

"Trivialities," I said. How well I remembered! And how many times I recalled those same trivialities on that later day this April when I flew down to Puerto Rico to see John after another crash! But it is perhaps fortunate we cannot foresee the future—and, talking to Susan, I thought only of that first crash.

"What exactly were your injuries—and John's?"

"I had a compound fracture of the right leg, left leg nearly severed below the knee, two broken ribs and my right arm fractured in several places. John suffered two



fractured vertebrae of the spine and a fractured skull."

Susan's hands, an emotional barometer, clenched as I spoke and her face was pale as paper.

"How did you feel when you knew there was a chance of losing your leg? Did it floor you? Or did it put fight into you?"

"Before, and for a time after, my first operation (which I was positive would be the only one) I was quite hopeful. After that, after each successive operation, I felt deepening doubt and a little bitterness..."

She asked me then, "What, in all that time, was your greatest and gravest problem?"

"To have to go out and make dough again, after the twenty-five operations," I said, "in order to pay for the pain. The real fight, Susan, the real problem was not to hate all human beings."

"I have to know," Susan would say, from time to time, as if speaking to herself, "I have to feel it first."

She wanted to know why I went overseas with the USO again, in May of 1945, while I was still on crutches.

"Because I was on crutches," I said. "My object in going was to prove to a lot of boys who were hurt, as I was hurt, that they *could pull out*. I wanted them to think: 'If a girl can do it, so can I.'"

I told Susan about the young G.I., played by Robert Wagner. "It was so *stirring*," I said, "to be able to make a boy walk and talk when the doctors couldn't, when nurses couldn't—oh, brother!"

She asked me no more questions that day. She broke up completely. "It moves me so," she said, burst into tears and ran away! And when she did that scene before the cameras, she dissolved in tears, too—and ran off the set!

Shortly after Susan began working in the scenes in which Jane Froman goes back to the hospital time after time for operation after operation, she went to director Walter Lang and said, "Look, make me ugly—a girl can't go through all this and come out looking beautiful!" And so, in this sequence, particularly in the scene after one of the operations when she gestures toward her leg as she is coming out of the anesthetic, asks, "*Is it still there?*" she looks and sounds as I used to—gray, grim, hair messy, tongue thick.

Night after night, Susan would leave the set, go home and to bed. Her twin boys—she's got two of the dearest boys, Timothy and Gregory—came on the set once or twice (it was probably Susan's only chance of seeing them) and they're the three cutest people together! Susan's attitude toward her little sons is so adult. She treats them like little men, with courtesy, with charm, with humor. Susan was doing the scene in which she appears to sing the picture's theme song, "With a Song in My Heart" while my recording of it is played on the sound track. It goes, you know: "With a song in my heart, heaven opens its portals to me..." The next day she told me, amused, that the boys were going around the house screaming, "With a song in my heart, heaven opens its *portholes* to me!"

When the picture was finished and John and I saw it together, we both sat very still after the final fade-out. Then John said, "I think this is one of the most wonderful pictures that ever came out of Hollywood."

"I can't be very objective about it—yet," I began, "since I was the technical adviser and it is my story and all. It would sound hammy if I—" Then I broke, "All right, I'll be a ham about it. I think it's wonderful, too!"

And I think, too, that in this picture, this fabulous girl, Susan Hayward, has given the performance of her career.

THE END



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☐ DANDRUFF?

☐ UNMANAGEABLE HAIR?

☐ FRIZZY PERMANENTS?

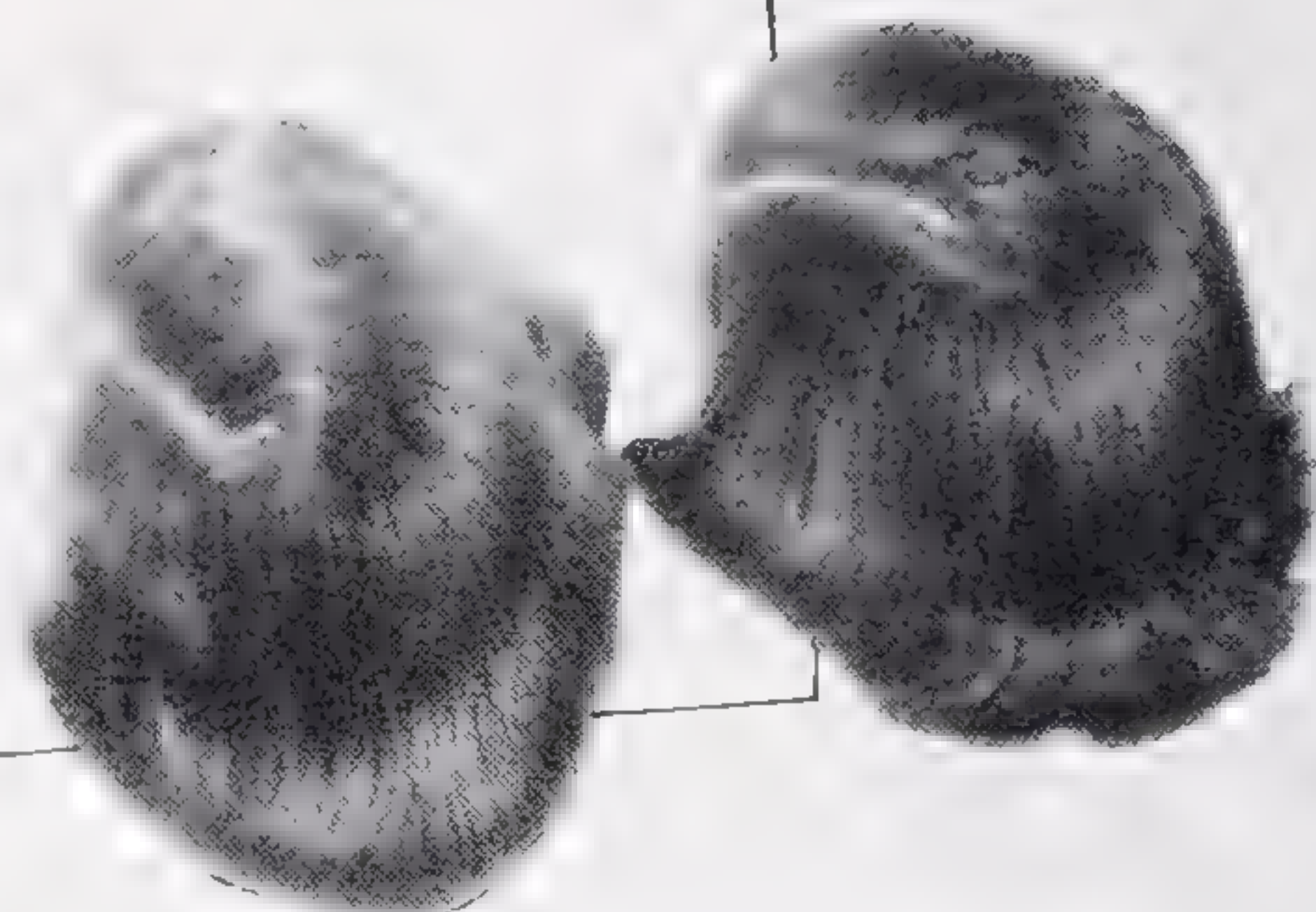
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☐ DULL, LISTLESS HAIR?

☐ HARD-TO-SET-HAIR?

☐ TIGHT SCALP?

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Is your scalp tight, dry, dandruffy? Is your hair dull, listless, hard to manage? Have permanents, hair dyes, today's high-tension living all taken their toll?

Then you're the girl who ought to know about the recent discovery in hair care that has excited the whole world of beauty.

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CREAM-TONING is pleasant, relaxing, easy, simple, inexpensive. And, oh, what wonders it works for your hair!

## NEW PRODUCT makes

## NEW TREATMENT POSSIBLE!

The product that makes cream-toning possible is brand new. It is smooth, creamy Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing. Flower-pink, flower-fragrant, it is a skillful blend of soothing, scalp-conditioning lanolin, costly cholesterol and other ingredients that contribute in rich measure to hair beauty.

## How to CREAM-TONE your hair with LADY WILDROOT!

It's easy! First brush your hair. Then part it, section by section. Rub Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing gently but thoroughly into your scalp, along the line of every part. Don't be afraid to use plenty; it's good for your hair.

Continue rubbing until all the cream disappears — leaving your scalp glistening, relaxed, cream-washed, cream-toned. Now relax! Give the rich emollients in Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing time to soften and soothe. Let the luxurious lanolated oils work

their magic all the way from your scalp to the very tip ends of your hair! Keep the cream on as long as you wish — a few minutes, a half hour, or even over-night.

## After CREAM-TONING

## ... Shampoo!

Now for a good shampoo! You'll like the active bubbly lather in Lady Wildroot Shampoo... the way it *dissolves* and floods away any remaining excess cream, taking with it dirt, grime, loose dandruff.

Give your hair a second quick-sudsing — with Lady Wildroot Shampoo! Then rinse, dry, and set.

Now, look at your hair! Your scalp is so pink and clean it glistens. Your hair is so fresh and clean it gleams. It's soft, radiant, beautifully manageable — easy to coax into deep, easy waves. Women troubled with dry hair, frizziness, split ends, find this cream-tone conditioning a joyous discovery. Women with too-oily, sticky, gummy hair like the way it does away with excess oil.

## TRY IT TONIGHT!

You'll never know, you couldn't begin to guess, your hair's own natural too-long-hidden beauty until you CREAM-TONE your scalp with new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing!

(Girls who haven't time for a complete CREAM-TONE treatment put a teaspoon of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing in the final rinse — after an ordinary shampoo — and find their hair extra soft, extra radiant, extra manageable — snarls and tangles magically smoothed. Others use Lady Wildroot for daily good grooming — to tame fly-away locks, calm unruly curls and straggles.)

## GUARANTEED! or double your money back!

If you have been hunting for a solution to dry hair, oily hair, frizzy hair; if you want to see how glamorously lovely your hair can be... then tonight, CREAM-TONE your hair. Your favorite store has Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing in the 50¢ and \$1.00 sizes.

If you don't agree tomorrow morning that your scalp is cleaner, your hair more radiant, then return the bottle and Wildroot will gladly send you DOUBLE your money back.

Don't forget — BE glamorous, Be beautiful. Tonight... CREAM-TONE your hair... with Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing.



Cut this out and put it in your purse

REMINDER! Stop at your favorite store and buy a bottle of...

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← 2. Get Lady Wildroot Shampoo... for a soapless, sudsy, lanolin lovely, better-for-your-hair shampoo.







Sun smart: Esther Williams is next in "One Piece Bathing Suit"

## the Sun and You

Sun time can be fun time, if you take a tip from the stars of Hollywood—and meet the sun halfway! Comes the Fourth of July and lobster red won't win you any beauty prizes. But there's nothing like a smooth, golden tan for winning kudos in the long, low whistle department, as the stars know.

Don't you be the girl who tries to get her tan all at once. Because it doesn't work that way. The sizzle-and-fry method is not only old-fashioned, it can be downright harmful—as the thousands of victims who spend their vacations in hospital beds each year can testify.

It's not the heat of the sun that frizzles your skin, it's the ultraviolet light rays. That's why, if the sun is bright, you can get a severe burn even on a cool day. These "burn" rays are strongest when the sun is high. So be extra careful between the hours of 10 A.M. and 3 P.M.

Like that smooth tan you see on your favorite stars? You can look glamorous with a tan, too. Get your suntan gradually. Late afternoon or early morning is a safe time to start. Stay out only fifteen minutes the first day. Then, each following day, you can allow fifteen minutes more. If you're the lass with the delicate air—blue eyes and golden hair—you probably burn every time Old Sol gets a good look at you. So take it even slower than your darker sisters, starting with five minutes a day.

The stars of Hollywood have found there's nothing like a good suntan preparation to promote a luscious, golden

tan. These preparations are chemically formulated to screen out the "burning" rays of the sun while allowing the "tanning" rays to come through.

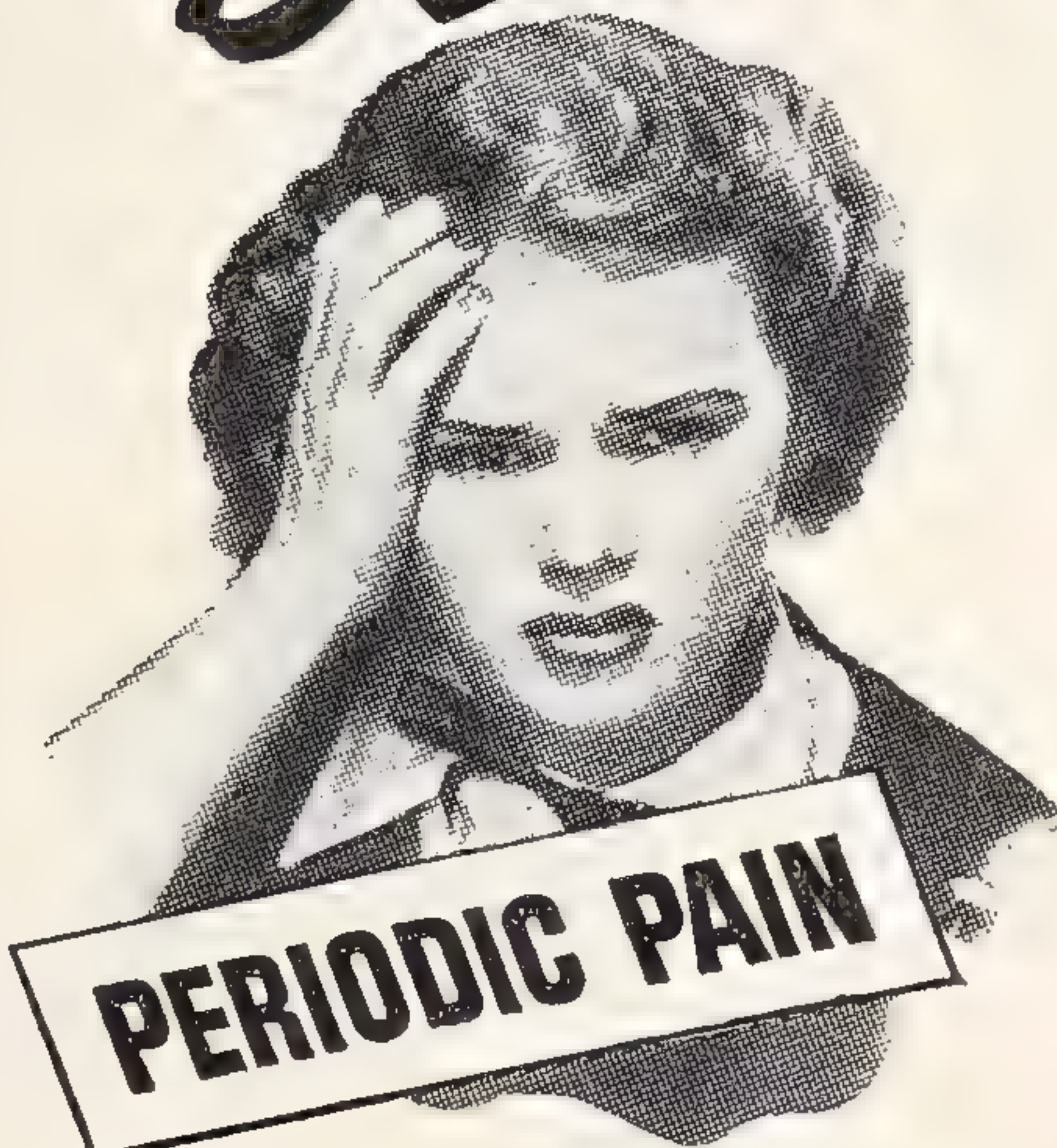
Remember, too, that you are more likely to develop a bad case of sunburn at the beach or on snow-covered mountains. At these places the direct sunlight combines with the reflected glare from sand and water, or from snow and ice. Sun can be harmful even when the sky is overcast, so be careful on hazy days as well as bright ones.

A word of caution that we hope is unnecessary: Don't let fuzzy legs and underarms mar the effect of your smooth tan. It's easy to keep hair-free these days with a fragrant, pink shaving cream designed exclusively for women, to say nothing of the new, very feminine and dainty razors we've seen. Non-shavers might try a speedy, depilatory cream that's a whizz at removing superfluous hair—and odorless, too.

The girl who keeps herself fresh and dainty all year 'round sometimes forgets that it takes *extra* care in the summertime. That's because she's not only more exposed, but more active. Tuck a container of your favorite deodorant in your beach bag and be sure of your grooming. There are deodorants to suit all tastes—liquid sprays, creams, lotions and pads. New light-weight plastic containers that can't spill are especially good travelers, favorites with stars as they journey across country.

An added precaution, and so pleasant to use, are deodorant body powders that help you keep fresh all over—longer.

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## STAR CANDIDS

1. Lana Turner
2. Betty Grable
3. Ava Gardner
4. Clark Gable
5. Alan Ladd
6. Tyrone Power
7. Gregory Peck
8. Rita Hayworth
9. Esther Williams
11. Elizabeth Taylor
14. Cornel Wilde
15. Frank Sinatra
17. Van Johnson
18. Rory Calhoun
19. Peter Lawford
20. Howard Duff
21. Bob Mitchum
22. Burt Lancaster
23. Bing Crosby
24. Shirley Temple
26. June Haver
27. June Allyson
29. Ronald Reagan
30. Dana Andrews
31. Glenn Ford
45. Bob Ryan
46. Kathryn Grayson
48. Gene Kelly
50. Diana Lynn
51. Doris Day
52. Montgomery Clift
53. Richard Widmark
54. Mona Freeman
55. Wanda Hendrix
56. Perry Como
57. Bill Holden
59. John Garfield
60. Bill Williams
61. Barbara Hale
63. Barbara Lawrence
64. Lon McCallister
65. Jane Powell
66. Gordon MacRae
67. Ann Blyth
68. Jeanne Crain
69. Jane Russell
70. John Agar
71. John Lund
73. Bob Stack
74. John Wayne
75. Yvonne de Carlo
76. Richard Conte
78. Audie Murphy
79. Dan Dailey
82. Larry Parks
83. Macdonald Carey
84. Janet Leigh
85. Wendell Corey
86. Farley Granger
87. Louis Jourdan
88. Tony Martin
90. Cary Grant
91. John Derek
92. Guy Madison
93. Ricardo Montalban
94. Mario Lanza
95. Joan Evans
97. Kirk Douglas
98. Gail Russell
101. Keefe Brasselle
102. Dick Contino
103. Scott Brady
104. Bill Lawrence
105. Vic Damone
106. Shelley Winters
107. Richard Todd
108. Vera-Ellen
109. Dean Martin
110. Jerry Lewis
111. Howard Keel
112. Susan Hayward
113. Barbara Stanwyck
114. Hedy Lamarr
115. Betty Hutton
116. Coleen Gray
117. Terry Moore
118. Ruth Roman
119. Patricia Neal
120. Arlene Dahl
121. Tony Curtis
127. Piper Laurie
128. Debbie Reynolds
129. Penny Edwards
130. Carleton Carpenter
131. Jerome Courtland
132. Polly Bergen
133. Marshall Thompson
134. Gene Nelson
135. Jeff Chandler
136. Rock Hudson
137. Stewart Granger
138. John Barrymore, Jr.
139. Debra Paget
140. Dale Robertson
141. Marilyn Monroe
142. Leslie Caron
143. Pier Angeli
144. Mitzi Gaynor
145. Marlon Brando

## COWBOY SPECIALS

25. Dale Evans
33. Gene Autry
34. Roy Rogers
35. Sunset Carson
36. Monte Hale
37. Hopalong Cassidy
38. Bill Elliott
39. Johnny Mack Brown
40. Al "Lash" LaRue
41. Jimmy Wakely

## Honeymoon House

(Continued from page 49)

of the house to return and mix a relaxing before-dinner cocktail.

It's in this room that Liz and Mike spend most of their time. "It's not a fancy, formal drawing room," Liz said, "it's our morning room, entertaining room and plain old at-home room. We have our books here," pointing up to the ceiling-high shelves on either side of the fireplace, "our records, our painting. . ."

Mike's return was marked by a slam of the front door. He bounded up the stairs two at a time. "Hello, darling," he yelled, smudges of film make-up on his neck, indicating the speed with which he had dressed and rushed home.

"You're early, dear." Liz jumped up, trying to pout and smile at the same time. "I haven't gotten dressed. . ." and she rushed for the bedroom.

She would let no pictures be taken there. "Everything's such a mess," she said. "We have only the one big closet."

Frica, the six-weeks-old puppy, had set up residence on an island of newspapers and cushions smack in the middle of the floor. Liz said, "After we read about her—homeless and all—in the paper, Mike must have made twenty phone calls, trying to track her down. Then he disappeared for

"The difference between kissing your girl friend and your sister is about twenty-nine seconds."

. . . PETER LAWFORD

hours, coming back with her in his pocket. I don't know how my poodle at home is going to like Fricka, but when Mike and I go to Hollywood I couldn't bear to leave her behind."

Mike called from the living room. "Hey, hurry up. This isn't a fancy dress ball." Hurriedly, Liz finished dressing, to appear finally in a gray and white pepper-and-salt tweed dress over four crinoline petticoats. A bright red leather belt accentuated her tiny waist. She had changed into high-heeled shoes but she wore no stockings. "Can't get out of that California habit," she grinned.

On the first floor of the Wildings' duplex apartment there's an office—a small well-lit room holding a desk, telephone and a few chairs. Here, Mike's secretary answers his fan mail, sends out his pictures and does all his "Girl Friday" chores. Liz, showing the room, wandered over to the typewriter. "Mike's teaching me to type," she confided, "so I can answer all the congratulatory letters myself."

The kitchen was warm and alive with the mouth-watering aromas of dinner in preparation. By American standards, it's old-fashioned, but the average London housewife would be thrilled with the large refrigerator, the efficient gas stove and the selection of shiny pots and pans.

"Michael adores custard," said his bride. "Would Madam care to stir the custard?" asked the cook, proffering the saucepan. She tied a blue and white apron around her mistress's waist and Liz tried to look professional as she tasted and stirred.

In the dining room, Liz surveyed the dinner table, lit the candles and moved the silver candlesticks further from the centerpiece of spring flowers.

The glow of candlelight was in her eyes. Or was it the candlelight, after all? For as she said goodbye, she whispered, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if Fricka had a little baby to play with?"

THE END



# She Dared Him to Marry Her

(Continued from page 39)

Hollywood said: "She'll never marry O'Curran." There was a time when she'd have flipped back: "You're so right!"

This is the story of how she changed her mind.

They had something in common from the start—mutual dislike. He disliked her for good and sufficient reasons. She disliked him for no reason but feminine illogic. They met on the Paramount lot while she was rehearsing her trapeze work for "The Greatest Show on Earth" and he was doing the choreography on "Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick."

Charlie retains the more vivid memory of that meeting. The voice calling, "Hi, Bee!" as he crossed to the commissary with Bee Allen, his assistant. The introduction. "You know Charlie O'Curran, don't you, Betty?" The blue glance fleetingly uplifted. "Oh, sure. Sure I know him. What else is new, Bee?"

He watched the trim figure depart. "Where she comes from, don't they say hello?"

"That's a swell kid, Charlie. She just doesn't see people when she's excited—" "Uh-huh—"

Last July she started "Somebody Loves Me." In the commissary producer William Perlberg brought Charlie over to her table. "Betty, I'd like you to meet your choreographer—" She took in the tall figure, the lean face, the eyes that seemed to regard her with amused detachment, and hostility rose in her like a tide. What Betty feels, she makes no attempt to mask. Instead of the friendly "Hi!" that's normal to her, she came out with a frozen-faced, "Howd'y'do."

At the dance rehearsals that followed, she'd have no part of him—quite a feat in view of his key position, but she managed nicely. "Go away, I'll learn it from Bee, Bee can teach it to me better than you can—" Seemingly unruffled, he'd take Bee through the step and she'd pass it on to Betty. Far from pacifying the lady, his good humor served only to nettle her further. "I know I'm acting like a brat," she confessed to Bee. "But there's something in him that brings out the worst in me."

Nevertheless, she felt a little shame-faced and made an effort or two with the olive branch. "Ever see me in any of my pictures?" she inquired airily.

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## a perfect solution to a woman's most intimate problem

Spectacular  
**Rabbit's Eye Tests** prove ZONITE'S  
Absolute Safety to body tissues

Many women who've been married for quite a number of years are still worried and confused about feminine hygiene. They *do* realize the absolute necessity of intimate feminine cleanliness for health, married happiness and to protect against offensive odors. But they're doubtful about *what* antiseptic to use in their douche. Doctors repeatedly warn against the use of overstrong solutions of *poisonous* and *caustic* antiseptics because they've seen the serious injuries resulting from their continued use.

A foolproof rule is to use no germicide that cannot be accidentally SWALLOWED WITH SAFETY. To what germicide, then, can a woman turn with confidence that it's *powerful enough* yet *not* a poison—*not* harmful? A perfect solution is ZONITE! It is a powerful germicide yet positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

### Proof of ZONITE'S ABSOLUTE SAFETY to Tissues

As any doctor or nurse will tell you, before the discovery of ZONITE, there really was no antiseptic powerful enough except poisons. Then the great ZONITE antiseptic principle was developed by a world-famous surgeon and scientist. And what a blessing to womankind! At last they had

a *powerful germ killer*—one *absolutely safe* to delicate tissues.

Laboratory tests show that ZONITE, as used in the douche, was put twice daily for three months in rabbits' eyes (whose membranes are far more delicate than any in the vaginal tract). Not the slightest irritation appeared at any time. You can be assured: *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet safe to tissues.*

### Warns Against Use of Vinegar

Would you use vinegar as a deodorant? Of course you wouldn't! Would you pour vinegar over an open cut and expect germicidal protection? Of course not! Vinegar and other preparations have valuable uses for the household, but no intelligent woman should use such homemade makeshift solutions for the most intimate concern in her life.

### ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

ZONITE completely deodorizes. It cleanses and flushes away odor-causing waste substances and deposits. ZONITE helps prevent infection and kills every germ it reaches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be *sure* ZONITE kills every reachable germ. Always use as directed.

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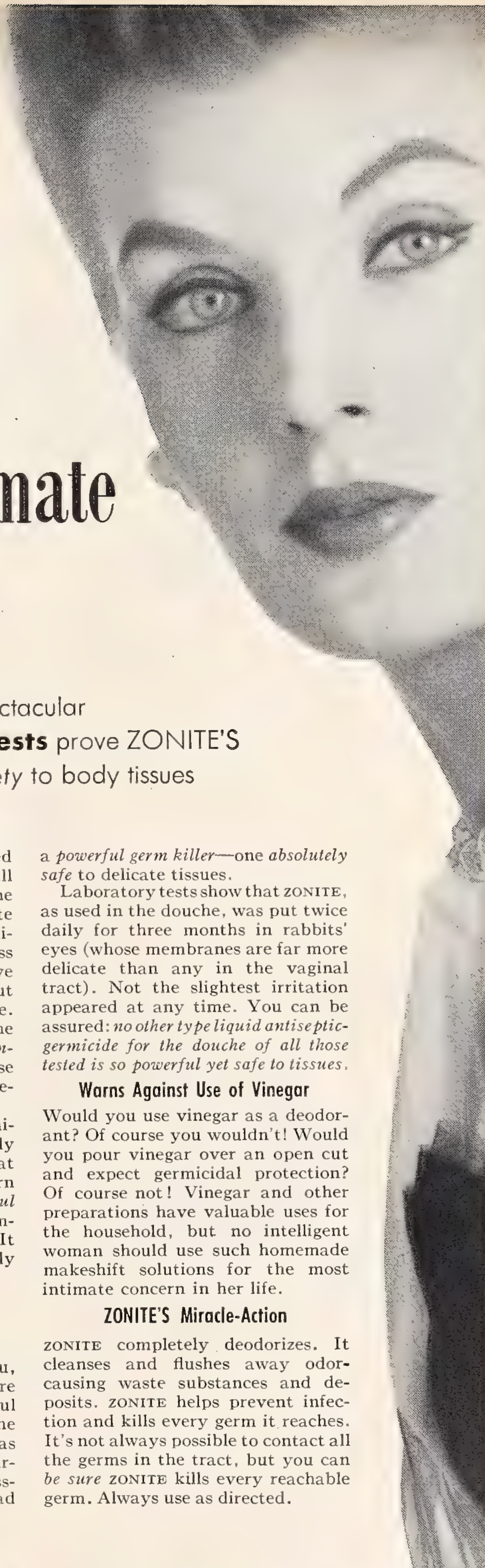
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### When leaving an upper berth, should you—

- ☐ Dress completely    ☐ Wear a robe  
☐ Ring a bell

To save your neck, you can't get down—unless you ring the bell that fetches the porter (with a ladder)! It's okay to dress in the ladies' room. So wear your robe without feeling self-conscious. In *any* situation—at certain times, Kotex keeps you *self-assured*. Those *flat pressed ends* banish telltale outlines. And for extra comfort, there's your new Kotex belt, made with soft-stretch elastic. Non-twisting. Non-curling. Washable; dries pronto!



### Should this summer's barefoot belle consider—

- ☐ Snakes    ☐ A pedicure    ☐ Poison ivy

Your tootsies are showing! They'd better be well pedicured. Cut toenails short; straight across. Use lacquer to match your paw-paint, and pul-lease—repair chipped polish! Belles on their toes don't risk embarrassment. And they meet "*calendar*" needs with Kotex, for that *safety center* gives extra protection. You stay comfortable, too, because Kotex *holds its shape*.

## Are you in the know?



### Know how to "click" with a camera?

- ☐ Grin and face it    ☐ Try a trick or two

Make your snapshot wallet-worthy. Don't stand facing the lens squarely; cameras play hob with a chassis that's even a wee bit on the wide side. A good trick's to pose your frame at an angle. And when "those" days pose the problem of choosing the just-right absorbency of Kotex—the trick's to try *all 3!*



More women choose KOTEX\*  
than all other sanitary napkins

Again there was the mocking glint in his eye. "Only a couple I thought you were lousy in. But I heard 'Annie' was great," he grinned. "Have to catch it some day."

On another occasion, flushed and happy over mastering an intricate step, she turned to him, for the first time naturally. "Well, how'd you like it?"

His Irish humor got the best of him. "Well, I thought it was pretty bad—"

Seconds later she found her voice. "You—burn—me—up," she snapped, each word a tiny explosion, before flouncing out.

Echoes of dissension reached Mr. Perlberg, who sent for O'Curran. "If you can't work with Hutton, I'll have to take you off the picture."

"I wish you would."

"Look, Charlie, she's really a swell gal. Hard to handle, maybe, if she thinks you're against her. But if you're with her, she's a lamb. Let her know you're with her."

"A cinch!" was the grim reply. "Especially when she's not even talking to me—"

... They were shooting the dances now. The exit step of the *Todalo* number baffled Betty. Take after futile take was ruined. Her head dropped into her hands. "I just can't get it!"

Checking Bee, who'd started toward her, Charlie strode over to the huddled figure himself. The workers on the set went tense. Everyone liked them both and their battling hadn't been any fun. "Listen, Betty—" said Charlie. Her head flew up, her eyes blazed into his, which remained gentle. "Let me show you this once what you're doing wrong. Then if you want to go back to the old way, it's fine with me."

To genuine kindness, she responds like a kitten being stroked. But she's stubborn, too. For a moment, the warring impulses clashed, then she rose to her feet. "All right, show me."

He did—to such purpose that on the next take she whirled offstage in a triumphant exit. Returning, she went straight to Charlie, her face oddly sober after the glow of exhilaration just past. Those on the set fell silent, sensing something in the air. "I owe you all an apology," said Betty. "Charlie's been right and I've been wrong. I want to tell him and you that I'm sorry. I want you to know it won't happen again."

That's when he began falling in love with her.

She wasn't in love with him. She liked him. Professionally, she admired and trusted him. When they asked her to do a benefit at the Coconut Grove, it was Charlie who staged a roof-raising number for her. It was Charlie who had to stand where she could see him, to keep her from being scared to death. But all this was by way of business. After the show he took her and some friends to dinner. The girls rode in Betty's car. Charlie trailed them, tooting his horn all the way. Real silly, thought Betty, but kind of cute. And dismissed him from her mind.

Betty's a complicated girl. Show business runs through her veins, and at sixty she'll doubtless be doing a Sophie Tucker. On the other hand, she aches for the haven of a husband's love, and remains doggedly convinced that you can mix marriage and career, if you find the right man. She knows she's strong-willed. Without that will, she'd never have reached the spot she's in today. But strength has its drawbacks, and she holds it partly responsible for the failure of her first marriage. She must find someone stronger than herself, someone her name wouldn't overshadow.

One night Charlie took Betty to the Tropics for dinner. In the car on the way home, his arm slipped around her. She removed it firmly. "Charlie, I like you."

P.S.

Have you tried Delsey\*! It's the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex. A tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.\* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

\*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



I think you're a swell guy. Let's keep it that way. Anything else is out."

"But Betty, I love you. I'm in love with you. I want to marry you tomorrow." Flatly she answered, "I wouldn't marry you in eight million years. It would never work out."

"Do you love me, Betty?"

"I—don't know."

But she did know. And the thought scared her.

"Just don't talk to me about anything but dancing. Just keep it business."

But that didn't work at all. She missed the warmth and gayety of his companionship. Indeed, she felt lost without him, though this she wasn't admitting even to herself. They went out together, but the inner conflict still raged and she clung like mad to her original line. If they couldn't keep it business, they'd keep it friendship. So long as he understood that marriage was out.

There was nothing dramatic or sudden about her reversal. Little by little the conflict lessened. One morning she woke up to find her vision clear.

Betty has a complex about herself. All her life she's been hearing, "You're too forceful, you act like a man," till she came to regard her strength as a kind of weakness, which put her on the defensive. Basically, she's as feminine as the next, a fact to which she scorns to draw attention. Charlie took her femininity for granted. It never seemed to occur to him that you were less a woman for having always stood on your own feet. In charming natural ways he made her feel like a girl. He wouldn't let her open the car door. He told her she was beautiful. Conditioned to years of underrating her looks, she turned on him. "I'm not beautiful. I'm an ox."

"You're beautiful," he repeated tranquilly, and her heart sang in spite of itself. It's nice for a man to think you are, she exulted, especially when you're not.

She found that with Charlie she could always be herself. There was no undercurrent of strain. Working on a rigid schedule, she reacts against any pattern in her social life and likes to play impromptu. If she craved a hot dog instead of steak, or was seized by the yen to bake

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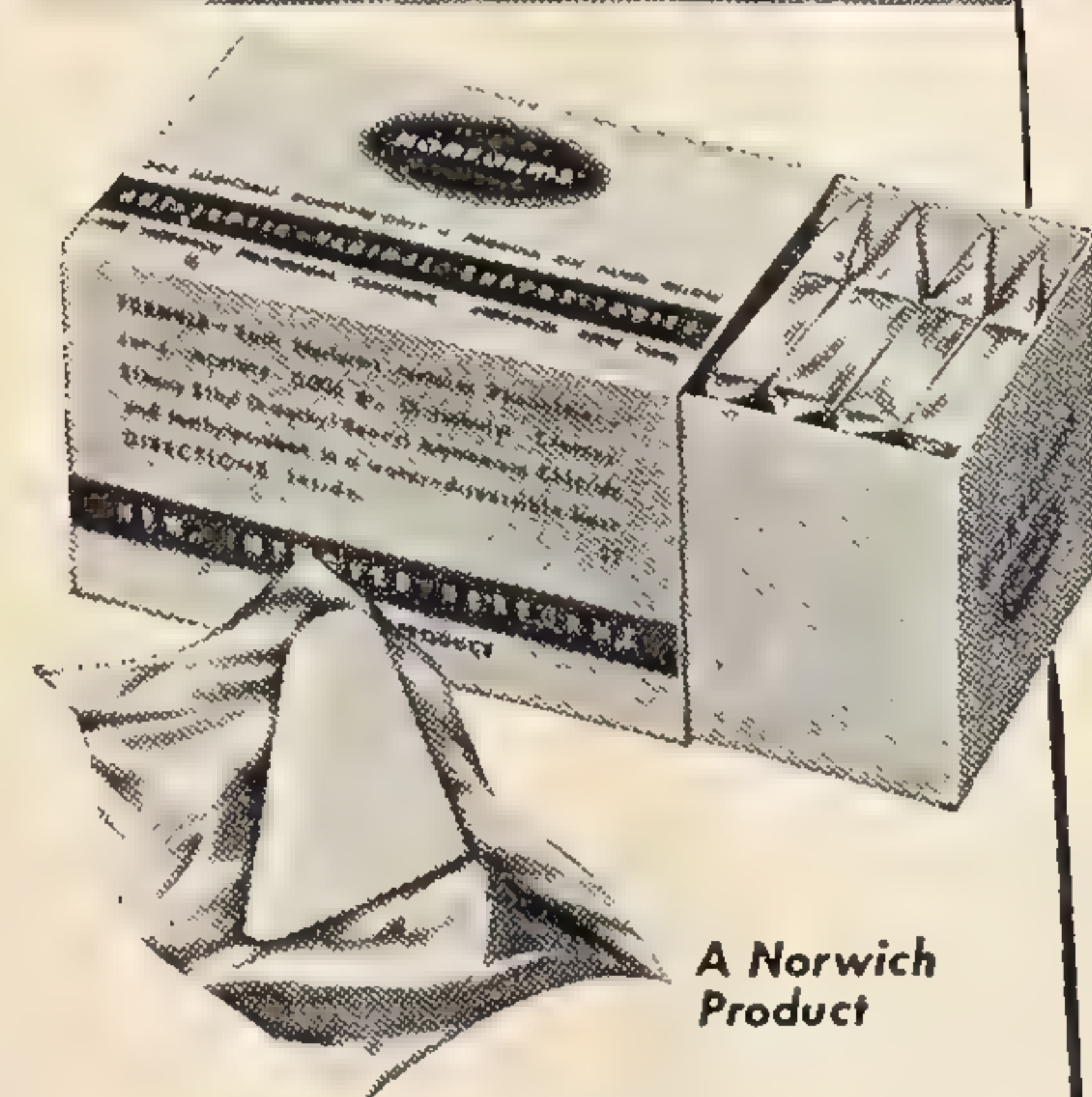
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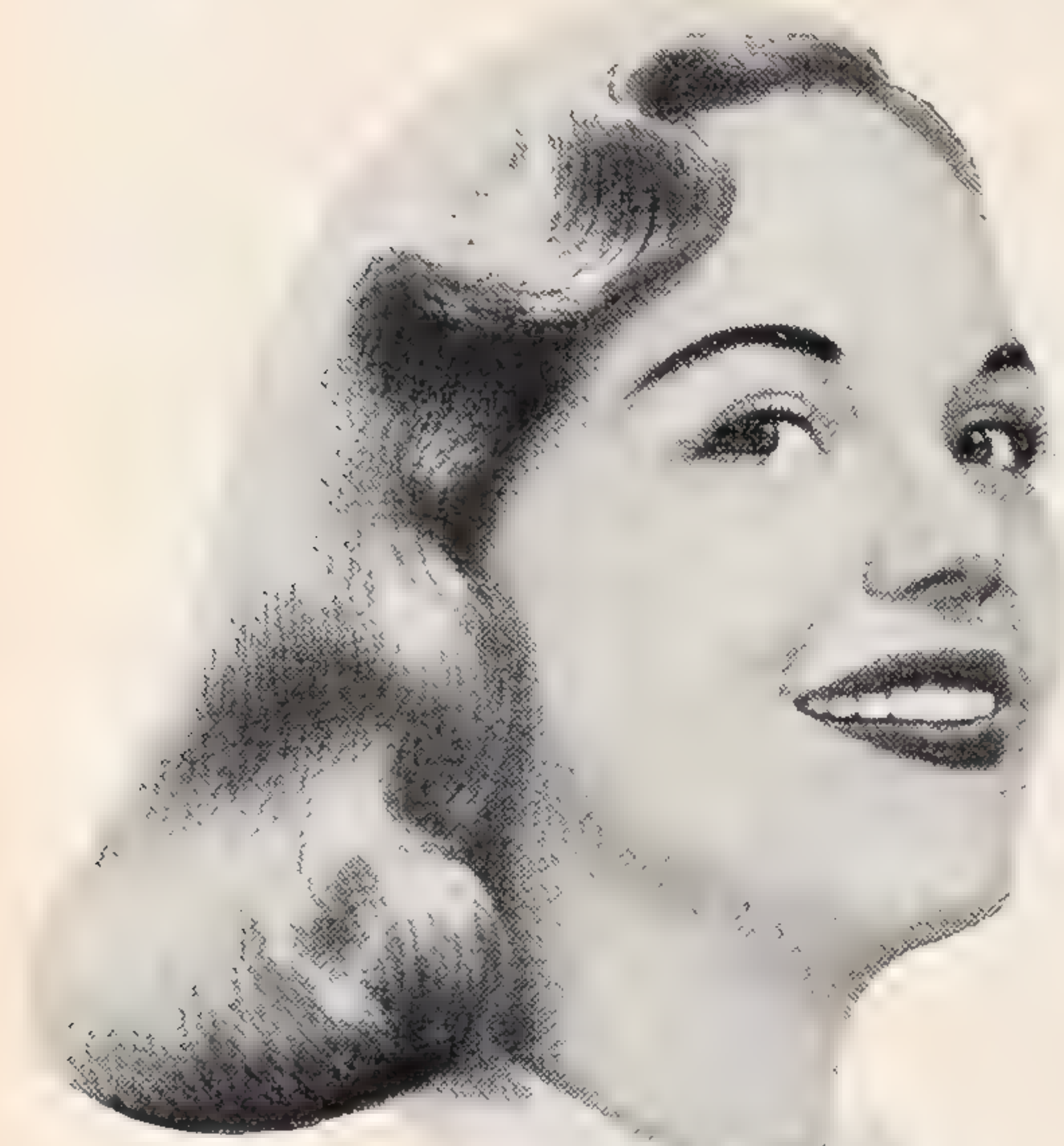
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a potato in the fireplace, Charlie didn't think it was crazy, he thought it was normal. They could sit in the stupidest joint with a jukebox, and have a million laughs. Simple-minded, maybe, but so what? For the first time she'd met a man who was hep to her professional problems and shared her sense of fun. It made for an atmosphere both stimulating and relaxed.

Her career's a big thing to Betty, but her children are bigger. Whatever she felt for Charlie, if he'd failed to go over with them, he'd have been a dead duck. That they tumbled for him on sight is no accident. He's the kind who once took eight kids to the playground and came home with nine. The surplus howled like a banshee on being delivered back to his natural guardians.

Lindsay and Candy call him Charlie-ocurran, all in one piece. "I'm a queen tonight, Charlieocurran," Lindsay'd proclaim, "and you're my slave."

He'd sweep her a bow. "What is Your Majesty's will?"

"My Majesty banishes you from my kingdom. Go in the closet."

There he'd suffocate till Royalty relented, or Royalty's parent issued her own proclamation. "Enough is enough!"

He's never showered them with expensive gifts that they need like they need a couple of spare heads. But with natural courtesy, he'd include a nosegay for each when he sent Betty flowers. For the rest, he'd come loaded under the kind of junk that fascinates kids—rubber spiders, and magic tricks which he carefully taught them how to pull on their mother. In this, as in other respects, he's their natural ally. Candy and nuts on the table are taboo for the youngsters. Or were, till Charlie came along. "What's on the chandelier, Betty?" he'd ask. Nothing was on the chandelier, but when she looked back, there'd be a suspicious bulge in the cheeks of her daughters. "What have you got in your mouths?" Squealing, they'd make a dash for Charlie, who'd grab one under each arm and sprint for cover.

Betty's nature is nothing if not direct and honest. In love, all that mattered was yourself and the other person. By now she knew Charlie for what he was—a gifted and ambitious worker, a man of warmth and simplicity and humor whose goodness cropped up in many gentle ways. He went to church every Sunday, rain or shine. Bums took one look at his face and came up for the handout that never failed. Eight million dollars wouldn't buy the favor of her kids. They adored Charlie for free. These were basic things and the rest was claptrap. Before she left for Korea, they'd reached an understanding.

The understanding included marriage, but not yet, and this was Charlie's doing even more than Betty's. As her misgivings melted, his drove deeper. Fully conscious of the risks of marriage to a star, he wanted those risks minimized before taking the leap. His professional goal is to become a director. "It's only common sense to wait till that happens."

"Sure," agreed Betty. "I'm all for common sense."

What she saw and felt in Korea put sense to rout. The horror and heartbreak, the naked facts of life and death. The haunting loneliness of thousands of kids, wrenched from everything dear to them, trying to hide the loneliness under a wisecrack. But even as you sang and danced to them, you could feel it washing over you, engulfing you, leaving you desolate and alone as they were alone.

"But you're lucky," she'd tell herself grimly. "You're going home, These kids feel the same way you do, and they're stuck here. Some'll never get home, never get to live their lives out. And what're you doing with *your* life? Wasting the years, standing happiness up in a corner till you're good and ready."

Midst the thousands of men in Korea Betty felt more alone than ever before in her life. Alone—and facing courage all around her, she found courage. Courage not for the main event; that she'd always had. Courage simply to admit she was lonely—and that she didn't like being lonely.

They were all at the airport to meet her. The kids said, "Charlieocurran's been to see us every day."

Betty's sister Marion said, "If you don't marry the guy, I'll get a divorce from Jack and marry him myself."

And her mother, Mabel, said, "With *this* one I'm comfortable. Grammar or no grammar, he never looks at me like I'm fresh from the zoo."

Jack Douglas, Marion's husband, turned to Charlie. "You going to marry her? Hm, and I thought we Irish were supposed to be lucky!"

From the shelter of Charlie's arm, Betty surveyed them. "What gives? When I left, you weren't so hot for the gent. Great! Makes everything simple."

"Like what?" asked Mabel, who can smell out her daughter's meanings quicker than most. But for once Betty held her peace.

That was Saturday. On Monday, St. Patrick's Day, they started intensive rehearsals for Betty's engagement at the Palace Theatre in New York. And, with Bee Allen, wound up at Lucey's for dinner. Charlie unfolded his napkin. "Something

# HELP

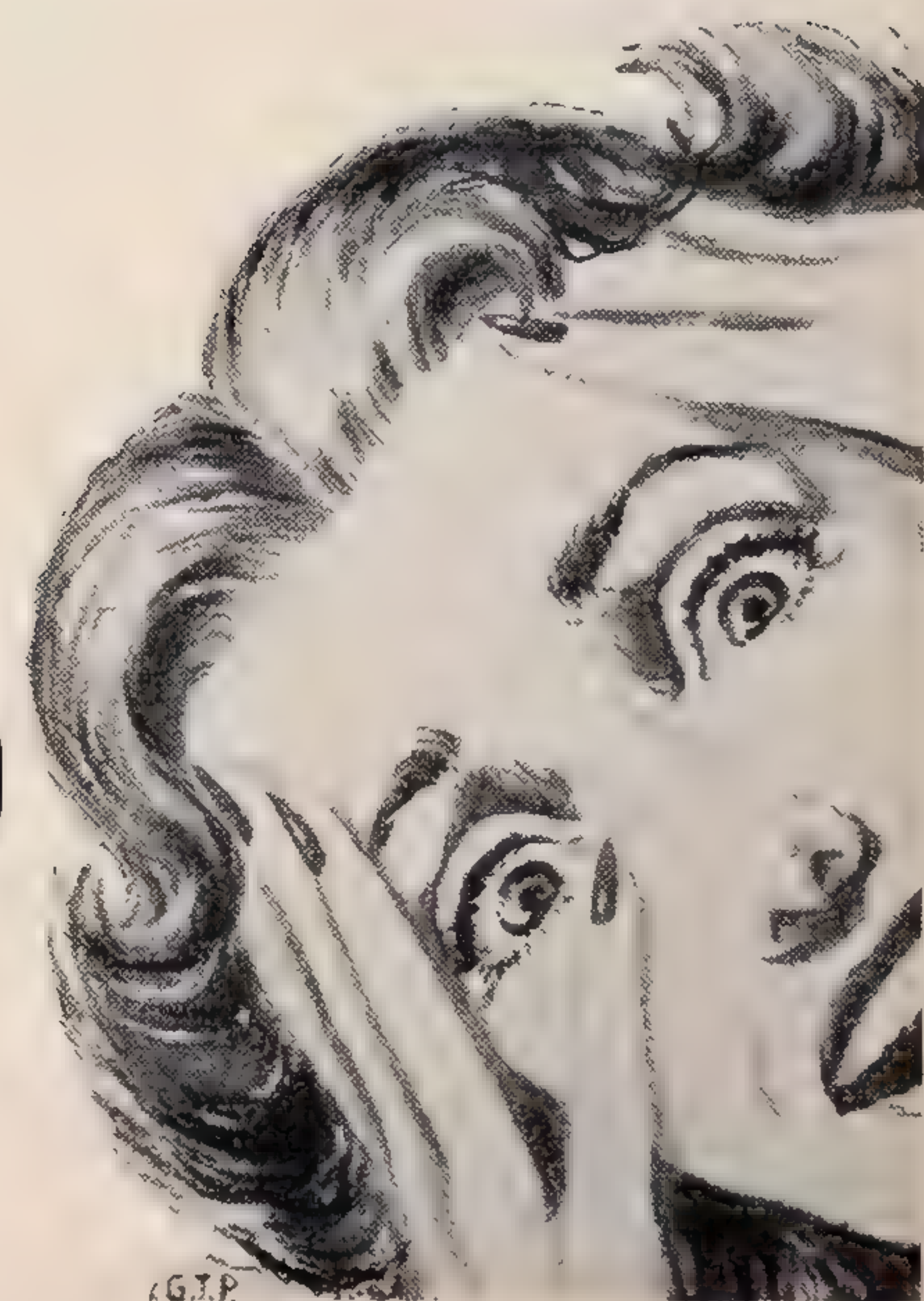
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terrible's going to happen today," he said. "What can happen?" "On St. Patrick's Day, I always get into fight." "Then let's fight about something worth while. Like getting married." "That's settled." "Let's unsettle it." "Don't be silly. I can't marry you till I'm a director." "Don't be silly yourself. You can marry me now. I love you." Okay, he thought, if she wanted to play games, and he proceeded to marshal her former arguments against her. She pushed them off, so he dug up a few of his own; for instance, he wouldn't have people saying he'd married for glamour. She snapped her fingers; who cared what people said? He began to perceive that she was in dead earnest and it scared him off. She saw straight through his panic and made a frontal attack. "I dare you to call up right now and find out when a plane leaves for Las Vegas." "Don't dare an Irishman on St. Patrick's Day." "We can be married on St. Patrick's Day if you hurry." He returned from the phone, obviously relieved. "No plane till one-thirty." "Call Betsy then. (Betsy Dalton's her secretary.) She'll arrange for a private plane." He was really sweating now. "What's the matter, Charlie? Afraid to marry me?" "Darn right I'm afraid. But I'll marry you, anyway. Only—look at me, Betty—you've got to be sure." The eyes she lifted were steady and serene. "I'm sure, Charlie." Betsy and Bee went along, though the bride who slept like a baby all the way needed no moral support, and the groom was too jittery to care. His fever rose

and fell like a pitching ship. In the middle of Las Vegas he stopped dead. "We have no ring."

"Relax," said Betty, and dropped into his palm a ring her mother had given her, its pearls reset from a cross. "With love from Mabel."

Being an Irish sentimentalist, he felt better. But it took something more to restore his poise completely. In the chapel of The Last Frontier, they were asked what music they'd like. Through Betty's mind flitted "Because" or "O Promise Me." She turned to Charlie. "The 'Ave Maria,'" he said. As it broke from the organ, beautiful, dear and familiar, his heart soared and peace descended like a mantle, while the girl beside him prayed her earnest prayer.

Not till the final words were spoken did she come to earth. It was twelve-forty. "Never mind, husband," she whispered as they clung together. "We'll still celebrate on St. Patrick's Day—"

Our postscript concerns Ted and the children.

On the phone from Las Vegas Betty told her daughters she was bringing them a surprise. The nurse in turn had a pleasant surprise for her. "Mr. Briskin called to congratulate you."

So they called him back from Las Vegas. Charlie spoke to him first. When Betty picked up the phone, she was near tears. "Oh, Ted, it was wonderful of you to call. I'll never forget it. You've made me feel so good."

His voice wasn't too steady either. "Are you happy, darling?"

"I couldn't be happier."

"That's all I want for you."

Charlie and Betty got home at two, nervous as a couple of runaways. "What's the surprise?" asked Lindsay. "Is it Roy Rogers?"

"No, it isn't Roy Rogers, honey." Betty cleared her throat. "Charlie and I are married."

Lindsay and Candy stared at them a moment, wide-eyed. Then Lindsay said, "Now Charlieocurran will play with us every day?" Candy echoed, "Every day?"

Betty dropped to her knees and drew them both into her arms. Her eyes swept up to Charlie, tall and blond, a playmate, yes, but more, her husband. Fleeting she remembered an interviewer asking Lindsay, then aged three, what she wanted to be when she grew up. And she remembered Lindsay's answer, "Why, a grown-up!" And Betty thought, "I've married a grown-up."

The photographers came swarming that afternoon. Betty put her foot down on pictures of the children. "You can shoot Charlie and me till the cows come home. But the girls are out."

The photographers understood.

Betty's a prime favorite in Hollywood. She's liked for her candor, her color, her scorn of pretense. Because of a bluff exterior few who meet her casually notice her sensitivity. Actually it's the key to Betty Hutton—to her determination for perfection in everything she does, to the kind of simple, perfect clothes she wears in private life, to the unstinting way she gives herself to every performance, whether in movies, in Korea, or at the Palace, to her awareness as a mother. It's the key, too, to her marriage to Charlie, for love.

Nobody can foresee the future. But on St. Patrick's Day—or nearly—two people pledged themselves in faith and in humility and in the passionate will to make each other happy. If these are enough, the marriage of the Charlieocurrans will be blessed. Please God.

THE END

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# Torch Song

(Continued from page 41)

Wyman was starring in musicals at Warners'."

That Travis was rich was fact number two to be aired. One actor friend of Jane's who works very hard for a modest living replied when asked what Travis *did*, "He spends money."

This was not quite fair. A couple of years ago Travis had enjoyed a carefree whirl in Hollywood social circles, distinguished chiefly by his well-padded pockets and the desire, not uncommon in these circles, to carve out a career as an actor. That desire, also not uncommonly, was never fulfilled. In Travis' case there was no lack of ambition or talent, but the young man fell heir, upon his father's death a year ago, not only to the Kleefeld fortune but to the heavy responsibility of running the family business. As head of Kleefeld and Son, a vast building enterprise, Travis is not only rich, but hard working.

Jane and Travis met last autumn at a dinner party. Jane was in one of her gay, bouncy moods—probably carried over from the Paramount set where she was winding up "Just for You," with Bing Crosby. Travis Kleefeld was completely captivated. He began bombarding her with invitations, with flowers, presents. Jane—apparently—couldn't have been less interested.

He telephoned her daily, with dogged tenacity, to ask her to go out with him. She was working, and that meant early to bed, or she had a previous engagement.

All this, of course, was before Jane broke off finally and—as the gossips insisted—heartbrokenly with Greg Bautzer.

Jane insisted to all questioners that she was *not* still in love with Greg, never had been in love with him as a matter of fact. But nobody believed it. It was not just another case of "the lady doth protest too much." When a girl is as important a star as Jane Wyman, the "private" in her private life is in quotes. And there were enough documented stories going the rounds—first of their marriage plans, then of Jane's dark, dark blues when they called the whole thing off—to convince the most wide-eyed that Greg and Jane had been a lot more to each other than casual friends.

They tried desperately to keep it a secret—by going to the Reagan childrens' pediatrician instead of to their own doctors—but they actually had come so close

to marriage that they had taken the Waserman tests required by California law before issuance of a marriage license.

Exactly why they called it quits at this point, in the very shadow of the altar, is their secret. But that Jane's heart was, if not broken, badly cracked when Greg took up again with *his* old flame, Ginger Rogers, was gossip fodder for weeks afterward at every important dinner party in town.

Jane, making like a gay girl, whirled around the night spots on the arm of one eligible bachelor after another, "proving" that all the stories about the "poor, lonely little movie star" were so much eyewash.

But her close friends knew better, and knowing that she was miserably unhappy, tried valiantly to cheer her up. One "surprise" party arranged for this purpose brought together an assortment of cheerers including Rocky Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck and Nancy Sinatra. And it is to be imagined that a good cry was enjoyed by all.

"Greg and I were just friends," Jane droned over and over again like a stuck phonograph record, but her friends knew better. And Greg Bautzer's friends knew better—people who know that amazing man refuse on good evidence to believe that any girl he pursues can remain unmoved for long.

There have been too many of them—Lana Turner, Dorothy Lamour, Ginger Rogers, Joan Crawford, to name a few.

Lana has admitted in print that she was mad for the man, confessed candidly that she married Artie Shaw in a moment of pique after Greg, to whom she considered herself engaged, stood her up on a date.

"One of the most charming men I've ever known," she said, adding good-naturedly (*her* broken heart mended long ago), "and the greatest escape artist in town."

The guy has something, there's no doubt about that.

Ask a man what it is and he'll tell you—"Greg's a *man's* man, virile, successful, a gentleman and a sportsman whether it's in the courtroom where he works, or on the tennis court or at the poker table, where he plays. And he's out to win . . . wherever he is.

"Yet, somehow, once he *has* won, he seems to lose interest—as though the fun

were all in the battle, the victory anticlimactic."

Ask a woman what it is about Bautzer and *she'll* tell you—

"He's a *woman's* man . . . thoughtful, considerate, attentive. If you ask him to the most informal dinner party, he'll send flowers the next day with a sweet note. If you go night-clubbing with him and are separated for so much as one dance, he'll send a waiter with a scribbled message: 'Miss you.'

"When you're with him you *know* that for him at that moment, at least, you're the only woman in the world, and the most beautiful."

Yes, the handsome and elusive Mr. Bautzer has something and a girl who has had her turn as the *only* girl feels it when he steps out of her life.

Jane felt it, all denials notwithstanding, and her friends felt for her in the early weeks after their break-up when her most valiant pooh-poohing rang false.

A hundred people hurt for Jane, for instance, on last New Year's Eve when she turned up at the Lou Wassermans' gala party escorted only by her eleven-year-old daughter, Maureen. Jane found Greg already there dancing rapturously with Ginger Rogers, and Jane's tears, as one witness put it, "glistened through the pancake."

It was very soon after that New Year's Eve party when Jane answered yet one more of the persistent Mr. Kleefeld's telephone calls, and startled him probably with, "Let's do go out together tonight—anywhere you say."

Everywhere Jane went after that, it seemed, Travis, like Mary's little lamb, "was sure to go."

But he wasn't "even a steady date." Jane said so herself.

And in the next breath she announced their engagement.

"Rebound!" the whole town whispered.

"The real thing," Jane countered fiercely, "we're in love."

But then, so quickly, sadly, too—for Jane is a dream girl whose dream romance has been long overdue—the engagement was off.

Another spring, another June, Jane Wyman may yet sing a love song.

But not yet.

The strains of the torch song still throb in her heart.

THE END

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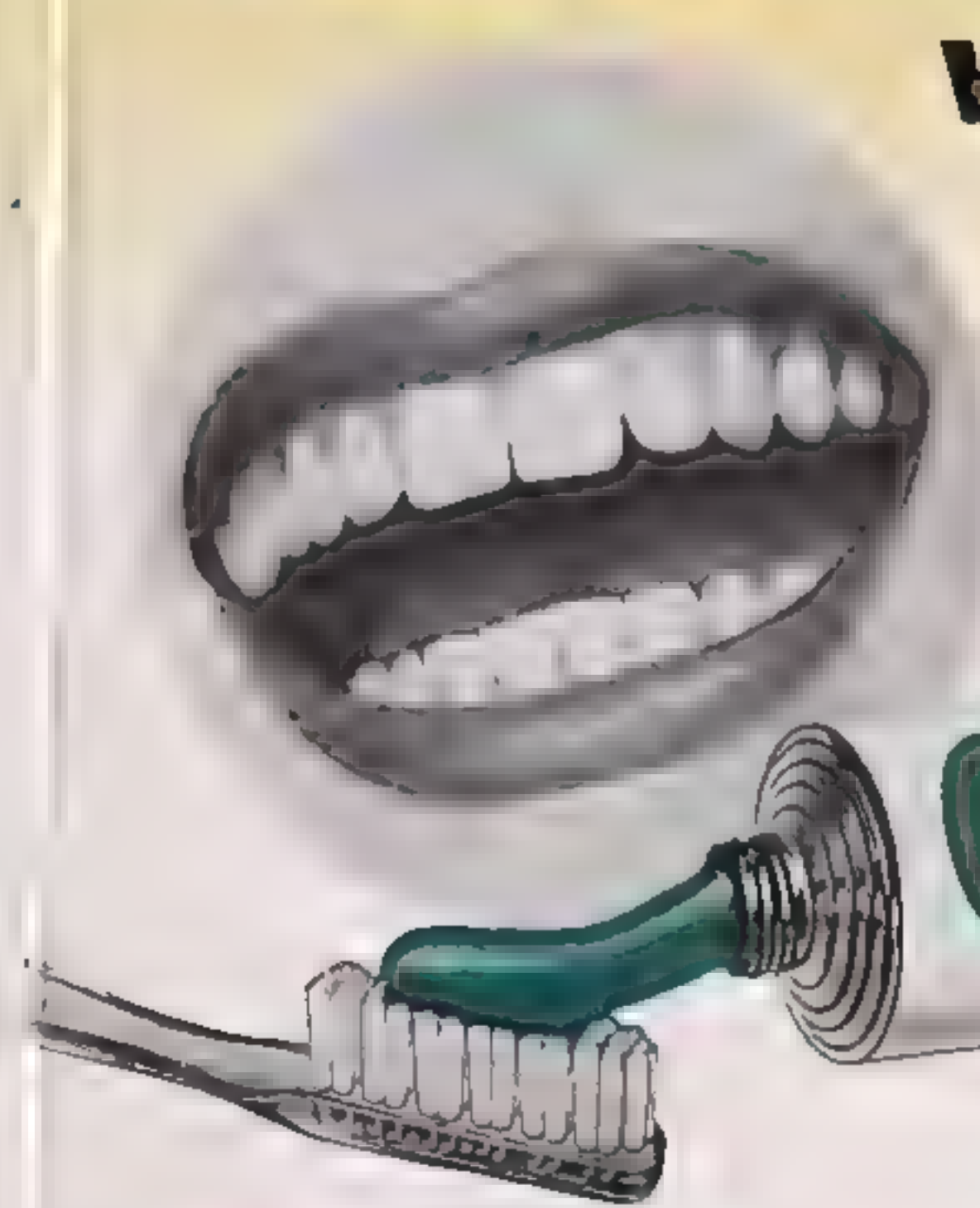
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# BRIEF REVIEWS

.....

A—For adults

F—For the whole family

See page 22 for this month's reviews

✓ (F) *AARON SLICK FROM PUNKIN CRICK*—Paramount, Technicolor: Musical version of the old-time melodrama with Robert Merrill and Adele Jergens as a couple of crooks who try to fleece farm girl, Dinah Shore. With Alan Young. (May)

½✓ (F) *ABOUT FACE*—Warners, Technicolor: Uninspired musical remake of "Brother Rat" with Gordon MacRae, Eddie Bracken and Dick Wesson as the three cadets who spend their time involved in the usual military school kind of nonsense. With Phyllis Kirk, Aileen Stanley Jr., Virginia Gibson. (June)

✓ (F) *ACTORS AND SIN*—U.A.: A drama and a comedy about the theatre and the motion picture industry are combined in this rather off-beat two-part film. Edward G. Robinson, Marsha Hunt are in the first episode. Eddie Albert, Jennie Hecht in the second. (Apr.)

✓ (A) *ANOTHER MAN'S POISON*—U.A.: A depressing British-made drama in which Bette Davis murders her husband to be free to marry Gary Merrill. (Apr.)

✓✓ (F) *ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN*—Paramount: Jose Ferrer comes to the U. S. in search of happiness and a long-lost uncle; finds both and a romance with Kim Hunter in the bargain in this charm-laden bit of Americana. With Kurt Kasznar, Eugenie Leontovich. (May)

✓ (F) *BATTLE AT APACHE PASS, THE*—U-I, Technicolor: Jeff Chandler repeats his *Cochise* character, and again tries to live in harmony with the white settlers until Bruce Cowling stirs up an incident that results in a bloody massacre. Susan Cabot, John Lund, John Hudson and Beverly Tyler are involved in the proceedings. (May)

½✓ (F) *BELLE OF NEW YORK, THE*—M-G-M, Technicolor: Vera-Ellen's a missionary worker and Fred Astaire a playboy in this rather disappointing lightweight musical set in the Gay Nineties period. With Marjorie Main, Keenan Wynn. (May)

✓✓ (F) *BELLES ON THEIR TOES*—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: The further adventures of the "Cheaper by the Dozen" family with Myrna Loy and her brood of twelve going through humorous and sentimental situations to keep their home intact after the death of Papa. With Jeanne Crain, Jeffrey Hunter, Barbara Bates, Debra Paget, Bob Arthur, Hoagy Carmichael, Edward Arnold. (June)

½✓ (F) *BEND OF THE RIVER*—U-I, Technicolor: Jimmy Stewart guides a party of determined Missourians to Oregon and gets involved in some intense action when former pal Arthur Kennedy tries to highjack the pioneers' food supply. With Julia Adams, Lori Nelson, Rock Hudson. (Apr.)

½✓ (F) *BIG TREES, THE*—Warners, Technicolor: Unscrupulous lumberman Kirk Douglas gets reformed by Eve Miller in this trite melodrama concerning the preservation of the Giant California redwood trees. With Pat Wymore, John Archer. (Apr.)

½✓ (F) *BRONCO BUSTER*—U-I, Technicolor: This tale about a young rider (Scott Brady) who becomes nasty and big-headed with success is almost one continuous rodeo show with a triangle involving Scott, John Lund and Joyce Holden tossed in to give the horses a respite. (June)

✓ (F) *BUGLES IN THE AFTERNOON*—Warners, Technicolor: Disgraced civil war officer Ray Milland goes west to join the U. S. Cavalry and clashes with villainous Hugh Marlowe and war-minded Sioux in this run-of-the-mill sage-brush drama. With Helena Carter. (Apr.)

½✓ (F) *CALIFORNIA CONQUEST*—Columbia, Technicolor: Cornel Wilde foils Mexicans and Russians and brings California into the Union all by himself according to this corny but fast-moving Western. With Teresa Wright. (May)

½✓ (F) *CAPTIVE CITY, THE*—U.A.: A suspenseful drama in which small-town newspaperman John Forsythe is faced with the problem of exposing, at the risk of his life, a gambling syndicate's branch in his community. With Joan Camden. (June)

½✓ (F) *DEADLINE U.S.A.*—20th Century-Fox: Newspaper editor Humphrey Bogart struggles to expose the head of a crime syndicate and save his paper from being dissolved. With Kim Hunter, Ethel Barrymore. A walloping drama. (June)

✓✓ (F) *ENCORE*—Paramount: Another trio of Somerset Maugham short stories unrelated in theme—dealing with a lazy playboy (Nigel Patrick), an old maid (Kay Walsh) and a high diver (Glynis Johns)—but all delightful. With Terence Morgan, Roland Culver. (June)

½✓ (F) *5 FINGERS*—20th Century-Fox: The best spy story in years based on actual events which took place in Turkey during World War II, with James Mason as the cool spy who sold top war secrets to the Nazis for mercenary reasons. With Danielle Darrieux, Michael Rennie. (May)

½✓ (F) *FLAMING FEATHER*—Paramount,

Technicolor: Blood 'n' thunder Western with Sterling Hayden and Forrest Tucker involved in a bet as to who could discover and capture a vicious outlaw. With Richard Arlen, Barbara Rush. (Apr.)

✓✓ (F) *FLESH AND FURY*—U-I: Tony Curtis, a deaf-mute fighter, incited by mercenary Jan Sterling to become champ, almost forfeits his career and Mona Freeman when he regains his hearing. An off-beat and absorbing behind-the-scenes fight yarn. (June)

½✓ (F) *GIRL IN EVERY PORT, A*—RKO: Bill Bendix and Groucho Marx, as two oldest sailors in the Navy, are involved in a lot of whacky goings on with horses. Marie Wilson and Don De Fore are in this nonsense comedy too. (Apr.)

½✓ (F) *GIRL IN WHITE, THE*—M-G-M: June Allyson plays the first woman doctor ever to be attached to a public hospital. Her work as an ambulance surgeon and her fight against bigotry and prejudice make for an interesting biographical drama. Co-starring Arthur Kennedy, Gary Merrill. (June)

✓✓ (F) *HIGH NOON*—U.A.: Gary Cooper, on the morning of his marriage to Grace Kelly, learns a man he sent to jail five years previously is returning to kill him. Unable to obtain help from the townspeople, Gary faces the killer and three henchmen alone in this adult and unbearably suspenseful Western. With Lloyd Bridges, Thomas Mitchell, Katy Jurado. (June)

✓ (A) *ISLAND OF DESIRE*—U.A., Technicolor: Fair adventure story about the events that ensue when Linda Darnell and Tab Hunter are shipwrecked on a South Pacific island. With Donald Gray. (May)

½✓ (F) *LION AND THE HORSE, THE*—Warners, Warnercolor: A beautiful and touching Western concerning Steve Cochran's love for a fiery stallion, climaxed by a fierce battle between the stallion and an escaped rodeo lion. (June)

✓✓ (F) *LONE STAR*—M-G-M: Clark Gable is for the Unionization of Texas, Brod Crawford is against it and Ava Gardner wavers politically and romantically between them in this lusty outdoor drama. (Apr.)

✓ (F) *LOVE IS BETTER THAN EVER*—M-G-M: A silly little comedy in which dancing teacher Liz Taylor pursues agent Larry Parks all over the place until she catches him. (Apr.)

✓ (F) *MA AND PA KETTLE AT THE FAIR*—U-I: Further misadventures of the homespun couple in which Ma loses a jam-making contest and Pa a sulky race. With Lori Nelson, James Best. (May)

½✓ (F) *MACAO*—RKO: Robert Mitchum, Jane Russell and William Bendix meet on a ship to Macao and all the shenanigans they get into on the island add up to a merely routine mystery. With Gloria Grahame. (June)

½✓ (F) *MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT, THE*—U-I: A delightful British-made comedy in which Alec Guinness invents an everlasting cloth—and throws the whole British textile industry into a turmoil. With Joan Greenwood. (Apr.)

✓ (F) *MARA MARU*—Warners: An average adventure story with Errol Flynn as a salvage diver who becomes involved in intrigue and murder when he goes after an unusual treasure which went down with his ship during World War II. With Ruth Roman, Richard Webb, Raymond Burr. (June)

½✓ (F) *MARRYING KIND, THE*—Columbia: Humor, tragedy and a lot of everyday plain living are unfolded in a marriage story of average couple Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray. With Madge Kennedy, Sheila Rond. (May)

½✓ (F) *MUTINY*—U.A., Technicolor: Mark Stevens as the skipper of a U.S. ship during the War of 1812 tries to break the British blockade and bring French gold back to America. A routine adventure yarn. With Angela Lansbury. (May)

½✓ (F) *MY SIX CONVICTS*—Columbia: Marshall Thompson, Gilbert Roland, Henry Morgan, Millard Mitchell, Alf Kjellin, Jay Adler prove to be unusual assistants to John Beal's experiment in establishing prison reforms. An entertaining and different kind of picture. (May)

½✓ (F) *MY SON JOHN*—Paramount: Helen Hayes returns to the screen after a seventeen-year absence in the heartbreaking role of a woman who has to face the realization that her beloved son, Robert Walker, is a traitor to his country. A hold if somewhat talky anti-Communist propaganda piece. (June)

½✓ (F) *PAULA*—Columbia: A heavy tear-jerking drama in which Loretta Young, after accidentally hitting Tommy Rettig with her car, takes him into her home and helps him regain his power of speech. With Kent Smith, Alexander Knox. (May)

✓✓ (F) *PHONE CALL FROM A STRANGER*—20th Century-Fox: An absorbing and different story with Gary Merrill as the sole survivor of an air crash, who calls on the relatives of Michael Rennie, Keenan Wynn and Shelley Winters; each visit provides a drama of its own. Bette Davis has small but effective role. (Apr.)

✓✓ (F) *PRIDE OF ST. LOUIS, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Baseball's Dizzy Dean comes jauntily to life with Dan Dailey as the pitcher whose screwy antics provided amusement for thousands of fans, Joanne Dru as his understanding wife and Richard Crenna as his brother. With Richard Hylton. (May)

½✓ (F) *RANCHO NOTORIOUS*—RKO, Technicolor: A tongue-in-cheek Western in which Arthur Kennedy, seeking revenge for the murder of his sweetheart, is led by Mel Ferrer to a robbers' hideout run by Marlene Dietrich. (May)

✓ (F) *RED BALL EXPRESS*—U-I: The real story of the work done by the U.S. Transportation Corps during World War II to keep the supply trucks rolling is lost among hoked-up quarrels between Jeff Chandler and Alex Nicol and a couple of contrived romances. (June)

✓✓ (F) *RETREAT, HELL!*—Warners: A true and gripping story of our soldiers in Korea and the hardships they went through before and during the infamous attack at Chosin Reservoir. With Frank Lovejoy, Richard Carlson, Anita Louise. (May)

✓ (F) *RETURN OF THE TEXAN*—20th Century-Fox: A modern-day Western in which widower Dale Robertson returns to his ranch and tries to make a new life for himself. Joanne Dru and Robert Horton provide the romantic triangle, Walter Brennan the humor, Richard Boone the villainy. (May)

✓ (F) *SAN FRANCISCO STORY, THE*—Warners: A routine tale set in 1850 with Joel McCrea as a miner who tries to bring law and order into the corrupt seacoast town despite complications by Yvonne De Carlo and Sidney Blackmer. (June)

✓✓ (F) *SCANDAL SHEET*—Columbia: John Derek tracks down the murderer of an unknown woman in order to get a scoop for newspaper editor Brod Crawford—and discovers that Brod is the murderer. An absorbing and suspenseful drama with Donna Reed. (Apr.)

✓✓✓ (F) *SINGIN' IN THE RAIN*—M-G-M, Technicolor: This super-happy musical pokes fun at the roaring twenties. Gene Kelly and Jean Hagen play a famed silent screen team who try to re-adjust themselves to the new-fangled talkies with hilarious results. Debbie Reynolds is the girl recruited to dub for Jean, and Donald O'Connor is great as Kelly's life-long pal. (June)

✓✓ (A) *SNIPER, THE*—Columbia: A powerful drama about a young psychopathic killer (Arthur Franz) who roams the streets shooting innocent women. Marie Windsor and Marlo Dwyer are his victims, Richard Kiley, the psychiatrist who helps track him down. (May)

✓ (F) *STEEL TOWN*—U-I, Technicolor: The steel industry provides the background for the romantic complications which occur when the boss's nephew, John Lund, falls for Ann Sheridan, Howard Duff's girl. Fair to middling drama. (May)

✓ (F) *TALK ABOUT A STRANGER*—M-G-M: Billy Gray, son of orange ranchers Nancy Davis and George Murphy, almost causes his parents' ruin when, suspecting unfriendly neighbor Kurt Kasznar of killing his dog, he sets out to seek revenge. A minor but unobjectionable drama. (June)

½✓ (F) *TREASURE OF LOST CANYON*—U-I, Technicolor: William Powell and Rosemary DeCamp adopt Tommy Ivo who was cheated out of his inheritance by Henry Hull, and set out to reclaim it for him. With Julia Adams, Charles Drake. (Apr.)

½✓ (A) *VIVA ZAPATA!*—20th Century-Fox: Marlon Brando's excellent as the humble Mexican zealot who fought for nine years in order to regain the land stolen from his people. A baffling but brilliant motion picture. With Jean Peters, Anthony Quinn, Joseph Wiseman, Margo. (Apr.)

✓✓ (F) *WALK EAST ON BEACON*—Columbia: This exciting semi-documentary picture shows the authentic methods used by the FBI to track down Communist plotters bent on stealing a top scientific secret. With George Murphy, Virginia Gilmore, Finlay Currie. (June)

½✓ (F) *WITH A SONG IN MY HEART*—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Heart-warming musical based on the true story of Jane Froman (Jane's beautiful voice is on the sound tracks) and the courage that carried her through after a tragic plane crash. With Susan Hayward, Rory Calhoun, David Wayne, Thelma Ritter. (Apr.)

✓ (A) *WITHOUT WARNING*—U.A.: Adam Williams, a young gardener who has a penchant for picking up and stabbing blondes to death, finally gets his due as he's about to slash pretty Meg Randall. Grim film fare. (June)

½✓ (F) *YOUNG MAN WITH IDEAS*—M-G-M: Glenn Ford tries to establish himself in Los Angeles to prove to wife Ruth Roman that he's not a failure, and becomes involved with French singer Denise Darcel, student Nina Foch and a mob of gangsters. A light-weight amusing picture. (May)



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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

## Singin' in the Sun

(Continued from page 50)

working schedule would not permit him to attend the Fathers' Club meeting at Donna's school that night.

"Other children's daddies come," Donna declared, her pointed little chin—exact image of her father's—sticking out a mile.

"Other children's daddies," Donald sighed, "have steady jobs."

He wasn't kidding.

No measure of success, probably, ever will convince this "fabulous" Donald, practically born in greasepaint and tumblers' tights, that he can afford to relax when things look good.

When things look the best he knows in his veins, from grim experience, they're apt to be rough tomorrow.

Donald, just turning twenty-seven, has been in show business for twenty-six years. "The O'Connor Family" was a legend under the Big Top even before Donald was born—his mother Effie, his father John, whom everybody called Chuck, his brother Billy, his brother Jack and his sister Arlene. They played circuses, performing all-family miracles on the trapeze, the trampoline, the rolling barrels, and during the summer layoffs they scratched for a living at fairs and carnivals.

With the loose money boom of the mid-twenties the O'Connors made a painless switch from tent tops to vaudeville stages. Effie O'Connor, expecting her fourth child, dropped out of the act for the final weeks of her pregnancy, but was back on the high swing three days after Donald was born.

Things had never been better.

Then one night, between shows, six-year-old Arlene ventured alone into the alleyway back of the theatre, was run down by a car and instantly killed. The O'Connors skipped their final appearance that night, but were back the next day, spilling their tears in the privacy of their dressing-room high in the flies, but smiling bravely for the people out front when the curtain was up.

It was brave, and it was tradition—but it was too much for the overtaxed heart of Chuck O'Connor. Nine weeks later, he dropped dead. He was forty-five. Donald was not yet a year old.

With the O'Connor Family fatherless, both on stage and off, Effie O'Connor struggled against impossible odds. Her niece Patsy took over Arlene's place in the act. But a non-family replacement for Chuck didn't work. Chuck was irreplaceable.

Their runs grew shorter and bookings were harder to get. One night, when the act was showing particularly dangerous signs of anemia, Effie made a desperate dash into the wings to return with diapered Donald. The roly-poly baby—sixteen months old—grinned happily into the footlights and with a sign to the orchestra leader danced the Black Bottom!

Donald toddled back and forth from the wings to take a dozen curtain calls. He had officially joined "The O'Connor Family."

Nothing remotely resembling a normal childhood was in store for him. He insists now that his daughter Donna shall have regular hours, a permanent home, friends of her age, a chance to go regularly to public school—all of which he missed.

His only permanency was "The Family" in which actually, after that diapered debut in 1927, he took a man's place. Long before he reached school age he had mastered a performer's most important lessons—he could sing and dance, tumble and leap, and was beginning to have a master's control of comedy lines.

The O'Connor Family had its good times and its bad times, but it stuck together. At the peak of the boom, the act had become—and they have yellowed copies of Weekly Variety to prove it—"the top family act in vaudeville," pulling, in the top spots, a fat \$1,500 a week.

"Hot today—brrr tomorrow," Donald philosophizes, shivering slightly as he recalls the long cold spell which set in (for all vaudeville—not just for the O'Connors) on the backwash of the big crash.

"I was five years old," he grins, "and washed up. In 1929 we were knocking 'em in the aisles at the Capitol; a year later we were performing in the aisles in a tiny, smelly, stageless theatre on a side street.

"A two-day booking, four shows a day, the whole family—Mother, Billy, Jack and me, Jack's wife Millie and their daughter Patsy, dressing in the entrance yet—and at the end of the 'run' we picked up a check for twelve dollars. Twelve dollars for all five of us, that is.

"And you think that was bad? A year after that we were scratching for night-club dates to pick up five dollars to eat on.

"But it didn't occur to any of the family to get into another racket. When things were quiet we could have a lot of fun . . .

"We were living in the Plymouth Hotel," says Donald, "and the old man in the drug-store downstairs would always let us win a dollar or two on the pin-ball machines . . . and then I could always get together with some of the other guys who were laying off and go out to Coney Island. We knew all the rides-men, of course, and could get a free spin on the Dodge-ems or the Roller Coaster or the Octopus.

"If we got hungry all we had to do was drop into one of the clubs and do a routine—and they'd give us supper.

"But it was rough on Mother. For her—for me, too, I guess—not working was failure. No matter what your bookings were, or how big or small your check, you had to get bookings or lose your self-respect."

Fortunately, things picked up after a while. The O'Connors worked regularly and Donald, never knowing quite why, could go to professional school.

"I studied every day from eight-thirty until twelve-thirty, then tore off to whatever theatre we were working in to make the first performance. When we were out of New York I kept up my classes by correspondence.

"I have the equivalent of a high school education, I guess, history and algebra, and a smattering of five or six languages."

So Donald went on growing, and working, and learning—learning a lot more about entertaining people than he ever did about higher mathematics.

As an entertainer he learned so well and so fast that—when he was thirteen—Arthur Jacobsen was able to sell him to Paramount for a leading role with Bing Crosby



## BILL HOLDEN BARBECUE TIP

To marinate chops, steaks or leg of lamb for barbecue—use  $\frac{3}{4}$  regular Chinese Soy Sauce,  $\frac{1}{4}$  olive oil and garlic to taste. The Soy Sauce taste is not evident in the final result, but makes a terrific charred outside, keeping all of the juices inside. Terrific!



and Fred MacMurray in "Sing You Sinners."

The news caught the O'Connors in one of their broke spells and Donald replied with a wire to Jacobsen, collect, that he would be delighted to accept the good fortune if good old Arthur would be so good as to send enough money to get the family to California. Good Old Arthur complied, the O'Connors bought an ancient Cord for fifty dollars, packed themselves and their belongings into it and headed west.

Donald was good in "Sing You Sinners." Future bookings for the family were good as a result. Too good.

The O'Connors had barely made it from Hollywood to their home town of Danville, Illinois, where they planned to spend a few weeks getting their act into shape for the road, when Billy, just twenty-six, fell ill of scarlet fever and died in three days.

"I'm tired," said Effie O'Connor when at last they could face the prospect of the road. "I think I'll drop out for a while." She had made her last curtain until just a few months ago—when—after fourteen years—she danced on Donald's TV show.

Millie O'Connor wanted to drop out too. When "The O'Connor Family" made its next appearance, it was down to three: Jack, his daughter Patsy, and Donald—Donald, by now, at fifteen, the unquestioned star of the act. Already, to those who knew their show business, this boy was "fabulous."

The abbreviated family hit the road, had its good times and its bad ones. And then, once again, Arthur Jacobsen—by now Donald's movie agent—came through in the nick. On December 7, 1941, he wired Donald that he had lined up a contract for him with Universal.

Donald caught on as a juvenile comedy star—he was two years too young for the

Army—and Universal couldn't have been happier.

Donald was happy, too, until he got too tired to feel anything. In the year before his eighteenth birthday, on which he had announced he would join the Air Force, Universal starred him in eleven pictures! Somehow, he found time to meet, fall in love with, and marry brown-eyed blonde Gwen Carter, who was still trudging daily with her books to Los Angeles High School.

They "went to the war together"—Gwen joining Donald in an entertainment unit after he was assigned to Special Services.

After a private's pay, a movie star's check looks enormous and Donald came back to his studio at the war's end feeling like the richest man in America.

That nice check came in every week and for the first time in his life Donald really "threw it around."

He and Gwen bought and furnished the house in the valley where they still live. Then he bought his mother a house and his brother a house, Patsy a fur coat, and Gwen her first mink. He bought himself three supercharged foreign racing cars.

"I would have bought seven," he says, "except that Gwen put her foot down."

It was a great little binge. And then came the morning after. Donald woke up one morning and started to worry. He was getting rich, but he was a failure—he had been home for thirteen months, and had yet to start a picture. (Actually, Universal didn't know quite what to do with their child-star, now turned war veteran.)

"No bookings," says Donald. "I'm a bum."

This called for a conference with friend-in-need Arthur Jacobsen.

"Hit the road," said Jacobsen.

Donald hit the road on personal appear-

ances with Gwen, who had surprised everyone, including herself, by falling into the entertainers' "other world" as though she, too, had been born in it, as his co-star.

Suddenly Donald O'Connor was "fabulous" again, with plenty of bookings, and Universal wired him to come home at once and make a picture with a mule.

Donald has had very little to worry about since, except getting enough sleep, and enough time out of make-up to get to the mountains for his skiing, of which he is passionately fond.

"Francis" proved a gold mine, which has not run out yet. When Donald went on TV with his pal Jimmy Durante to plug "The Milkman," he found himself overnight one of the hottest television "properties" on the market, and a whole new area of "bookings" opened up for him.

On TV "The O'Connor Family" has had a rebirth. Effie O'Connor appeared on Donald's first Comedy Hour show, brother Jack and Millie on the second. Gwen is a regular, playing Mrs. Donald O'Connor, although she remarks slyly that "she really doesn't like character parts." Even five-year-old Donna had her chance—and, typically for a young O'Connor, stole the show right out from under the noses of the grown-ups.

"You know, Daddy," she said the next day, "I think I'll get me a television show of my own."

"Don't you think, baby," Donald suggested, "that people would get tired of watching just one little girl week after week?"

"Then," said Donna, "I'll work with midgets."

Could be "The O'Connor Family" is about to pass into the hands of the third generation.

With plenty of bookings.

THE END

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## Summer Attractions

(Continued from page 53)

because Dok is a writer by profession and, therefore, used to making with the words. Ask this guy why his girl, above all the others he has met, makes his pulse race, his brain teem, his ambition soar and he eulogizes, "I love Joyce. How else can a guy say it? For me, she's a combination of everything I hoped to find in a woman. She's intelligent—so we have discussions. She's zany—so we have laughs. She's completely natural and honest—so there's never any pretense. We see eye to eye on most things. We love life, people and our work—most of all each other."

Joyce and Dok met on a blind date set up by Donald O'Connor—except that Dok had both eyes wide open. What had opened them was his first sight of Joyce in her first picture, "The Milkman" in which she co-starred with Donald. Joyce, barely eighteen, made Dok think of all the lovely things of spring. He nicknamed her "Jonquil," at once, and still calls her by that pretty pet name.

They went steady from that meeting onward—and one reason, undoubtedly, was that Joyce on their first date "alone together" didn't pull the boner so many girls do. She didn't demand a big, expensive date. Sure, Dok's a good writer—and when he sells a yarn to pictures, as he often does, it's all caviar and champagne. But when he doesn't, it's more often just chili and beans. Joyce, who grew up in the theatre, knows all about uncertain incomes.

What made Dok endearing to her was that he, having been around Hollywood and being about eight years her senior, was smart enough to know that, despite her contract with U-I, she wasn't within miles of rolling in wealth either. Thus they had dates at hamburger stands or picnics on the beach, or brunch at her apartment or his—for laughs, and listening to new platters, and talking shop.

Things went along so fast with Joyce and Dok that they couldn't bear separations. She made "Bronco Buster," and U-I sent her East on a personal-appearance tour. The studio paid her bills, naturally. Dok couldn't afford the trip but he couldn't endure not seeing her. So, two days after she'd left, he followed her in his car, driving like mad, all the way across the country, just to be with her for a couple of days.

Actually this trip of Dok's came close to creating a crisis. Dok said he'd call

Joyce at Delmonico's, the swanky New York hotel where she was staying, the moment he arrived. But meanwhile, U-I had her booked solidly on a series of appointments with interviewers, editors, photographers and the like.

All day during the day Joyce expected Dok, she kept phoning the hotel. "My messages," she'd say. But never was that one right name among them. Finally, at six, when she had done all the things that were expected of her as a rising young star, she made up her unhappy mind to go to the theatre, all alone. Anything would be better than being alone in her hotel, having the meemies.

She headed back to Delmonico's, just to change her clothes and powder her perfect little nose. And there in the lobby was Dok, pacing up and down. They fell in each other's arms.

"Where have you been?" he demanded. "They told me all day that you were out. I thought you'd be here waiting for me."

"But why didn't you?" . . . Joyce started, then stopped. What did it matter that he hadn't given his name? He was there, wasn't he? She just kissed him. Whereupon they both forgot everything else.

They will be Mr. and Mrs. any day now, and Hollywood thinks Joyce will give up her career after that to be Mrs. Dok Stanford under a life contract.

Ann Blyth and Dick Clayton, at the other extreme, don't even call it love. Yet what is it, when they have been each other's dearest friend for fourteen years, ever since Ann was a tiny seven-year-old in a professional children's school in New York—and Dick a student there, too, just a little older?

All the important events of each other's lives they share. As, for instance, when Dick recently decided not to be an actor any longer, but to become a top agent, Ann's agent, incidentally.

Dick took his top agency job on February fourteenth, the day all lovers know. Dick and Ann made it a Valentine party when she wore a wonderful red dress and he sent her golden roses. They went to the Beverly Hills hotel to dine and dance, for Ann is the kind of quiet girl who doesn't give a snap of her fingers for spots like Mocambo or Ciro's. At midnight, they toasted each other and Dick's future.

In the same way, when Ann flew to Honolulu late this spring for her first



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vacation in four years, it was Dick who saw her off. He had her tickets, and her seat reservation. He also had arranged for her to be met at the other end by a friend, so that among all the public hubbub she would feel protected. He was full of good, sound advice to her as to how and where she should rest, and when she decided to come back by boat, he arranged all that, also.

"As a date," Dick says, "Ann conveys the most flattering impression any girl can give—that the man, not she, is the pigshot. With Ann, listening really is an art. She seems fascinated by your every word. When she dances, which she does livinely, she is not looking around at everyone else on the floor, nor commenting on other women's clothes, and she never table-hops.

"She's aware, too, that even though a man asks her out, he may still be tired from a hard day and she often wants to do very simple things. One of the nicest of these is her cooking dinner for you. She's a wonderful cook and her fried chicken and brownies make a combination that are out of this world as far as I'm concerned. We both love horseback riding and Ann delights in finding unusual trails, sometimes high up in the mountains above the sea, where you can catch a view it would be impossible to find by any other means. She likes simple beach plates, too; in fact, all her tastes run to simplicity.

"And she's kind. I have never heard her make a cruel or coarse reference to anyone. She works very hard and is naturally ambitious, but she never crowds, she never pushes, she couldn't possibly hurt anyone."

Yet they don't say they are in love, Ann and Dick. But like the girl next door with the boy whom she's known all her life, nothing would surprise Hollywood less if these two drifted into marriage—and lived blissfully ever after.

Anne Francis was engaged to a Dartmouth boy when she first met Bam Price, UCLA man himself. Now Anne isn't engaged to the Dartmouth boy any longer and if you can't see that in between there's Cupid at work, why, you don't know about this season.

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"But this is fantastic," he says and he gives her his address—and she stares. They live, oh, dear, blind Cupid, practically next door to each other.

That's enough for love, when you're young and the girl is beautiful and the boy is handsome and they're both smart. Enough to start with, anyhow, and that's how Anne and Bam started.

But many a boy and girl start out on dates and then something fades and they see each other no more. So here, for your personal test-o-meter is the score on Anne and Bam sees her—through the rosiest-

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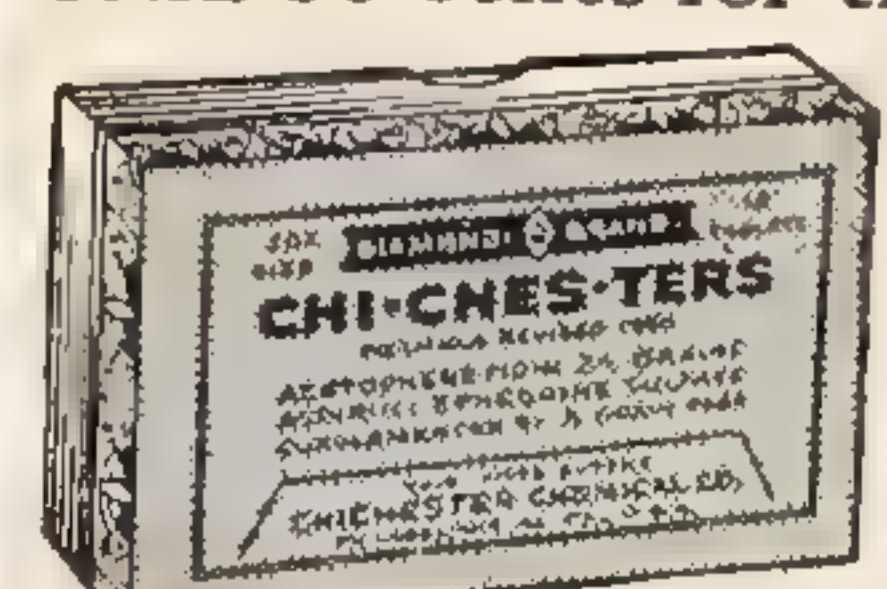
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to him. He was used to having the pursuit coming his way, not vice versa.

The holidays came and passed and then, one night in late January, Dick's phone rang. "Would you like to go to the Photoplay Gold Medal dinner with me?" Piper asked. "You see, I really would like a date with you."

Would he? Would any young actor? To get to the Photoplay Gold Medal dinner, you have to be in one of the most popular pictures of the year—or have given one of the most popular performances—or be one of the "Choose Your Star" winners, like Piper.

Dick was shy than he ever had believed he could be, as he arrived at the simple little house where Piper lives with her parents. But they are such homey folks he was immediately at his ease—but when Piper appeared in her formal gown, he was knocked happy and breathless again. He held out a corsage of gardenias toward her. "If I bore you this evening, at least you can have some fun eating these," he said, referring to that old publicity yarn that had Piper nibbling at a flower-petal salad.

Now that they've had a flock of wonderful dates, Dick knows what a good sport Piper was when she laughed at his wit. For actually, she hated that publicity stunt. The minute she got big enough around U-I to assert any independence, she asked them to omit flowers—and they did. But on the occasion of the Photoplay Gold Medal dinner, she let Dick think he was such a bright character to mention it!

Dick says of her, "We both love to eat and talk and when we're together we do both constantly. Piper is easy to be with. You don't have to watch your step all the time or weigh every word you say. We both love movies, see every picture in town. One night when we had a date we saw four feature films at two theatres.

"I admire Piper, because without being the least bit namby-pamby, she obeys her parents. She's intelligent. She grew up in the war years so she knows life can be tough, but she's not hard or overly sophisticated. She's ready to learn from anyone. She likes all sorts of people and she's the worst pushover for animals! Lately, when her dog had pups, she acted as though it were the most serious event, requiring her full concentration. That's the little girl in her, but the big, brave girl in her was shown when she went close to the front in Korea. I guess what makes her so much fun is the combination of those two qualities—her ability to face anything she must, and at the same time to react to everything with zest.

Since Piper is barely twenty, her folks think she is too young to think about marriage. "The only future we dare hope for right now is that we'll get a chance to do a comedy together," Dick says, discreetly. In words, that is. The light in his eye, however, is a real gleam that will bear watching.

So there they are, four young Hollywood love stories, all different, yet in one way all the same, because in each one the girl is charming and a good sport, with a sense of humor and intelligence; above all, an alert and modern girl—who makes the man feel, as men always want to feel, that they are dreams.

All of which, Cupid will tell you, is a winning ticket anywhere.

(Piper Laurie is in "Has Anybody Seen My Gal?"; Richard Anderson in "Scaramouche"; Joyce Holden in "Bronco Buster"; Ann Blyth in "Sally and St. Ann" and "The World in His Arms"; Anne Francis in "Lydia Bailey.")

THE END

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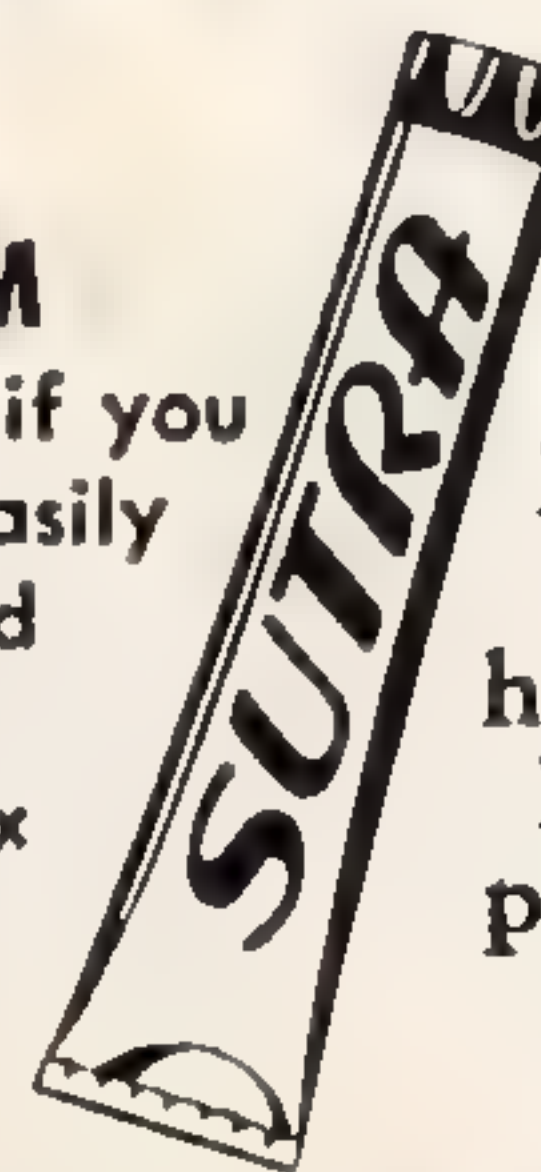
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## INSIDE STUFF

Continued from page 21

who've been waiting patiently to put out the welcome mat for that long-legged bird . . . Sad news for Mona Freeman, who lost little time in filing a divorce complaint against Pat Nerney, following their separation after six years of marriage . . . Shocking news for Mala Powers, who was rushed to the hospital with a serious blood disorder she contracted when entertaining troops in Korea . . . Encouraging news (to all the single gals of Hollywood) that Lady Sylvia divorced Clark Gable without that threatened mud-slinging . . . Compromising news for Joan Fontaine, who could take her adopted daughter to Madrid, but had to leave daughter Deborah with her father, producer William Dozier, who didn't want her taken out of this country . . . Thrilling news for Jean Pierre Aumont that he may realize his lifetime ambition to make a movie based on the heroic blind Frenchman Louis Braille, who enabled the blind to read through their sense of touch . . . Trying news for the Keenan Wynns, who aren't enjoying a trial separation . . . Blessed news for the Ricardo Montalban, who wanted their fourth to be a boy and had their prayers answered.

**Growing Pains:** Hollywood cameramen (who have seen 'em come and go) report that cute little Debbie Reynolds is beginning to get a bit bored when they ask her to pose. She's still so new her make-up isn't dried behind her ears. Her success has happened fast and without too much struggle. Debbie's probably going through a phase, as so many in her spot have. All this and a be-e-eg crush on Robert Wagner, too! Cal believes there's nothing wrong with the adored and adorable Miss Reynolds that a bit more experience and maturity won't remedy.

**It's True That:** The biggest laugh in the Gig Young household is a local columnist's reference to their May-December marriage. There's exactly two years' difference and we only wish every Hollywood couple could be as happy . . . Errol Flynn not only bought that old hotel in Jamaica and remodeled it (wifey Pat Wymore's building right next door), Mr. What-a-man is also putting up a building in Apple Valley and calling it—Flynn's Inn! . . . Hollywood skeptics are of the opinion that



Dick Jaeckel, Terry Moore get in trim for "Come Back, Little Sheba." Dick won college athlete role over seventy applicants

Linda Christian's return to the screen (she wasn't very popular with the crew) indicates a pronounced boredom with everything that's Hollywood—including her marriage to Tyrone Power . . . Dan Dailey says so far he's managed to escape having ulcers and nothing in Hollywood is important enough to be pressured into doing. Danny boy—you said it!

**Mr. Lucky:** Life for Lanza, and we do mean Mario, is a great big bowl of sunshine these days. They sneak-previewed "Because You're Mine" and the enthusiastic audience practically tore up the seats. At long last when he makes "The Student Prince," that haunting Romberg music will be sung as it has never been sung before in the movies. The Lanzas had an anniversary recently. their seventh. Because they were married on Friday the 13th, they gave a party on the 13th day of the month. Mario presented his adored Betty with a necklace designed around two solid gold numerals. Number 13—natch! Eager to share his blessings, Mario also presented his parents with a new home on the Pacific Palisades. How big can a heart be?

**On the Town:** John Barrymore Jr. throwing a welcome home party for Pier Angeli, who was in Munich making a movie with Gene Kelly . . . Richard Egan returning from the same city for the same reason, and catching up on his steak and potatoes with Ann Sothorn at Scandia . . . Actor-owner Harry Lewis of Hamburger Hamlet, celebrating the birth of his first son by holding "Open-Hamlet" for the Jeff Chandlers, the Gig Youngs, and the Humphrey Bogarts . . . Sun-tanned and sexy, Lana Turner and Fernando Lamas baiting the poor fish at Sportsman's Lodge—as well as the cash customers!



## Dear Winner

(Continued from page 33)

part of the country different from yours—are great chums; you'll spend most of your waking hours talking about acting. For both of you, of course, want to be the best actress possible. That's why you're studying. That's why Photoplay believes in your talents.

In classes you'll learn a lot of things you never tied up with acting but which, nevertheless, are important to it. Speech is, of course. If you're like me, you'll have to work hours getting rid of those localisms in your speech! (And if you're like me you'll love every minute of it.) The dance is a part of acting, too, and you'll find that dancing class teaches you to convey mood and emotion without saying a word. I'll bet you never associated history with acting—but you'll learn here at school that history and manners of the times have a lot to do with the way you play a costume role. Music appreciation becomes a part of acting, too. We tie in mood music with our thoughts of the way a scene should be played.

Probably you'd never think of your dates at school as being related to acting—but you'll find that on most of your dates you'll go to a movie or to a play at school. And afterward you'll find yourself sitting in a restaurant talking about the performances while you eat your pizza and drink your milk.

You'll love every grand and glorious moment of it. For you want to be an actress. And so do I. That doesn't particularly make us any different from other girls, but being Photoplay scholarship winners at the Pasadena Playhouse does! As one winner to another—lucky us!—I offer you my sincere congratulations and best wishes for happy studying.

Yours truly,  
Virginia McGuire  
THE END

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See that my children never use anybody else's towels, wash cloths or dirty drinking glasses, dishes and tableware. Polio virus could be carried from these things to other people.

Follow my doctor's advice about nose and throat operations, inoculations or teeth extractions during the polio season.

Be ever watchful for signs of polio: headache, fever, sore throat, upset stomach, tenderness and stiffness of the neck and back.

Call my doctor at once and, in the meantime, put to bed and away from others any member of my family showing such symptoms.

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## Her Happiness Is Showing

(Continued from page 59)

Pauline did, that in a national depression everything was bound to be fine; to look at a contented baby waving her bottle and believe this labeled her a genius—all of this was too much for Henry Gerber. And he had to escape it, even if it meant going out into the wintry streets, tramping about with hope of picking up a bit of musical conducting or anything else that was sensible. Alas for male logic!

Today in Hollywood that baby girl has grown into one of the brightest stars rising on the movie horizon—Mitzi Gaynor, the girl who really has never known one moment that wasn't happy. And her mother's adoring love has never had one setback. Even when she and Henry Gerber separated in fact, as they long before had separated in all interests, there was no harshness on either side. Mitzi recalls her father with tenderness. And Mrs. Gerber, now retitled Gaynor, too, also remembers him with admiration and affection. But the human heart, when it attains its full measure of love, definitely concentrates. Right on, from September 4th, 1932, until June 22nd, 1947, Mitzi and her mother were a closed corporation.

Mitzi and her mother and Mitzi's career—that was all there was until June, 1947. Then it became Mitzi and her mother and Mitzi's career and Richard Brown Coyle. Which is another chapter.

Mitzi really did wave her bottle to the rhythm of records at the age of five months, her mother insists. She also danced before she could walk. That is to say, lying in her crib, she waved her feet and legs about to the beat of whatever music there was playing. And Mamma saw to it that music played almost constantly. Other baby girls might walk at eighteen months, but Mitzi waltzed. Other little girls at three years old might be cute, but Mitzi was adorable, doing the polka and gavotte, and making deep curtseys. Other little girls, at four, might just possibly be precocious enough to think ahead about kindergarten, but Mitzi was learning the basic ballet positions from her aunt, a ballet teacher.

The Gerbers moved, about that time, from Chicago to Detroit, hoping things might be a bit better for Henry there. Actually they were. The depression was nearing its end. But Mitzi and her mother were barely aware of this new environment. Their thoughts were concentrated on Aunt Francine, teaching Mitzi the steps of "The Sleeping Beauty" suite of Tchaikowsky. Mitzi didn't yet have a ballet practice bar. She hung on to the bedpost instead—but she loved every moment she was dancing.

Dancing, music and love were eternally around Mitzi. And she gave the love back, unstintingly. She remembers the cherry tree, growing in the yard behind their Detroit house. She was a natural tomboy and she started picking up the green leaves as they fell to make bouquets for her mother. Then she learned to climb and pick the blossoms and eventually the cherries, all of them as gifts to Mamma.

School was okay by her, when she was older. Because good marks in school meant that she could go to the show on Saturday, she studied industriously. But she knew this wasn't the main event. This was not what she wanted from life or even the preparation for life.

There was the wonderful week when the Ballet Russe came to Detroit. She went to the theatre every evening and she went to the two matinees. She and Mamma, and sometimes Aunt Francine, cried together at the loveliness of Markova. And Mitzi walked home, carrying her head as Markova did, holding her shoulders with that same beauty. There was a perfume at this time called "Ballerina." The Gerbers couldn't afford it. But Mitzi absolutely had to have some of it—and did—a whole dollar's worth.

Her Markova personality lasted till the weekend when she saw a Claudette Colbert movie. She came home, cut her hair in bangs like Claudette's and used the Colbert voice for weeks. Then she caught Sonja Henie and she was off again. Mamma had to make her copies of Sonja's little skating caps and mittens and she twirled and twisted on imaginary skates.

The Saturday she saw "Wuthering Heights" she returned home, sobbing and crying. She didn't know why, only that there was something terrifying about love. She made up her mind she'd never go in for it, that she'd give her whole life to her dancing. Boys sort of annoyed her, anyway.

They hung around her, you see. So did other girls, sensing her leadership. She was aware of this. In fact, she exploited it. The boys had a baseball team and actually invited her to join it. She condescended to do so, on the terms that they let her be captain. She loved the feeling of the bat in her hands, and, after games, she spread terror among the girls, going about, swinging that stick freely. She had no intention even of giving any girl a tap, but she loved the drama of scaring them half to death. As for any boys who tried to cut in on her, she swung at them, too. And, once when a boy tried to get her to knuckle under, she dropped the bat and beat him up angrily with her fists.

Then she got scarlet fever. That was

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heavenly. They sent her to Detroit's Herman Keefer Hospital for twenty-one days and during each one of them she had a ball. She had a temperature, too, but she adored even that. When they asked her her name and address, she gave it, adding, "I am a dancer." She was all of eight at this time. She loved the food, loved the nurses, went out of her mind with joy at the idea that she could have all the ice cream she wanted.

And she got away with murder. She told one of her nurses, "Good heaven, I need a manicure." So the amused nurse gave it to her. One terrific intern brought her some "Miss Deb" toilet water, which she promptly splashed all over him. Another medical dreamboat brought her hand lotion, so she kissed his hands in gratitude. It was no time at all before she had the entire contagious ward—doctors, nurses and patients—doing boogie woogie. And by the time she was released, she had learned the Latin names of the less familiar diseases. She still uses these Latin terms as swear words, scaring the wits out of the less medically educated.

She grew beyond what Aunt Francine could teach her, got a new teacher, and felt she was ready for her debut. She was nine. Every day she worked at the bar, strengthened her toes, strengthened her leg muscles. She felt she could have done her dances in her sleep. And then the big night came—she was to perform for an audience.

Only, at the eleventh hour, her usual accompanist became ill and a substitute was rushed over. Mitzi, not knowing the meaning of stage fright, never gave it a thought. One quick rehearsal went smoothly between them. But the new pianist, before an audience, went to bits. Mitzi's introductory number, supposed to be in 4-4 time, suddenly sounded out in waltz rhythm as she whirled out from the wings.

Right then did Mitzi prove she was the stuff of stardom. Because she instantly became her own choreographer, changed her steps, changed the design of her dance to fit a beat to which it had never been accustomed. She got triumphantly through the evening, with only her mother knowing the strain she had been under.

It was inevitable, of course, that she and Mamma had their bright eyes fixed on Hollywood. But they had to wait until Mitzi was eleven before they could make it. And, like hundreds before them and hundreds yet to come after them, they immediately encountered the difference between smart commercial professionalism and dreamy-eyed amateurism.

"I was to find out, in Hollywood," Mitzi tells you today, "that at eleven, I was too old to be a child, too young to be a teenager." But while she had to wait a whole year before she got her chance to give a professional recital in the Redlands (California) Bowl for the huge wage of four dollars, she found something very satisfying the while—a real professional children's school. It was run by Mala Powers' mother and every kid in it was just as ambitious as Mitzi. "This spurred her sense of competition so," her mother tells you, laughing, "that she learned as much there in a half-day as she had learned in a public school in a week."

The bond between mother and daughter was as strong as ever. Mrs. Gerber took a series of jobs, anything to be with her child, anything to earn the price of those ballet lessons, those costumes, those shoes. They were dedicated people, both of them, serenely dedicated to the great career they knew Mitzi was bound to have.

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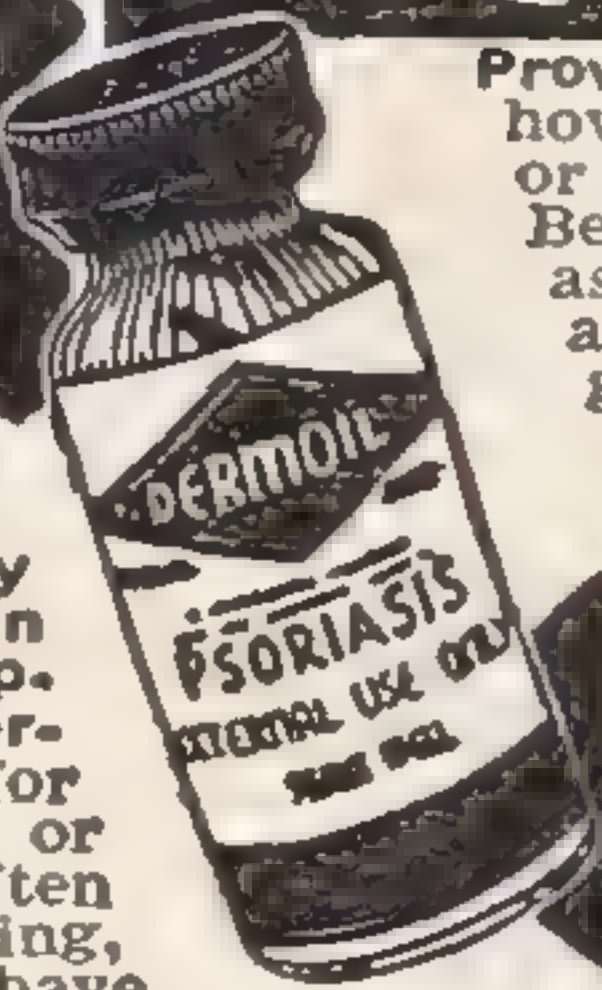
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grew her teachers, knew happiness when she finally found a ballet mistress called Madame Etienne. Madame Etienne was no less exacting with Mitzi, but she was the first teacher to let her express her natural sense of comedy in her dancing. Mitzi was still assuming all the characteristics of every movie star who captured her fancy. Once, in a sidewalk interview, she had been caught by a strolling photographer in a shot with Herbert Marshall. She bought all the newspapers for weeks, nearly died of disappointment when the picture was never published. Another time, in a department store, she bumped into Lena Horne. She went home, raving with happiness, bought all of Lena's records.

But now, at least, she had some humor about these borrowed "characteristics" she gave herself. When Madame Etienne came into her life—or vice versa—she was being Carmen Miranda—but for laughs. Madame Etienne let her express this—and Mitzi adored her. This was her real life, the threshold of her real career.

Her unreal life (at least to her) had now advanced to Junior High. And there, at last, she discovered boys were something other than nuisances. She found they were wonderful—probably the most wonderful things on earth. Or at least one was, the boy who had been voted "best all around athlete of the school."

It was heaven and hell while it lasted. "Gosh, he was yummy," Mitzi says, recalling it. He drove a "hot rod" car. On his birthday his mother gave a party for him, and Mitzi was invited as his special girl. But this was wartime and the next thing she knew he had gone into the service. Another boy succeeded him in her heart, a boy who gave her his frat pin and didn't want her to go to New York for a show. She wore his pin East. She swore she would never forget him. She has the pin

to this day. But golly, life in New York was so complex—so exciting!

In the big city, Mitzi and her mother stayed at the Hotel Edison. On account of the shortage of rooms, nobody was allowed to stay in any hotel more than five days at a time then. They said. But there was Mitzi bouncing around the place and the hotel clerk thought she was so wonderful that every five days he'd move her name off the list at night and put it up at the top in the morning. Inside their room, which looked out on a hotel court, Mitzi and Mamma didn't dare raise the blinds for fear people would realize they had been there two weeks.

To get the sequence on her career right, it had happened during the summer of her fourteenth year that she danced a comedy bit in the Los Angeles Light Opera production of "Roberta." She was wonderful, so much so that they promptly resigned her for the next production of the same management, "The Fortune Teller," a few weeks later. This led to her being signed for the role of Miss Anders in the fabulous "Song of Norway" which had actually started in Los Angeles, but had, when Mitzi caught up with it, been playing three years on Broadway and was now headed for the road.

How sure she was of herself then—how magnificently, horribly sure! After all, she had put in more than a thousand hours of USO entertaining. This experience, plus two Los Angeles shows, plus her whole life of study left her, in her own mind at least, without much to learn when she went into "Song of Norway." Remember, please, that she was only fifteen.

She found out. She came into a company of professionals who had been working together for better than three years. They beat her ears in. They upstaged her in her few little scenes. They walked in on her song cues. They killed her laughs.

BY VIOLA SWISHER



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"You a hero?" asked Frank.

Startled by the query, Jeff consid-

ered a few moments. "Nope," he concluded.

"Well, what are we trying to prove!" they exclaimed together.

Grinning comfortably in new understanding, they marched right back to where they had been sitting.

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"That was really the luckiest break of my life," she says. "If that hadn't come to me at that time, I probably would have developed into a conceited monster. But those real troupers shrunk my head back to its normal size, showed me how little I knew, how much I had to study and that should I live to be ninety there still would be things I would have to master about show business. I had it all coming to me—and I'm forever grateful that it did."

But something else came to her by the next summer—the most important thing that ever comes to any one. Love. She was sixteen, and as one critic said, "the freshest, most blooming, talented sixteen ever seen."

Richard Brown Coyle entered her life, even though he didn't know it when it happened. Richard Coyle, a distinguished Los Angeles attorney, prematurely gray, merely thought he had gone backstage at the Los Angeles Philharmonic Auditorium, to visit his friend, Edward Everett Horton, who was starring in "Naughty Marietta." "Naughty Marietta" also featured Mitzi Gerber.

It wasn't love at first sight, not on Richard's part, at least. He didn't even see Mitzi. But she saw him and fell like crazy. To make sure that she would meet him, she bumped into him with a box of candy, said, "Will you have some?" After that, Eddie had to introduce her.

As a reader of Photoplay you probably know the rest of that anecdote: how, unless something very unexpected and unforeseen comes up, Mitzi will marry Richard (as she always calls him) this September when she is twenty-one. This waiting period is her mother's advice. Mrs. Gaynor admires Coyle very much, is so attached to him, in fact, that her best friend is his mother. But she felt, and still feels, that Mitzi needed to grow up to being a wife, to gain a little more maturity before she took on the sweet and lovely demands of matrimony.

Mrs. Gaynor said to me, speaking of Mitzi and her future son-in-law, "I'm delighted with him. I've always known that a girl with such a love of life as Mitzi would fall in love very young. I want her to marry young, too. And I hope her marriage will last all her life. I believe it will with Richard."

They met in June of '47, Mitzi and Richard. They became officially engaged on the Fourth of July that year. "Reverse angle on independence," Mitzi says, laughing.

Everything about her Hollywood career has been just as happy as the rest of her life. A dozen people "discovered" her for George Jessel, hunting a "Golden Girl," four years before that picture was made. One test and Mitzi had a contract. She made her screen debut in "My Blue Heaven" in 1950 and bowled over the critics.

In 1951 Mitzi made three pictures: "Take Care of My Little Girl," "Down Among the Sheltering Palms" and "Golden Girl" and bowled over Photoplay readers so that she was chosen as tops among the new stars. It was Twentieth Century-Fox who changed her name to Gaynor.

She lives with her mother on a hilltop house where everything is designed for her comfort, her dancing, her sleeping, her career—and she's not in the least spoiled by it. She loves Hollywood, every star she's met, every place she's been, every picture she's been in—and Richard Coyle most of all.

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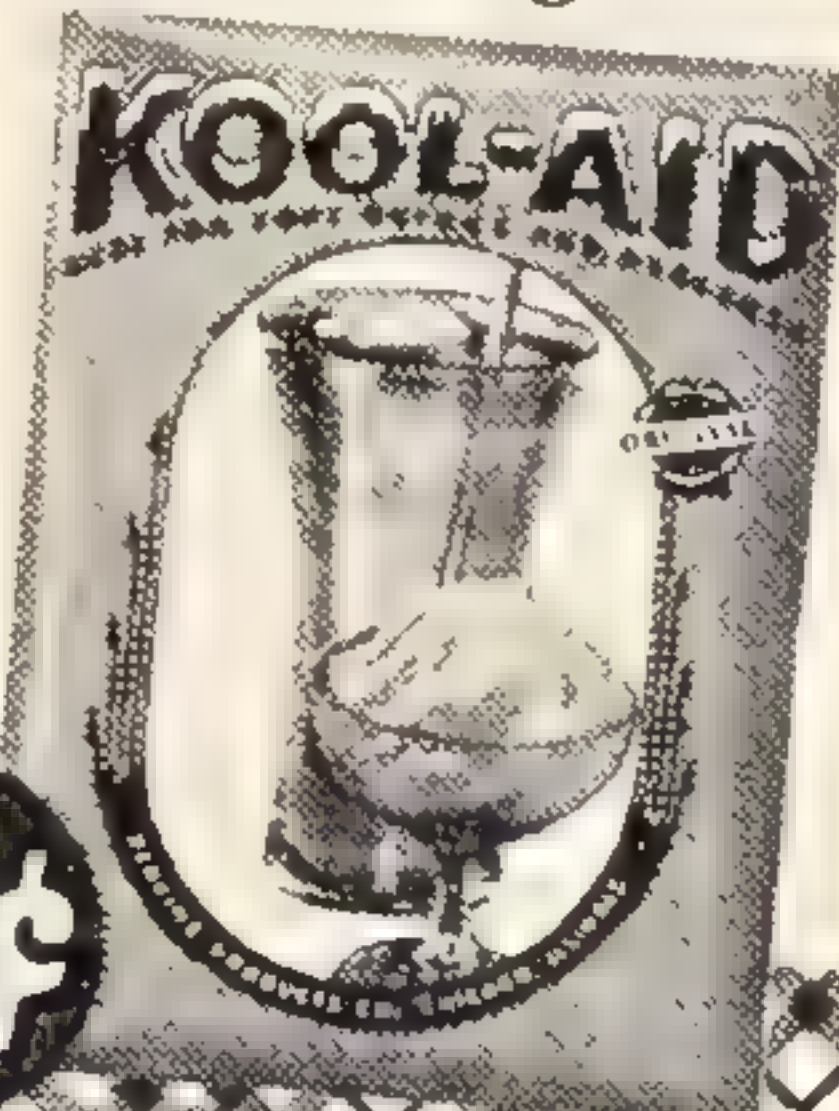


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## Hollywood's New Sex-boat

(Continued from page 63)

be his favorites. On a Texas location for "Zapata" he paid considerable attention to a little redhead. And his real girl in New York is said to have titian hair. This girl, however, he will not discuss. "She is a friend from way back, no Hollywood character," is the most he will say.

And when Marlon shows a disinclination to talk it is safer to drop the subject—or prepare for a shock treatment. Sidney Skolsky and any number of other writers who must ask formula questions because of the nature of their stories have taken his shock treatment. At the questions asked for a Skolsky tin-type interview Marlon became grimmer and grimmer. Finally, asked if he preferred a tub or a shower, he said, "Oh, I just spit 'way out into the air and then run under it."

Another time he answered every question a reporter put to him in excellent, fluent French—of which the reporter understood not one word.

He is—even those who like him best admit it—no rose. . .

On the "Streetcar" set he carried about a big black fake spider, for the fun of dropping it suddenly on unsuspecting persons who sat chatting on the sidelines.

When Kim Hunter shut herself in her set dressing room for a nap he would come along, shake her portable room furiously and yell "Earthquake!" Considering Kim's inordinate fear of being caught in one of the shimmy dances for which the California earth is famous, this caper always caused a satisfying stir.

His pet raccoon, Russell, was another set problem. Marlon would look with pity upon those not partial to raccoons while he carefully fed Russell pabulum and milk out of a bottle. Once, when a bolder member of the company insisted such devotion must be an act, that no one could possibly love a raccoon that much, Hollywood's new sex-boat looked aggrieved. "Russell," he said in gentle reproof, "is not only my best friend but also my mistress."

I personally doubt that Marlon's brand of love-making will take the place of the various romantic techniques used by great screen lovers of the past. But I must admit he has rugged individuality. I must admit, too, that whether he is acting like a twelve-year-old boy or his twenty-eight years, he is always intensely male and vital, quite a contrast to some of the young men—"cold rice pudding" youths, I call them—who have sought to establish themselves as the screen's lovers.

"A grubby Peter Pan," a studio writer calls him. But the assistant director on "Viva Zapata!" had a much stronger phrase to describe him the day he lost the \$500 contact lenses he was supposed to wear in this picture. Whether he lost the lenses deliberately or accidentally no one will ever know. However, since it would have taken many days to replace the lenses, he played Zapata without them—proving, as he had insisted all along, that his slate-gray eyes would photograph just about the same as dark brown contacts.

Marlon never is stupid. He's just off-beat. "Because," as one of his devoted friends explains, "he's one of those rare natural guys. He doesn't even stop to think whether he's being different."

Marlon honestly doesn't believe money and fame are too important, unless you can win these things by doing what you want to do the way you want to do it.

"People get real feverish about becoming successful," he says, sadly, "and frustrate themselves, always wanting to make more money, more money, more money."

"All I want is to have the feeling, when I wake up in the morning, that I'm glad to be alive. My happiest days haven't been the result of any success or money I've made. . . Like when I walk around New York in the early, early morning and get a funny feeling—knowing the whole city's sleeping. I feel like Hamlet's ghost and sometimes I even begin to spout a bit of Shakespeare and then I think of Larry Olivier's performance and clam up like a turtle pulling in its head. I know my limitations," says he, and that's one statement I believe.

"Like my trip back to Broken Bow, Nebraska, where my dad and I are partners, raising cattle for breeding purposes at The Penny Poke Ranch. . . The people in Broken Bow are wonderful. The men stopped me on the street and shook hands and asked me into their homes to meet their families. . . They were all so friendly and hospitable, so wonderful and refreshing. . . They gave me a horse and I rode around the rolling hills. My mother came from the prairie country; it's from her, I guess, that I like the feel of the wind blowing and the prairie flowers growing all over the ground."

All of this, of course, contradicts the theory that Marlon is anti-social, a theory which got about, naturally enough, when he refused practically every party invitation while he was in Hollywood.

"They're crazy if they say I'm anti-social," he will tell you. "I have fun with my own friends. I just don't like parties where a lot of people are not having a good time, where a lot of people adopt the vacuum cocktail manner: talk, talk, talk about nothing. They remind me of poker players, the way they conceal their vital thoughts waiting for the next guy to reveal first."

One thing about Marlon I want to make clear. He does not do the things he does with any thought of publicity. He is indifferent to the public's reaction. When he was asked to pose for a cover for Life he laughed. "Why would I want to do that?" he asked. The studio publicity man had a fit and almost a nervous breakdown setting up the appointment. Marlon simply didn't believe the public was panting to see his face on a cover.

The first time I met him he paid no more attention to me than if I had been a fly sitting there. Gazing far away in a pose reminiscent of Rodin's "The Thinker" he was deep in a mood of intense concentration. With a snap of the finger I brought him back to earth and said, "Young man, I just addressed a remark to you." He looked at me as if I had two heads and replied, "Sorry, I didn't hear you. I was concentrating on the next scene." If he wanted publicity he would make a little more effort to charm a lady columnist.

His father, an extraordinarily charming man, says his son always has been exactly the way he is now. Unless Marlon is interested in what he is doing or fascinated by it, he cannot do it at all.

Well, Marlon is both interested in and fascinated by acting. That's certain. He believes acting is in all of us, beginning in childhood when we escape from those things that make us unhappy by going into a world of fantasy. "Acting," he says, "is disciplined fantasy, a sort of hocus-pocus you work on yourself."

In Hollywood and on Broadway he is known as an "actor's actor," the implication being that only one of his art possibly could know what a truly fine performer he is. And at the New York Actors Studio Elia Kazan's acting group in which Marlon is very active, everyone turns out any time he appears in a play. One of the



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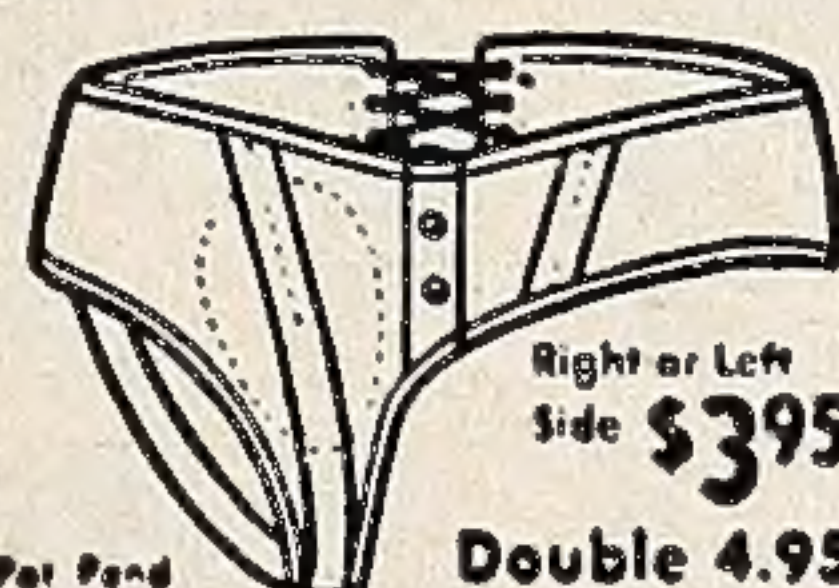
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**HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS**  
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projects of this studio allows each member to do a bit from a play or movie in which he believes he never, in a thousand years, would be cast. Kim Hunter, another member of this group, says Marlon has given performances here that would surprise any audience or any critic. The finest thing he ever did, according to Kim and his fellow actors, was the sophisticated gentleman in "Reunion in Vienna," a far cry from his roles in "The Men," "Streetcar Named Desire" or "Viva Zapata!"

Yes, and a far cry from the late Jack Barrymore, who was superb in the film, "Reunion in Vienna." I don't for a second believe that Brando will ever be compared with Barrymore. Even when Jack was at his worst, his charm of manner came through. Brando's attitude is more like a gorilla looking at another gorilla.

While playing "Streetcar" on the stage he used to go down under the stage, where he had a punching bag set up, and while other actors were doing their scenes he'd punch the bag—and that rat-tat-tat sound used to drive them crazy. I was told that not even Irene Selznick could make him stop. When he's hungry he eats; when he's sleepy he sleeps—even if he happens to be in the middle of a dirt road; and when he wants exercise he takes it. Just a child of nature who won't conform and doesn't want to grow up.

Marlon's acting pals like to tell other stories about him, too; stories that have nothing to do with his greatness behind the footlights or before a camera—stories about him as a man. Take, for instance, his pal who had an early morning call for an extra job out at the Columbia ranch but no car to get there.

Around two o'clock in the morning this pal heard a racket outside his bedroom window and a whistle. He opened the window. Below stood Marlon. "Catch!" he yelled. He threw up the keys to his car which he had parked in the driveway. Then, before his pal could gather his wits to thank him, Marlon took off.

He laughs, uproariously, at the notion that he's the screen's new sex-boat. "Tell me I've got sex appeal and I have to laugh," he says. "Girls never turn around to look at me on the street. It's only when I'm identified as Marlon Brando, the actor, that women take notice of me."

Perhaps! But for his third movie, "Viva Zapata!" he was paid \$150,000, three times what he got for his first, "The Men."

Which means that the ladies, shuddering, sickened, or sighing, line up at the box offices of the theatres when his movies are being shown.

THE END

Take it from  
Bob Wagner...Debbie's  
Date Line keeps  
a fellow on his toes!

An AUGUST PHOTOPLAY  
feature with  
a sparkling color portrait  
of Debbie Reynolds  
and Bob—on the stands

JULY 11

# Reader's Digest Reports ON AMAZING NEW-TYPE MEDICATION FOR PIMPLES

YOUR DRUGGIST NOW HAS

**Clearasil**

THE SAME TYPE  
MEDICATION USED IN  
CLINICAL TESTS REPORTED  
IN JANUARY 1952

**Reader's Digest**  
(page 81)



## CLEARASIL SPECIALLY MADE TO DRY UP PIMPLES

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YOU CAN now get the type of medication described in the January 1952 Reader's Digest just by asking your druggist for CLEARASIL.

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The Kurlash Co., Inc., Rochester 4, N. Y.



YOUR PHOTOPLAY

# Photo-Plays



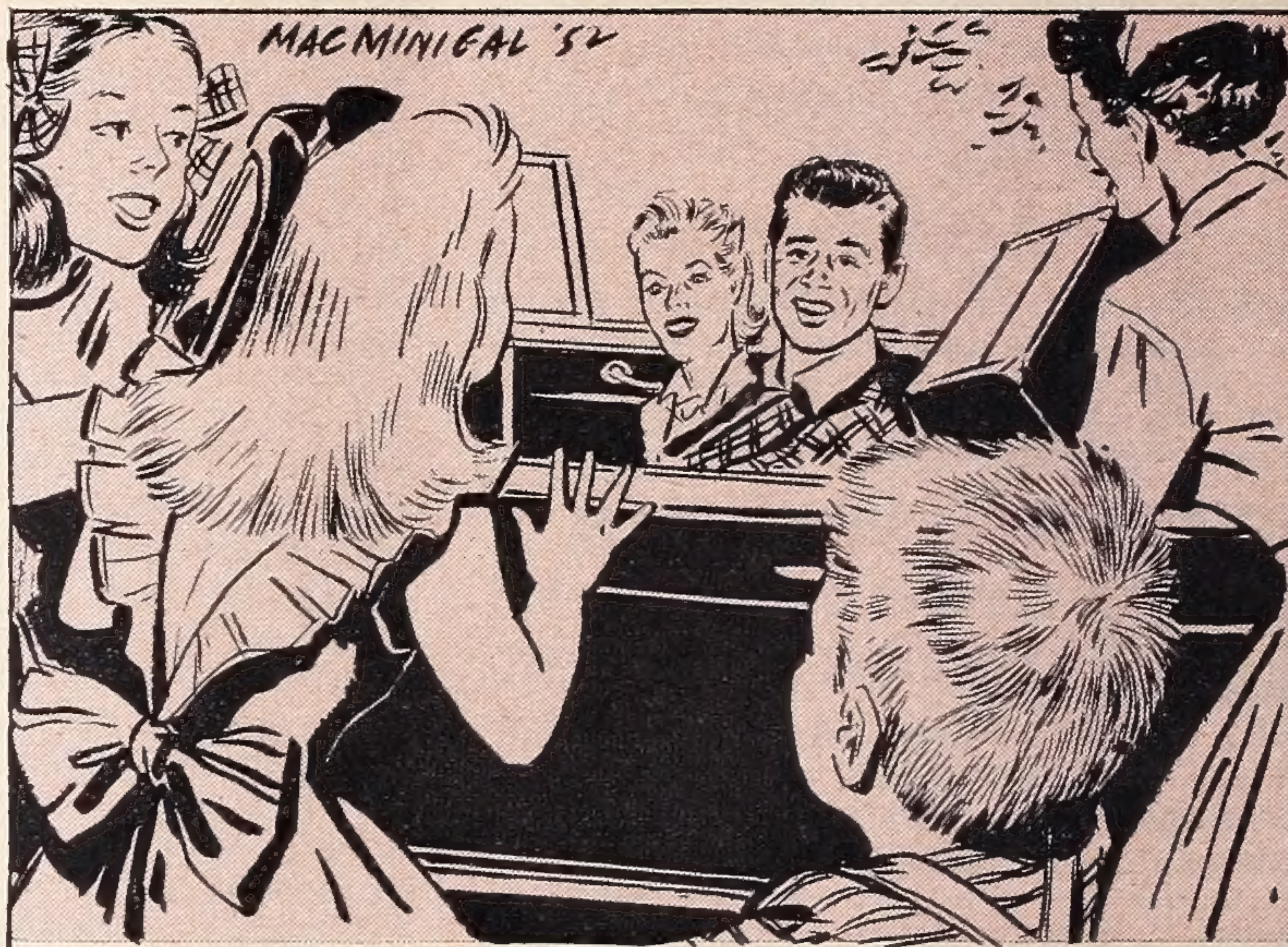
A holiday is a rare event in Gordon MacRae's life. Usually he's busy with rehearsals for his radio show, picture making—his latest is "About Face"—night club appearances, etc. So when he found himself with ten free days, he decided he'd just stay home and relax. But early the first morning, he was awakened by . . .



. . . what sounded like a war beneath his window. His three kids, Heather, Meredith and Gar, called it playing! "Does this go on . . .



. . . all the time?" Gordon groaned. His wife, Sheila, assured him it did. "Why don't we go up to Carmel?" she suggested. "Then you can sleep as late as you wish . . .



. . . and sun on the beach." Gordon was enthusiastic. He and Sheila packed their bags and arranged for a nurse to stay with the children. But at Carmel, the beach was . . .



. . . swarming with kids who bounced balls on his head, dogs that shook sand in his eyes, teenagers clamoring for autographs. "Let's get away from here," said Gordon . . .



. . . after the first day. Back home, the patio was filled with his children, their friends and with dogs. But now, compared with Carmel, this commotion was like a lullaby!



Never before a wave so lovely! So lively! So lasting!

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